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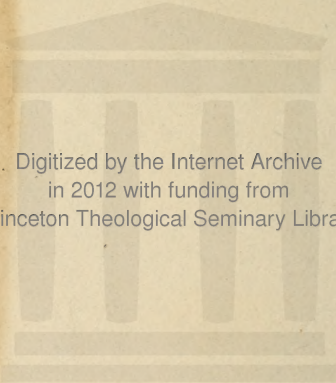
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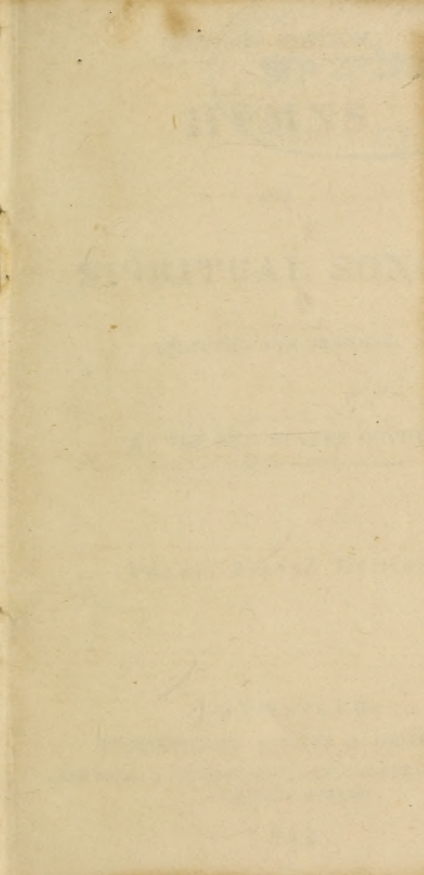
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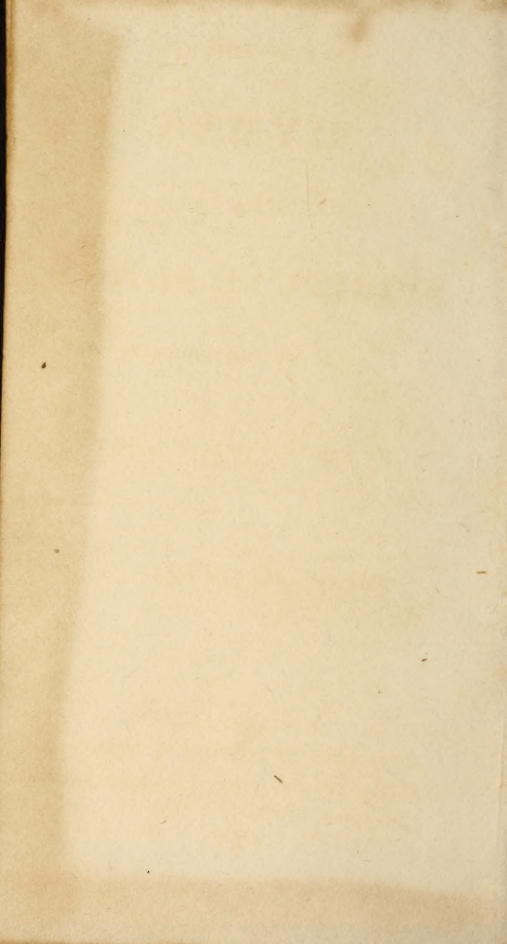




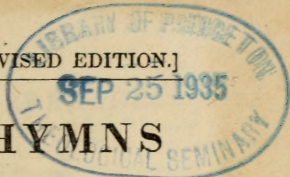
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[REVISED EDITION.]



# HYMNS

AND

## SPIRITUAL SONGS,

SELECTED AND ORIGINAL.

BY THE REV. STARKE DUPUY.

Twenty-Second Edition.

LOUISVILLE:

PUBLISHED BY MORTON & GRISWOLD,

AND SOLD BY COUNTRY MERCHANTS GENERALLY IN THE  
WESTERN STATES:

1841.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, } *Sct.*  
*District of Kentucky,*

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the second day of August, Anno Domini, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two, W. W. WORSLEY, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the title of which is in the words following, to wit:

'Hymns and Spiritual Songs, selected and original. By the REV. STARKE DUPUY. Seventh edition; enlarged and greatly improved.'

The right whereof he claims as proprietor, in conformity with an act of Congress, entitled 'An act to amend the several acts respecting copy-rights.'

JOHN H. HANNA,  
*Clerk of the District of Kentucky.*

PREFACE.

CHRISTIAN READER:

Desiring and hoping to do some religious good, I again publish a new edition of my selection of Hymns, in which I have added a number of Hymns and Songs not contained in the former editions. The compiler has taken much pains to collect, connect, and place under one running head, hymns on the same subject, for the convenience of ministers of the Gospel and teachers of sacred music ; for the comfort of doubting, pious Christians, and for the encouragement of the penitent soul.

Beloved brethren in the Lord, although I have removed from Kentucky to Tennessee, I have not forgotten my Kentucky brethren. Many sweet and comfortable hours have I had with you, my dear brethren. Although we are far separated, yet I hope *one spirit* unites us to our blessed IMMANUEL. Thus we are *one* in CHRIST—happy,—thrice blessed!—if we are united to JESUS. Not all our affliction, turmoil and pain, shall spoil our future bliss, or keep us from our Father's house. Soon we shall see JESUS, and meet each other, my dears, never to part! Perhaps this is the last salutation I may make you in life. My lungs yet continue too weak to bear public preaching. I beg you to implore the *Divine Majesty* to make your *very unworthy brother* Starke Dupuy useful in some way while he lives; to support him under all his trials, and especially to fit him for heaven, "the chief of sinners." And I also beg your prayers in behalf of all my family, particularly one son, who is sorely afflicted with fits.

O, that my blessed Jesus may make use of some  
~~farming~~ ~~verse~~ ~~x~~ ~~sequence~~ to arouse the secure, and

bring some precious, thoughtless sinner to see his lost condition, and lead him to his loving arms, that he may obtain pardon and salvation. Dear, precious sinner pray consider that you are condemned by God's holy Law; that you are unfit for heaven; that the wrath of Almighty God abideth on you; and that, dying unconverted, your immortal soul must perish eternally!!! O, flee to JESUS for salvation.

To conclude, your unworthy servant would implore the kind bestower of every good, to crown his feeble work with success. He would humbly dedicate it to all who love sincerely our blessed IMMANUEL; and may the *Spirit of all Grace* bear on celestial wings these sacred lines,

“And smile on each divine attempt  
To spread the Gospel rays.”

May his sacred influence inspire each humble breast to praise KING JESUS, while sinners learn his name and join the sacred song in sweetest harmony.

STARKE DUPUY.

*Tennessee, near Memphis.*

# HYMNS.

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## MORNING HYMNS.

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BURKETT.] 1. C. M. *A Morning Hymn.*

**M**Y God was with me all the night,  
And gave me sweet repose;  
My God did watch e'en while I slept,  
Or I had never rose.

- 2 What terrors have I 'scaped this night,  
Which have on others fell!  
Numbers have, doubtless, slept their last,  
Perhaps have waked in hell!
- 3 Sweet sleep restores that strength to me  
Which nature did devour;  
My body did in weakness rest,  
But it is raised in power.
- 4 Lord, for the mercies of the night,  
My humble thanks I pay,  
And unto thee I dedicate  
The first fruits of the day.
- 5 Let this day praise thee, O my God,  
And so let all my days;  
And O, let my eternal day  
Be thy eternal praise.
- 

2. C. M. *A Morning Hymn.*

**T**HE veil of night is now withdrawn,  
And day salutes our eyes;  
Fatigued and spent we laid us down,  
Refresh'd and hale we rise.

- 2 Safe guarded by th' Almighty arm,  
Securely we have slept,  
While he who never sleeps, from harm  
Our senseless bodies kept.
- 3 Come, then, let's early thanks repay,  
To him who never sleeps;  
He shades the night, he gilds the day,  
Our sleeping dust he keeps.
- 4 Let's live to him whose quick'ning voice  
A dying life prolongs;  
As daily he renews our joys,  
Let us repeat our songs.
- 

3. C. M. *A Morning Hymn.*

- A** WAKE, my soul, to meet the day:  
Unfold thy drowsy eyes,  
And burst the pond'rous chain that loads  
Thy active faculties.
- 2 God's guardian shield was round me spread  
In my defenceless sleep;  
Let him have all my waking hours,  
Who doth my slumbers keep.
- 3 Pardon, O God, my former sloth,  
And arm my soul with grace;  
As, rising now, I seal my vows  
To prosecute my ways.
- 4 Bright Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Thy radiant beams display,  
And guide my dark, bewilder'd soul  
To everlasting day.
- 

4. L. M. *A Morning Hymn.*

- A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,  
To pay the morning sacrifice.



- 2 Glory to God, who safely kept,  
And hath refresh'd me while I slept;  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless life partake.
- 3 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who all the night unwearied sing,  
All glory to the heavenly King.
- 

DR. WATTS.] 5. C. M. *A Morning Song.*

- ONCE more, my soul, the rising day  
Salutes thy waking eyes;  
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
To him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,  
The day renews the sound,  
Wide as the heaven, on which he sits  
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;  
My tongue shall speak his praise;  
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,  
And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 [On a poor worm thy power might tread,  
And I could ne'er withstand;  
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,  
But mercy held thy hand.
- 5 A thousand wretched souls are fled  
Since the last setting sun,  
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,  
And yet my moments run.]
- 6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,  
Whilst I enjoy the light;  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
And bring a pleasant night.

## MORNING HYMNS.

DANIEL.] 6. L. M.

**T**HIS morning let my praise arise  
 To Him, who all my wants supplies;  
 He has preserv'd me all this night,  
 To see once more the morning light.

- 2 Ten thousand, since the setting sun,  
 To an eternal world have gone;  
 Ten thousand more on beds of pain,  
 While I, in life and health, remain.
  - 3 May I, this day, by grace pursue  
 The work designed for me to do;  
 And, when my work on earth is done,  
 May angels bear my spirit home.
  - 4 There to behold my Saviour's face,  
 And praise his rich, redeeming grace,  
 And, through a long eternity,  
 Give praise to the Eternal Three.
- 

WATTS.] 7. L. M.

**G**OD of the morning, at whose voice  
 The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,  
 And, like a giant, doth rejoice  
 To run his journey through the skies.

- 2 Oh! like the sun, may I fulfil  
 Th' appointed duties of the day,  
 With ready mind and active will,  
 March on and keep my heavenly way.
- 3 Give me thy counsel for my guide,  
 And then receive me to thy bliss;  
 All my desires and hopes beside  
 Are faint and cold, compared with this.

EVENING HYMNS.

9

WATTS.] S. L. M.

*A Song for Morning or Evening.*

- M**Y God, how endless is thy love!  
Thy gifts are every evening new;  
And morning mercies from above  
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;  
Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command;  
To thee I consecrate my days;  
Perpetual blessings, from thy hand,  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.
- 

EVENING HYMNS.

9. S. M. *An Evening Hymn.*

- T**HE day is past and gone,  
The evening shades appear;  
O, may we all remember well,  
The night of death is near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest;  
So death will soon disrobe us all  
Of what we now possess.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears,  
Beneath the pinions of thy love,  
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And when we early rise,  
And view th' unwearied sun,  
May we set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run.

- 5 And when our days are past,  
And we from time remove,  
O, may we in thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of thy love.
- 

10. C. M. *An Evening Hymn.*

**N**OW, from the altar of our hearts,  
Let warmest thanks arise;  
Assist us, Lord, to offer up  
An evening sacrifice.

- 2 This day God was our sun and shield  
Our keeper and our guide;  
His care was on our weakness shown,  
His mercies multiplied.
- 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,  
Have made up all this day;  
Minutes came quick, but mercies were  
More swift and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favours, and new joys,  
Do a new song require—  
Till I shall praise thee as I would,  
Accept my heart's desire.
- 

11. C. M. *An Evening Hymn.*

**N**OW, one day more of life is gone,  
A doubtful few remains;  
Come, then, review what thou hast done  
Eternal life to gain.

- 2 Dost thou get forward in thy race,  
As time still posts away?  
And die to sin and grow in grace,  
With every passing day?
- 3 O, do not pass this life in dreams,  
To be surpris'd by death,  
And sink, unthinking, down to flames,  
When God demands thy breath.

- 4 No ; every day thy course review,  
The real case to learn ;  
And, with renewed zeal, pursue  
Thy great and chief concern.
- 

12. L. M. *An Evening Hymn.*

- G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light ;  
Keep me, O keep me, *King of kings*,  
Beneath thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed :  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O, let my soul on thee repose !  
And may sweet sleep my eye-lids close ;  
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make,  
To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 If in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.  
Praise God, &c.
- 

DR. WATTS.] 13. C. M. *An Evening Song.*

- D**READ Sovereign, let my evening song  
Like holy incense, rise ;  
Assist the offerings of my tongue,  
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day,  
Thy hand was still my guard ;

- And still, to drive my wants away,  
Thy mercy stood prepared.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above,  
Encompass me around;  
But O, how few returns of love  
Hath my Creator found.
- 4 What have I done for him that died  
To save my wretched soul?  
How are my follies multiplied,  
Fast as my minutes roll!
- 5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,  
To thy dear cross I flee,  
And to thy grace my soul resign,  
To be renew'd by thee.
- 6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,  
I lay me down to rest,  
As in th' embraces of my God,  
Or on my Saviour's breast.
- 

## PROVIDENCE.

ADDISON.] 14. C. M.

*Providential mercies reviewed.* Ps. ciii. 1. 5.

- W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys;  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love and praise.
- 2 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.

- 4 Through every period of my life  
 Thy goodness I'll pursue,  
 And after death, in distant worlds,  
 The pleasing theme renew.
- 5 Through all eternity to thee  
 A grateful song I'll raise:  
 But, O! Eternity's too short  
 To utter all thy praise.

---

 GOD.
 

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WILLIAMS'S PSALMS.] 15. L. M.

*The unity of God.* Deut. vi. 4.

**E**TERNAL God! Almighty Cause  
 Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown;  
 All things are subject to thy laws,  
 All things depend on thee alone.

- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,  
 Of all within itself possest;  
 Controll'd by none are thy commands,  
 Thou from thyself alone art blest.
- 3 To thee alone ourselves we owe,  
 Let heaven and earth due homage pay;  
 All other gods we disavow,  
 Deny their claims, renounce their sway.
- 4 Spread thy great name thro' heathen lands,  
 Their idol-deities dethrone;  
 Reduce the world to thy commands,  
 And reign, as thou art God alone.

---

 16. L. M.
 

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*The spirituality of God.* John iv. 24.

**T**HOU art, O God! a spirit pure,  
 Invisible to mortal eyes;  
 Th' immortal and th' eternal King,  
 The great, the good, the only wise.

- 2 Whilst nature changes, and her works  
Corrupt, decay, dissolve and die;  
Thy essence pure, no change shall see,  
Secure of immortality.
- 3 Thou great Invisible! what hand  
Can draw thy image, spotless fair?  
To what in heaven, to what on earth,  
Can men th' immortal King compare?
- 4 Let stupid heathens frame their gods  
Of gold and silver, wood and stone;  
Ours is the God that made the heavens,  
*Jehovah* he, and God alone.
- 5 My soul, thy purest homage pay,  
In truth and spirit him adore;  
More shall this please than sacrifice,  
Than outward forms, delight him more.
- 

DR. WATTS.] 17. C. M. *God's Eternity.*

**R**ISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground  
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,  
And rouse up every tuneful sound,  
To praise th' eternal God.

- 2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,  
Jehovah fill'd his throne,  
Or Adam form'd, or Angels made,  
The Maker liv'd alone.
- 3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,  
But still maintain their prime;  
*Eternity's* his dwelling place,  
And *ever* is his time.
- 4 While like a tide our minutes flow,  
The present and the past,  
He fills his own immortal now  
And sees our ages waste.



- 5 The sea and sky must perish too,  
 And vast destruction come;  
 The creatures—look! how old they grow,  
 And wait their fiery doom.
- 6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,  
 And flame melt down the skies;  
 My God shall live in endless day,  
 When th' old creation dies.
- 

WATTS.] 18. C. M.

*The divine glories above our reason.*

- H**OW wondrous great, how glorious bright,  
 Must our Creator be,  
 Who dwells amidst the dazzling light  
 Of vast infinity!
- 2 Our soaring spirits upward rise  
 Towards the celestial throne;  
 Fain would we see the blessed Three  
 And the Almighty One.
- 3 Our reason stretches all its wings,  
 And climbs above the skies;  
 But still, how far beneath thy feet  
 Our grov'ling reason lies!
- 4 [Lord, here we bend our humble souls,  
 And awfully adore;  
 For the weak pinions of our minds  
 Can stretch a thought no more.]
- 5 Thy glories infinitely rise  
 Above our lab'ring tongue;  
 In vain the highest seraph tries  
 To form an equal song.
- 6 [In humble notes our faith adores  
 The great mysterious King,  
 While angels strain their nobler powers,  
 And sweep th' immortal string.]

## 19. L. M.

*A song of praise to the ever blessed Trinity, God the Father, Son and Holy Spirit.*

**B**LESS'D be the Father and his love,  
To whose celestial source we owe  
Rivers of endless joys above,  
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,  
From whose dear wounded body rolls  
A precious stream of vital blood,  
Pardon and life for dying souls.

3 We give thee, Sacred Spirit, praise,  
Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,  
Makes living streams of grace arise,  
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit we adore,  
That sea of life and love unknown,  
Without a bottom or a shore.

## WATTS.] 20. L. M.

*God supreme and self-sufficient.*

**W**HAT is our God, and what his name,  
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;  
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,  
Where neither eyes nor thought can reach

2 The spacious worlds of heav'nly light  
Compar'd with him how short they fall!  
They are too dark, and he too bright,  
Nothing are they, and God is all.

3 He spoke the wondrous word, and lo!  
Creation rose at his command:  
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,  
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

- 4 There rests the earth ; there roll the spheres  
There nature leans, and feels her prop :  
But his own self-sufficiency bears  
The weight of his own glories up.
- 5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,  
Meas'ring their changes by the moon :  
No ebb his sea of glory knows ;  
His age is one eternal noon.
- 6 Then fly, my song, an endless round ;  
The lofty tune let Gabriel raise ;  
All nature dwell upon the sound ;  
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.
- 

WATTS.] 21. C. M. *Infinity.*

- T**HY names, how infinite they be !  
Great, everlasting One !  
Boundless thy might and majesty,  
And unconfin'd thy throne.
- 2 Thy glories shine, of wondrous size,  
And wondrous large thy grace ;  
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,  
And Gabriel veils his face.
- 3 'Thine essence is a vast abyss,  
Which angels cannot sound ;  
An ocean of infinities,  
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 The myst'ries of creation lie  
Beneath enlighten'd minds ;  
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,  
And fly before the winds.
- 5 Reason may grasp the massy hills,  
And stretch from pole to pole ;  
But half thy name our spirit fills,  
And overloads our soul.

- 6 In vain our haughty reason swells,  
 For nothing's found in thee  
 But boundless inconceivables,  
 And vast eternity.

---

WATTS.] 22. L. M.

*God exalted above all praise.*

**E**TERNAL power! whose high abode  
 Becomes the grandeur of a God:  
 Infinite length, beyond the bounds  
 Where stars revolve their little rounds.

- The lowest step about thy seat  
 Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;  
 In vain the tall archangel tries  
 To reach the height with wond'ring eyes.  
 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?  
 We would adore our maker too:  
 From sin and dust to thee we cry,  
 The Great, the Holy, and the High.

- 4 Earth, from afar, has heard thy fame,  
 And worms have learn'd to lisp thy Name;  
 But, O, the glories of thy Mind  
 Leave all our soaring thoughts behind:  
 5 God is in heaven, but man below;  
 Be short our tunes; our words be few;  
 A sacred reverence checks our songs,  
 And praise sits silent on our tongues.

---

S. STENNETT.] 23. C. M.

*Mercy and truth met together.* Ps. lxxxv. 10.

**W**HEN first the God of boundless grace  
 Disclos'd his kind design  
 To rescue our apostate race  
 From mis'ry, shame and sin,

- 2 Quick through the realms of light and bliss  
The gospel tidings ran;  
Each heart exulted at the news  
That God would dwell with man.
- 3 Yet, midst their joys, they paus'd awhile,  
And ask'd, with strange surprise,  
'But, how can injured Justice smile,  
'Or look with pitying eyes?
- 4 ['Will the Almighty deign again  
'To visit yonder world,  
'And hither bring rebellious men,  
'Whence rebels once were hurl'd?
- 5 'Their tears and groans and deep distress  
'Aloud for mercy call;  
'But, ah! must truth and righteousness  
'To mercy, victims fall?
- 6 So spake the friends of God and man,  
Delighted, yet surpris'd,  
Eager to know the wondrous plan  
That wisdom had devis'd.]
- 7 The son of God, attentive, heard,  
And quickly thus replied;  
'In me let mercy be reviv'd,  
'And justice satisfied.
- 8 'Behold, my vital blood I pour,  
'A sacrifice to God;  
'Let angry justice now, no more  
'Demand the sinner's blood.'
- 9 He spake; and heaven's high arches rung  
With shouts of loud applause;  
'He died!' the friendly angels sung  
Nor cease their rapt'rous joys.

## CREATION.

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NEEDHAM.] 24. L. M.

*A summary view of the Creation. Gen. i.*

**L**OOK up, ye saints, direct your eyes,  
To him who dwells above the skies  
With your glad notes, his praise rehearse  
Who form'd the mighty universe.

2 He spoke, and from the womb of night,  
At once sprung up the cheering light;  
Him discord heard, and at his nod,  
Beauty awoke, and spoke the God.

3 The word he gave, th' obedient sun  
Began his glorious race to run;  
Nor silver moon, nor stars delay,  
To glide along th' ethereal way.

4 Teeming with life, air, earth, and sea,  
Obey th' Almighty's high decree;  
To every tribe, he gives their food,  
Then speaks the whole divinely good.

5 But to complete the wondrous plan,  
From earth and dust he fashion'd man;  
In man the last, in him the best,  
The Maker's image stands confess'd.

6 Lord, while thy glorious works I view  
Form thou my heart and soul anew;  
Here bid thy purest light to shine,  
And beauty glow with charms divine.

---

DR. DODDRIDGE.] 25. L. M.

*God's goodness to the Children of Men.*

**Y**E Sons of Men, with joy record  
The various wonders of the Lord,  
And let his power and goodness sound,  
Thro' all your tribes the world around.

- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,  
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,  
Where sun and moon and planets roll,  
And stars that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 But O, that brighter world above!  
Where lives and reigns incarnate love!  
God's only Son, in flesh array'd,  
For man a bleeding victim made!
- 4 Thither, my soul, in rapture soar,  
There in the land of praise adore;  
The theme demands an angel's lay,  
Demands an everlasting day.

---

 THE FALL.
 

---

DR. WATTS' Lyric Poems. 26. L. M.

*Original sin, or the first and second Adam*

- A**DAM, our father and our head,  
Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us dead;  
The fiery law speaks all despair,  
There's no reprieve nor pardon there.
- 2 Call a bright council in the skies;  
Seraphs the mighty and the wise,  
Speak, are you strong to bear the load,  
The weighty vengeance of a GOD?
  - 3 In vain we ask, for all around  
Stand silent through the heavenly ground,  
There's not a glorious mind above,  
Has half the strength, or half the love.
  - 4 But O! unmeasurable grace!  
Th' eternal Son takes Adam's place;  
Down to our world the Saviour flies,  
Stretches his arms, and bleeds and dies.
  - 5 *Amazing work!* look down, ye skies,  
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes,  
Ye saints below and saints above,  
All bow to this mysterious love.

DR. DODDRIDGE.] 27. L. M.

*The effects of the Fall lamented.* Psalm cxix.  
136—158.

- A**RISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise;  
To torrents melt my streaming eyes  
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel  
Those evils which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame;  
See scandals pour'd on *Jesus'* name,  
The Father wounded through the Son;  
The world abused; the soul undone
- 3 See the short course of vain delight,  
Closing in everlasting night;  
In flames that no abatement know,  
Though briny tears for ever flow.
- 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene;  
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;  
And fain my pity would reclaim,  
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.
- 5 But feeble my compassion proves,  
And can but weep where most it loves;  
Thy own all-saving arm employ,  
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

DR. WATTS.] 28. L. M.

*The fall and recovery of man; or, Christ and Satan at enmity.* Gen. iii. 1, 15, 17; Gal. iv. 4  
Col. ii. 15.

- D**ECEIV'D by subtle snares of hell,  
Adam, our head, our father, fell,  
When Satan, in the serpent hid,  
Propos'd the fruit that God forbid.
- 2 Death was the threat'ning; Death began  
To take possession of the man;  
His unborn race receiv'd the wound,  
And heavy curses smote the ground.



- 3 But Satan found a worse reward ;  
 Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord,  
 ' Let everlasting hatred be,  
 ' Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.
- 4 ' The woman's seed shall be my Son ;  
 ' He shall destroy what thou hast done ;  
 ' Shall break thy head, and only feel  
 ' Thy malice raging at his heel."
- 5 [He spake ; and bid four thousand years  
 Roll on ;—at length his Son appears ;  
 Angels with joy descend to earth,  
 And sing the young Redeemer's birth.
- 6 Lo, by the sons of hell he dies ;  
 But as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,  
 He gave their prince a fatal blow,  
 And triumph'd o'er the powers below.]

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WATTS.] 29. C. M.

*Original sin, or the first and second Adam.*

Romans v. 12, 6. Ps. li. 5. Job xiv. 4.

**B**ACKWARD, with humble shame, we look  
 On our original,  
 How is our nature dash'd and broke  
 In our first father's fall !

- 2 To all that's good averse and blind,  
 But prone to all that's ill,  
 What dreadful darkness veils our mind !  
 How obstinate our will !
- 3 [Conceiv'd in sin, (O, wretched state !)  
 Before we draw our breath,  
 The first young pulse begins to beat  
 Iniquity and death.
- 4 How strong in our degenerate blood,  
 The old corruption reigns,  
 And, mingled with the crooked flood,  
 Wanders through all our veins !]

- 5 [Wild and unwholesome as the root,  
Will all the branches be;  
How can we hope for living fruit  
From such a deadly tree?
- 6 What mortal pow'r, from things unclean  
Can pure productions bring?  
Who can command a vital stream  
From an infected spring?]
- 7 Yet, mighty God, thy wond'rous love  
Can make our nature clean,  
While Christ and grace prevail above  
The tempter, death, and sin.
- 8 The second Adam shall restore  
The ruins of the first:  
Hosanna to that sovereign power  
That new creates our dust!

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## INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

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MEDLEY.] 30. C. M.

*The incarnation of Christ.* Luke ii. 14.

- M**ORTALS, awake; with angels join  
And chant the solemn lay;  
Joy, love, and gratitude combine  
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,  
And sweet seraphic fire  
Through all the shining regions ran,  
And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,  
And loud the echo roll'd;  
The theme, the song, the joy was new,  
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky,  
Th' impetuous torrent ran;

And angels flew with eager joy ;  
To bear the news to man.

5 [Wrapt in the silence of the night,  
Lay all the eastern world,  
When bursting, glorious, heavenly light  
The wondrous scene unfurl'd.]

6 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,  
And glory leads the song ;  
Good-will and peace are heard throughout  
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

7 [O for a glance of heavenly love,  
Our hearts and songs to raise,  
Sweetly to bear our souls above,  
And mingle with our lays !]

8 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,  
"Glory to God on high ;  
"Good-will and peace are now complete,  
"Jesus was born to die."

9 Hail, Prince of Life, for ever hail !  
Redeemer, Brother, Friend !  
Though earth, and time, and life, should fail  
Thy praise shall never end.

---

31. *The song of the ANGELS.* 7s.

**H**ARK, the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King ;  
"Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
"God and sinners reconcil'd."

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies ;  
Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace,  
Hail the Son of Righteousness.

3 (Mild he lays his glory by,  
Born, that man no more might die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth ;  
Born to give them second birth.)

- 4 Come, desire of nations, come,  
 Fix in us thy humble home;  
 Rise, the woman's promis'd seed,  
 Bruise in us the serpent's head.
- 5 Glory to the new-born King,  
 Let us all the anthem sing,  
 "Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
 "God and sinners reconcil'd."

---

STEELE.] 32. C. M.

*The Incarnation.* John i. 14.

- A**WAKE, awake the sacred song  
 To our incarnate Lord:  
 Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue  
 Adore th' eternal Word.
- 2 That awful Word, that sovereign pow'  
 By whom the worlds were made,  
 (O, happy morn! illustrious hour!)  
 Was once in flesh array'd.
- 3 Then shone almighty power and love  
 In all their glorious forms,  
 When Jesus left his throne above  
 To dwell with sinful worms.
- 4 To dwell with misery below  
 The Saviour left the skies,  
 And sank to wretchedness and woe  
 That worthless man might rise.
- 5 Adoring angels tun'd their songs,  
 To hail the joyful day;  
 With rapture, then, let mortal tongues  
 Their grateful tribute pay.
- 6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due!  
 With wonder we adore;  
 But, could we sing as angels do,  
 Our highest praise were poor.

## 33. L. M.

*Song of the angels at the birth of Christ.*

Luke ii. 13, 14.

**H**ARK the melodious, heavenly song,  
 Bursting from glory rolls along  
 Down to my joy-enraptur'd heart;  
 Celestial choirs the notes impart.

- 2 'Glory on high,' they sing, 'to God,  
 'And peace on earth,' they sound abroad,  
 'Good-will to men;' they loud proclaim,  
 'Through an Incarnate Saviour's name.'
- 3 My soul, arise and join this host's  
 Blest song, blest tidings to the lost;  
 With angel bands aloud proclaim  
 'The Saviour's born in Bethlehem.'
- 4 Let the glad tidings echo round:  
 Extend from earth to heav'n the sound,  
 Hail! the blest day, when Christ came down,  
 To make his love to mortals known.
- 5 Sing of his love in sweetest strains;  
 Tell the whole world our Jesus reigns.  
 'Good-will, and peace, and glory,' sing,  
 'To Christ, our Saviour, God and King.'

## THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

DR. WATTS.] 34. L. M.

*The example of Christ.*

**M**Y dear Redeemer and my Lord!  
 I read my duty in thy word;  
 But in thy life the law appears,  
 Drawn out in living characters.

- 3 Such was thy truth, and such thy real,  
 True inference to thy Father's will.

Such love, and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air,  
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer,  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here;  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name  
Amongst the follow'rs of the lamb.

## THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

WHITFIELD'S COLLECTION.] 35. L. M.

*Behold the man.* Job xix.

**Y**E that pass by, behold the man,  
The man of grief, condemn'd for you  
The Lamb of God for sinners slain,  
Weeping, to Calvary pursue.

- 2 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear;  
With nails they fasten to the wood  
His sacred limbs, expos'd and bare,  
Or only cover'd with his blood.
- 3 See there! his temples crown'd with thorns,  
His bleeding hands extended wide,  
His streaming feet transfix'd and torn,  
The fountain gushing from his side.
- 4 Thou dear, tho' suffering Son of God,  
How does thy heart to sinners move!  
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,  
And melt us with thy dying love.
- 5 The earth could to her centre quake,  
Convuls'd when her Creator died;  
O, may our inmost nature shake,  
And bow with Jesus crucified!

- 6 At thy last gasp, the graves display'd  
 Their horrors to the upper skies;  
 O, that our souls might burst the shade,  
 And quicken'd by the death arise!
- 7 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,  
 And tremble and asunder part;  
 O, rend with thy expiring breath  
 The harder marble of our heart.

---

DR. S. STENNETT.] 36. C. M.

*The attraction of the Cross.* John xii. 3, 2.

- Y**ONDER—amazing sight!—I see  
 Th' Incarnate Son of God  
 Expiring on the accursed tree,  
 And welt'ring in his blood.
- 2 Behold a purple torrent run,  
 Down from his hands and head;  
 The crimson tide puts out the sun,  
 His groans awake the dead.
- 3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky  
 Proclaim the truth aloud;  
 And with the amaz'd centurion cry,  
 'This is the son of God.'
- 4 So great, so vast a sacrifice,  
 May well my hopes revive;  
 If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,  
 The sinner sure may live.
- 5 O, that these cords of love divine,  
 Might draw me, Lord, to thee!  
 Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine—  
 Thine it shall ever be!

---

STEELE.] 37. L. M. *A dying Saviour.*

**S**TRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour  
 dies;  
 Hark! his expiring groans arise!

See, from his hands, his feet, his side,  
Runs down the sacred crimson tide.

2 But life attends the death-bell sound,  
And flows from every bleeding wound;  
The vital stream, how free it flows,  
To save and cleanse his rebel foes.

3 To suffer in the traitor's place,  
To die for man, surprising grace!  
Yet pass rebellious angels by—  
O, why for man, dear Saviour, why?

4 And didst thou bleed, for sinners bleed?  
And could the sun behold the deed?  
No, he withdrew his sick'ning ray,  
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.

5 Can I survey this scene of woe,  
Where mingling grief and wonder flow;  
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,  
Insensible to love or pain?

6 Come, dearest Lord, thy grace impart,  
To warm this cold, this stupid heart;  
Till all its powers and passions move,  
In melting grief and ardent love.

---

WATTS.] 38. C. M.

*Godly sorrows arising from the sufferings of Christ*

**A**LAS! and did my Saviour bleed!  
And did my Sovereign die!  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?

2 [Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,  
And bath'd in its own blood,  
While, all expos'd to wrath divine,  
The glorious suff'rer stood!]

3 Was it for crimes, that I had done,  
He groan'd upon the tree?



Amazing pity ! grace unknown !  
And love beyond degree !

- 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When God, the mighty Maker, died  
For man, the creature's sin.
- 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While his dear cross appears :  
Dissolve, my heart, in thankfulness,  
And melt, my eyes, to tears.
- 6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe ;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

---

WATTS.] 39. C. M.

*Look on him, whom they pierced, and mourn.*

- I**NFINITE grief ! amazing woe !  
Behold my bleeding Lord !  
Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death,  
And us'd the Roman sword.
- 2 Oh, the sharp pangs of smarting pain  
My dear Redeemer bore,  
When knotty whips and jagged thorns  
His sacred body tore !
  - 3 But knotty whips and jagged thorns  
In vain do I accuse ;  
In vain I blame the Roman bands  
And the more spiteful Jews.
  - 4 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,  
His chief tormentors were ;  
Each of my crimes became a nail,  
And unbelief the spear.
  - 5 'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down  
Upon his guiltless head.

Break, break, my heart ; O, burst, mine eyes  
And let my sorrows bleed.

- 6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,  
Till melting waters flow,  
And deep repentance drown mine eyes  
In undissembled woe.

---

40. (8. 8. 6.)

*A view of Christ on the Cross.*

**A**S near to Calvary I pass,  
Methinks I see a bloody cross,  
Where a poor victim hangs—  
His flesh with rugged irons tore,  
His limbs all dress'd in purple gore,  
Gasping in dying pangs.

- 2 Surpris'd this spectacle to see,  
I ask'd, 'Who can this victim be,  
'In such exquisite pain ?  
'Why thus consign'd to woes?' I cried ;  
'Tis I,' the bleeding God replied,  
'Crush'd with the curse of sin.'
- 3 'A God, for rebel mortals, dies !  
'How can this be?' my soul replies ;  
'What ! Jesus die for me ?'  
'Yes,' says the suff'ring Son of God,  
'I give my life, I spill my blood  
'For thee, poor soul, for thee.'
- 4 Lord, since thy life, for mine, is giv'n  
To raise my wretched soul to heav'n,  
And bless me with thy love,  
I, therefore, at thy feet would fall,  
Give thee my life, my soul, my all,  
For thee would live and move.
- 5 And, when this mortal life shall cease,  
O, may I leave this world in peace,  
And soar to realms of light ;

There, where my heav'nly Lover reigns,  
 I'll join to raise immortal strains,  
 With full, supreme delight.

---

41. S. M.

*Desiring to live before the Cross.*

UP, haste to Calvary,  
 My soul; a journey take,  
 To view thy Lord 'twixt earth and sky,  
 Without the city gate.

- 2 Before his bloody cross  
 I'd bow and kiss the ground,  
 'Twas there my guilt and woe I lost,  
 And ready pardon found,
- 3 Lord, tune anew my strings,  
 Now on the willow dry;  
 Take off my thoughts from worldly things  
 Bind them to Calvary.
- 4 For glorious is the plan;  
 Though 'tis without the gate,  
 There, Lord, I'll sing thy grace,  
 And for thy blessing wait.

---

42. L. M.

*Gratitude to Christ for shedding his blood.*

TO Him, who, on the fatal tree,  
 Pour'd out his blood, his life, for me,  
 In grateful strains my voice I'll raise,  
 And, in his service, spend my days.

- 2 To list'ning multitudes I'll tell  
 How he redeem'd my soul from hell,  
 And how, reposing on his breast,  
 I lost my cares, and found my rest.

- 3 Through him my sins are all forgiv'n  
 He ever pleads my cause in heav'n:  
 I'll build an altar to his name,  
 And to the world his grace proclaim.

STENNETT.] 43. L. M. *It is finished.*

- '**T**'IS finish'd!" so the Saviour cried,  
 And meekly bow'd his head, and died  
 'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run,  
 'The battle fought, the vict'ry won.
- 2 'Tis finish'd—all that heav'n decreed,  
 'And all the ancient prophets said,  
 'Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,  
 'In me, the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 'Tis finish'd—this, my dying groan,  
 'Shall sins of ev'ry kind atone;  
 'Millions shall be redeem'd from death  
 'By this my last expiring breath.
- 4 'Tis finish'd—heaven is reconcil'd,  
 'And all the powers of darkness spoil'd  
 'Peace, love and happiness again  
 'Return and dwell with sinful men.'
- 

## RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

---

44. 7s.

*The Resurrection.* 1 Cor. xv. 6.

**C**HRI<sup>ST</sup>, the Lord, is ris'n to-day  
 Sons of men and angels say;  
 Raise your joys and triumphs high!  
 Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done;  
 Fought the fight; the battle won;  
 Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,  
 Lo! he sits in blood no more.

- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;  
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:  
Death in vain forbids his rise;  
Christ hath open'd paradise.
  - 4 Lives again our glorious king;  
'Where, O death, is now thy sting?'  
Once he died our souls to save;  
'Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?'
  - 5 Soar we now, where Christ has led,  
Following our exalted Head:  
Made like him, like him we rise;  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
  - 6 What though once we perish'd all,  
Partners of our parents' fall;  
Second life let us receive,  
In our heav'nly Adam live.
  - 7 Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven!  
Praise to thee by both be given!  
Thee we greet, triumphant now,  
Hail the resurrection—thou.
- 

DODDRIDGE.] 45. C. M.

*Comfort to those who seek a risen Jesus.*

- Y**E humble souls, that seek the Lord,  
Chase all your fears away,  
And bow, with pleasure, down to see  
The place, where Jesus lay.
- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought;  
Such wonders love can do;  
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,  
Which throb'd and bled for you.
  - 3 A moment give aloose to grief;  
Let grateful sorrows rise;  
And wash the bloody stains away  
With torrents from your eyes,

- 4 Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,  
The Saviour lives again;  
Not all the bolts and bars of death  
The Conqueror could detain.
- 5 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears  
His once dishonour'd head;  
And through unnumber'd years he reigns,  
Who dwelt among the dead.
- 6 With joy like his shall ev'ry saint  
His empty tomb survey;  
Then rise, with his ascending Lord,  
To realms of endless day.

---

WATTS.] 46. C. M.

*The Lord's day, or the Resurrection of Christ.*

- B**LESS'D morning, whose young dawn  
ing rays  
Beheld our rising God,  
And saw him triumph o'er the dust,  
And leave his last abode.
- 2 In the cold prison of a tomb  
The dear Redeemer lay,  
Till the revolving skies had brought  
The third, th' appointed day.
  - 3 Hell and the grave unite their force,  
To hold our God, in vain;  
The sleeping Conqueror arose,  
And burst their feeble chain.
  - 4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,  
We sacred honours pay,  
And loud hosannas shall proclaim  
The triumph of the day.
  - 5 [Salvation and immortal praise  
To our victorious King;  
Let heaven and earth and rocks and seas  
With glad hosannas ring.]

## 47. 7s.

*The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.*

**A**NGELS! roll the rock away!  
 Death! yield up thy mighty prey!  
 See! he rises from the tomb,  
 Glowing with immortal bloom.

Hallelujah.

- 2 'Tis the Saviour! Angels, raise  
 Fame's eternal trump of praise;  
 Let the earth's remotest bound  
 Hear the joy-inspiring sound. Hal.
- 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,  
 Now to glory see him rise  
 Now triumphant, through the sky,  
 Up to waiting worlds on high. Hal.
- 4 Heav'n displays her portals wide;  
 Angels attend on ev'ry side;  
 King of glory! mount the throne,  
 Thy great Father's and thy own. Hal.
- 5 Praise him, all ye heav'nly choirs!  
 Praise, and sweep your golden lyres!  
 Shout, O earth! in rapt'rous song,  
 Let the strains be sweet and strong. Hal.
- 6 Ev'ry note with wonder swell;  
 Sin's o'erthrown and captiv'd hell!  
 Where is hell's once dreadful king?  
 Where, O death, thy mortal sting? Hal.

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 THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

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 WATTS.] 48. L. M.
*Christ's Ascension and the gift of the Spirit.*

Ps. lxxviii. 17, 18.

**L**ORD, when thou didst ascend on high,  
 Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky;

Those heav'nly bands around thee wait,  
Like chariots that attend thy state.

- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear  
More glorious, when the Lord was there;  
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,  
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,  
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,  
That thousand souls had captive made,  
Were all in chains like captives led.
- 4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,  
He sent the promis'd Spirit down,  
With gifts and grace for rebel men,  
That God might dwell on earth again.

---

WATTS.] 49. L. M.

*Saints dwell in Heaven; or Christ's Ascension.*  
Ps. xxiv.

**T**HIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,  
And men, and worms, and beasts, and  
birds;

He rais'd the building on the seas,  
And gave it for their dwelling place.

- 2 But there's a brighter world on high,  
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky:  
Who shall ascend that blest abode,  
And dwell so near his maker, God?
- 3 He that abhors and fears to sin,  
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean;  
Him shall the Lord, the Saviour bless,  
And clothe his soul with righteousness.
- 4 These are the men, the pious race,  
That seek the God of Jacob's face;  
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,  
And dwell in everlasting light.



## PAUSE.

- 5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,  
Behold the King of Glory nigh!  
Who can this King of Glory be?  
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.
- 6 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display,  
To make the Lord, the Saviour, way;  
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,  
The Conqu'ror comes with God to dwell.
- 7 Rais'd from the dead, he goes before;  
He opens heaven's immortal door  
To give his saints a blest abode,  
Near their Redeemer and their God.

## 50. L. M.

*Christ's Ascension. Ps. xxiv. 7.*

- O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,  
Our Jesus is gone up on high;  
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,  
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay,  
'Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!  
'Ye everlasting doors, give way!'
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold the radiant scene;  
He claims those mansions as his right;  
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 'Who is the King of Glory, who?'  
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame,  
The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew,  
And JESUS is the Conqu'ror's name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay,  
'Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates  
'Ye everlasting doors, give way!'

- 6 'Who is the King of Glory, who?'  
 The Lord, of boundless power possess'd,  
 The King of Saints and Angels too,  
 God over all, for ever blest.
- 

STEELE.] 51. L. M.

- C**OME tune, ye saints, your noblest strains,  
 Your dying, rising Lord to sing,  
 And echo to the heavenly plains  
 The triumphs of your Saviour King.
- 2 In songs of grateful rapture tell,  
 How he subdu'd your potent foes;  
 Subdu'd the powers of earth and hell,  
 And dying, finish'd all your woes;
- 3 Then to his glorious throne on high  
 Return'd, while hymning angels round,  
 Through the bright arches of the sky,  
 'The God! the conqu'ring God!' resound
- 4 Almighty love! victorious power!  
 Not angel-tongues can e'er display  
 The wonders of that dreadful hour,  
 The joys of that illustrious day.
- 5 Then well may mortals try in vain,  
 In vain their feeble voices raise;  
 Yet Jesus hears the humble strain,  
 And kindly owns our wish to praise.
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy wond'rous grace  
 Fill ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,  
 Till the full glories of thy face  
 Inspire a sweeter, nobler song.
- 

## THE EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

STEELE.] 52. L. M. *The exalted Saviour.*

**N**OW let us raise our cheerful strains  
 And join the blissful choir above;

- There our exalted Saviour reigns,  
And there they sing his wond'rous love.
- 2 While seraphs tune th' immortal song,  
O, may we feel the sacred flame;  
And ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue  
Adore the Saviour's glorious name!
- 3 Jesus, who once upon the tree  
In agonizing pains expir'd;  
Who died for rebels; yes, 'tis he!  
How bright! how lovely! how admir'd!
- 4 Jesus, who died that we might live,  
Died in the wretched traitor's place;  
O, what returns can mortals give  
For such immeasurable grace?
- 5 Were universal nature ours,  
And art, with all her boasted store;  
Nature and art, with all their powers,  
Would still confess the off'rer poor.
- 6 Yet, though for bounty so divine  
We ne'er can equal honours raise,  
Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,  
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise!
- 

## THE INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

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STEELE.] 53. L. M.

*The Intercession of Christ.* Heb. vii. 25.

**H**E lives, the great Redeemer lives;  
(What joy the blest assurance gives!)  
And now, before his Father, God,  
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,  
And Justice, arm'd with frowns, appears;  
But in the Saviour's lovely face  
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

- 3 Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts  
Above our fears, above our faults;  
His pow'rful intercessions rise,  
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In ev'ry dark distressful hour,  
When sin and Satan join their power;  
Let this dear hope repel the dart,  
That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate! almighty Friend!  
On thee our humble hopes depend:  
Our cause can never, never fail,  
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

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## THE EXCELLENCIES OF CHRIST

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DR. WATTS' MISCELLANY.] 54 L. M.

*The humiliation, exaltation and triumphs of Christ*

Phil. ii 8, 9; Col. ii. 15.

- T**HE mighty frame of glorious grace,  
That brightest monument of praise  
That e'er the God of love design'd,  
Employs and fills my lab'ring mind.
- 2 Begin, my soul, the heavenly song,  
A burden for an angel's tongue;  
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,  
He tunes and summons all his strings.
- 3 Proclaim inimitable love;  
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,  
Puts off the beams of bright array,  
And veils the God in mortal clay.
- 4 He that distributes crowns and thrones,  
Hangs on a tree and bleeds and groans  
The Prince of Life resigns his breath,  
The King of Glory bows to death.  
But see the wonders of his power!  
He triumphs in his dying hour;

- And while, by Satan's rage he fell,  
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.
- 6 Thus were the hosts of death subdu'd,  
And sin was drown'd in Jesus' blood;  
Thus he arose, and reigns above,  
And conquers sinners by his love.
- 7 Who shall fulfil this boundless song?  
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue;  
How low, how vain are mortal airs,  
When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs.
- 

## 55. C. M.

*Desire of all nations.* Hag. ii. 7; Cant. i. 3.

- I**NFINITE excellence is thine,  
Thou lovely Prince of grace!  
Thy uncreated beauties shine  
With never-fading rays.
- 2 Sinners from earth's remotest end  
Come bending at thy feet;  
To thee their prayers and vows ascend,  
In thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,  
Delights the church around;  
Sweetly the sacred odours spread  
Through all Immanuel's ground,
- 4 Millions of happy spirits live  
On thy exhaustless store;  
From thee they all their bliss receive,  
And still thou givest more.
- 5 Thou art their triumph and their joy;  
They find their all in thee;  
Thy glories will their tongues employ  
Through all eternity.

S. STENNETT.] 56. C. M.

*Chief among ten thousand; or, the excellencies of  
Christ. Cant. v. 10, 16.*

**T**O Christ, the Lord, let ev'ry tongue  
Its noblest tribute bring;  
When he's the subject of the song,  
Who can refuse to sing?

- 2 Survey the beauties of his face,  
And on his glories dwell;  
Think of the wonders of his grace,  
And all his triumphs tell.
- 3 Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd  
Upon his awful brow;  
His head with radiant glories crown'd,  
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 4 No mortal can with him compare,  
Among the sons of men;  
Fairer is he than all the fair  
That fill the heavenly train.
- 5 He saw me plung'd in deep distress,  
He flew to my relief;  
For me he bore the shameful cross,  
And carried all my grief.
- 6 His hand a thousand blessings pours  
Upon my guilty head;  
His presence gilds my darkest hours  
And guards my sleeping bed.
- 7 To him I owe my life and breath,  
And all the joys I have;  
He makes me triumph over death,  
And saves me from the grave.
- 8 To heaven, the place of his abode,  
He brings my weary feet,  
Shows me the glories of my God,  
And makes my joys complete.

- 9 Since from his bounty I receive  
Such proofs of love divine,  
Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
Lord, they should all be thine.
- 

COWPER.] 57. C. M.

*Praise for the fountain opened. Zech. viii. 1.*

- T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners plung'd into that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
That fountain in his day;  
O, may I there, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away!
- 3 Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransom'd church of God  
Be sav'd, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be, till I die.
- 5 When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue  
Lies silent in the grave,  
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save.
- 6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd  
(Unworthy though I be)  
For me a blood-bought, free reward,  
A golden harp for me.
- 7 'Tis strung and tun'd for endless years,  
And form'd by power divine  
To sound in God the Father's ears  
No other name but thine.

NEWTON.] 58. C. M.

*The name of Jesus.* Sol. Song, i. 3.

- H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding place,  
My never-failing treasury, fill'd  
With stores of boundless grace.
- 4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,  
Although with sin defil'd;  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And I am own'd a child.
- 5 Jesus my shepherd, husband, friend,  
My prophet, priest, and king,  
My lord, my life, my way, my end,  
Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 7 Till then I would thy love proclaim,  
With ev'ry fleeting breath;  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

NEWTON.] 59. L. M.

*Is this thy kindness to thy friend?* 2 Sam.  
xvi. 17

**P**oor, weak and worthless though I be  
I have a rich, straight friend



JESUS, the Saviour, is his name;  
He freely loves and without end.

2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,  
And by his power my foes controll'd;  
He found me wandering far from God,  
And brought me to his chosen fold.

3 He cheers my heart, my wants supplies,  
And says that I shall shortly be  
Enthron'd with him above the skies;  
O, what a friend is CHRIST to me!

4 But ah! my inmost spirit mourns,  
And well with tears my eyes may swim,  
To think of my perverse returns;  
I've been a faithless friend to him.

5 Often my gracious friend I grieve,  
Neglect, distrust, and disobey;  
And often Satan's lies believe,  
Sooner than what my friend can say.

6 He bids me always freely come,  
And promises whate'er I ask;  
But I am straiten'd, cold and dumb,  
And count my privilege a task.

7 Before the world that hates his cause,  
My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with  
shame;

Loth to forego the world's applause,  
I hardly dare avow his name.

Sure was I not most vile and base,  
I could not thus my friend requite;  
And were not he the God of grace,  
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

---

60. C. M.

I'VE found the pearl of greatest price,  
My heart doth sing for joy,

And sing I must, a Christ I have,  
O, what a Christ have I!

2 Christ is the Way, the Truth, the Life;  
The way to God on high,  
Life to the dead, the truth of types,  
The truth of prophecy.

3 Christ is a Prophet, Priest and King;  
A Prophet full of light,  
A Priest that stands 'twixt God and man  
A King that rules with might.

4 Christ's manhood is a Temple where  
The Altar, God, doth rest;  
My Christ, he is the Sacrifice,  
My Christ, he is the Priest.

5 My Christ, he is the Lord of Lords,  
He is the King of Kings;  
He is the Sun of righteousness,  
With healing in his wings.

6 My Christ, he is the Tree of Life,  
Which in God's garden grows;  
Whose fruit doth feed, whose leaves do heal,  
My Christ is Sharon's rose.

7 Christ is my meat, Christ is my drink,  
My physic and my health;  
My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown,  
My glory and my wealth.

8 Christ is my father and my friend,  
My brother and my love;  
My head, my hope, my counsellor,  
My advocate above.

9 My Christ he is the heaven of heavens—  
My Christ what shall I call?  
My Christ is first, my Christ is last,  
My Christ is all in all.

DR. WATTS.] 61. L. M.

*The description of Christ, the beloved.* Cant. v.  
9-12, 14-16.

**T**HE wond'ring world inquires to know,  
Why I should love my Jesus so;  
'What are his charms,' say they, 'above  
'The objects of a mortal love?'

2 Yes, my beloved to my sight  
Shows a sweet mixture, red and white;  
All human beauties, all divine,  
In my beloved meet and shine.

3 [White is his soul, from blemish free;  
Red with the blood he shed for me;  
The fairest of ten thousand fairs;  
A sun amongst ten thousand stars.

4 His head the finest gold excels;  
There wisdom in perfection dwells,  
And glory, like a crown, adorns  
Those temples once beset with thorns.

5 Compassions in his heart are found,  
Hard by the signals of his wound;  
His sacred side no more shall bear  
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.]

6 [His hands are fairer to behold,  
Than diamonds set in rings of gold;  
Those heavenly hands, that on the tree  
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me,

7 Though once he bow'd his feeble knees  
Loaded with sins and agonies,  
Now on the throne of his command,  
His legs like marble pillars stand.]

8 [His eyes are majesty and love,  
The eagle temper'd with the dove;  
No more shall trickling sorrows run  
Through those dear windows of his soul.]

- 9 His mouth that pour'd out long complaints,  
Now smiles and cheers his fainting saints,  
His countenance more graceful is  
Than Lebanon with all its trees.
- 10 All over glorious is my Lord;  
Must be belov'd, and yet ador'd;  
His worth, if all the nations knew,  
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

---

62. L. M.

- O**F him who did salvation bring,  
I could for ever think and sing;  
Arise ye guilty, he'll forgive;  
Arise ye needy, he'll relieve.
- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo! 'tis given,  
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:  
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,  
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood,  
He clos'd his eyes to show us God;  
Let all the world fall down and know,  
That none but God such love could show
- 4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone  
I shed my tears and make my moan:  
Where'er I am, where'er I move,  
I meet the object of my love.
- 5 Insatiate, to the spring I fly,  
I drink, but yet am ever dry;  
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?  
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

---

GREGG.] 63. L. M.

*Glorying in the Cross of Christ.*

**J**ESUS! and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of thee?

Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days.

- 2 Asham'd of Jesus? Sooner far,  
Let evening blush to own a star;  
He sheds the beams of light divine,  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus? Just as soon  
Let midnight be asham'd of noon;  
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,  
Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus? That dear friend,  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?  
No; when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus? Yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;  
And O, may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not asham'd of me.
- 7 His institutions would I praise,  
Take up the cross, the shame despise,  
Dare to defend his noble cause,  
And yield obedience to his laws.

---

#### 64. L. M.

*Joseph, my son, is yet alive.* Gen. xiv. 26, 28.

**Y**E mourning souls, dry up your tears,  
Dismiss your gloomy, groundless fears,  
And let your hearts with this revive,  
Jesus, the Lord, is yet alive.

- 2 His saints he loves and never leaves;  
The chief of sinners he receives;

Then let this truth your souls revive,  
The friend of sinners is alive.

3 His saints he'll guard from ev'ry ill,  
To them his promises fulfil;  
Then let your hearts with this revive,  
Jesus, the Lord, is yet alive.

4 We need not fear to launch away,  
And leave this tenement of clay;  
His voice shall make our dust revive,  
For Christ, the Lord, is yet alive.

5 Abundant grace he will afford  
Till we are present with the Lord,  
And prove what we have heard before  
That Jesus lives for evermore.

BEDDOME.] 65. L. M.

*Gift of God.* John iv. 10.

**J**ESUS, my Lord, my soul's delight,  
For thee I long, for thee I pray,  
Amid the shadows of the night,  
Amid the business of the day.

2 Jesus, thou art the gift of God  
To sinners weary and distressed,  
The first of all his gifts bestow'd,  
And certain pledge of all the rest.

3 Could I but say, 'This gift is mine,'  
I'd tread the world beneath my feet,  
No more at poverty repine,  
Nor envy sinners rich and great.

4 The precious jewel I would keep,  
And lodge it deep within my heart,  
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,  
It never should from thence depart.

MEDLEY.] 66. L. M.

*One thing needful.* Luke x. 42

**J**ESUS, engrave it on my heart,  
That thou the one thing needful art:  
I could from all things parted be,  
But never, never, Lord, from thee.

- 2 Needful art thou to make me live;  
Needful art thou all grace to give;  
Needful to guide me lest I stray,  
Needful to help me every day.
- 3 Needful is thy most precious blood;  
Needful is thy correcting rod;  
Needful is thy indulgent care,  
Needful thy all-prevailing prayer.
- 4 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord,  
True peace and comfort to afford;  
Needful thy promise to impart  
Fresh life and vigour to my heart.
- 5 Needful art thou to be my stay  
Through all life's dark and stormy way;  
Nor less in death thou'lt needful be,  
When I yield up my soul to thee.
- 6 Then shall my soul, with joy supreme,  
Dwell on the dear, delightful theme;  
Glory and praise be ever his,  
'The one thing needful' Jesus is.

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 FREE GRACE.
 

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DAVIES.] 67.

*The pardoning God.* Micah vii. 18.

**G**REAT God of wonders, all thy ways  
Are matchless, godlike and divine;  
But the fair glories of thy face  
More godlike and unrivall'd shine.

- Who is a pardoning God like thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,  
Such guilty daring worms to spare,  
This is thy grand prerogative,  
And none shall in the honour share.  
Who is, &c.
- 3 Angels and men, resign your claim  
To pity, mercy, love and grace;  
This glorious crown Jehovah's name  
With an incomparable blaze.  
Who is, &c.
- 4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,  
We take the pardon of our God,  
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye,  
A pardon seal'd with Jesus' blood.  
Who is, &c.
- 5 O, may this strange, this matchless grace,  
This godlike miracle of love,  
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,  
And all th' angelic choirs above.  
Who is a pardoning God like thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?

---

### 68. L. M.

*Grace united with justice and truth.*

- I**NFINITE grace! and can it be  
That heaven supreme should stoop so low  
To visit one so vile as I,  
One who has been his bitt'rest foe!
- 2 Can holiness and wisdom join  
With truth, with justice and with grace,  
To make eternal blessings mine,  
And sin, with all its guilt, erase?



- 3 O love! beyond conception great,  
That form'd the vast stupendous plan,  
Where all divine perfections meet  
To reconcile rebellious man.
- 4 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,  
And justice all her rights maintains;  
Astonish'd angels stoop to gaze,  
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.
- 5 Yes, mercy reigns and justice too;  
In Christ harmoniously they meet;  
He paid to justice all her due,  
And now he fills the mercy-seat.
- 6 Such are the wonders of our God,  
And such th' amazing depths of grace,  
To save from wrath's vindictive rod  
The chosen sons of Adam's race.
- 7 With grateful songs then let our souls  
Surround our gracious Father's throne;  
And all between the distant poles  
His truth and mercy ever own.
- 

## 69. L. M

*Salvation by grace, and not by works.*

- S**ELF-righteous souls on works rely,  
And boast their moral dignity;  
But if I lisp a song of praise,  
Each note shall echo grace, free grace.
- 2 Grace! 'tis a most delightful theme;  
'Tis grace that rescues guilty man;  
'Tis grace divine, all conqu'ring, free,  
Or it had never rescued me.
- 3 'Twas grace that quicken'd me when dead,  
And grace my soul to Jesus led;  
Grace brought me pardon for my sin,  
And grace subdues my lusts within.

- 4 'Tis grace that sweetens every cross,  
And grace supports in every loss;  
In Jesus' grace my soul is strong;  
Grace is my shield, and grace my song.
- 5 'Tis grace defends when danger's near,  
By grace alone I persevere;  
'Tis grace constrains my soul to love,  
And grace will bear me safe above.
- 6 O, grace, free grace alone I boast,  
And 'tis in grace alone I trust;  
And when I rise to heaven, my home,  
I'll shout free grace! free grace, alone!
- 

## 70. C. M

*Election by Grace.*

- E**LECTION! 'tis a word divine;  
'For, Lord, I plainly see  
'Had not thy choice influenc'd mine  
'I ne'er had chosen thee.'
- 2 Why so offensive in men's eyes  
Doth God's election seem?  
Because they think themselves so wise,  
That they have chosen *him*.
- 3 Not so the needy, helpless soul  
Prefers his humble prayer;  
He looks to him who works the whole,  
And seeks his treasure there.
- 4 His language is, 'Let me, my God,  
'On sovereign grace rely,  
'And own 'tis free, because bestow'd  
'On one so vile as I.
- 5 'Empty and bare I come to thee  
'For righteousness divine;  
'O, may thy matchless merits be  
'By imputation mine!'

## 71. S. M.

*Salvation by grace, from first to last. Eph. li. 3.*

**G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound,  
Harmonious to the ear;  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way  
To save rebellious man;  
And all the steps that grace display,  
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 [Grace first inscribed my name  
In God's eternal book;  
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,  
Who all my sorrows took.]

4 Grace led my roving feet,  
To tread the heavenly road,  
And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.

5 [Grace taught my soul to pray,  
And made my eyes o'erflow;  
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,  
And will not let me go.]

6 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

## WATTS.] 72.

**T**O him that chose us first,  
Before the world began;  
To him that bore the curse  
To save rebellious man;  
To him that form'd our hearts anew  
Is endless praise and glory due.

7 The Father's love shall run  
Through our immortal songs

## LORD'S DAY.

We bring to God, the Son,  
 Hosannas on our tongues:  
 Our lips address the Spirit's name  
 With equal praise and zeal the same.

- 3 Let every saint above,  
 And angel round the throne,  
 For ever bless and love  
 The sacred Three in One:  
 Thus heaven shall raise his honours high,  
 When earth and time grow old and die.

## LORD'S DAY.

73. L. M. *Sabbath morning.* Rev. i. 10.

COME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,  
 Come, bear our thoughts from earth away.  
 Now let our noblest passions rise  
 With ardour to their native skies.

- 2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,  
 With rays of light upon us shine,  
 And let our waiting souls be blest  
 On this sweet day of sacred rest.
- 3 Then when our Sabbaths here are o'er  
 And we arrive on Canaan's shore,  
 With all the ransom'd we shall spend  
 A Sabbath which shall never end.

74. C. M. *Sabbath morning.*

COME, let us join, with sweet accord,  
 In hymns around the throne;  
 This is the day our rising Lord  
 Hath made and call'd his own.

- 2 This is the day, which God hath bless'd,  
 The brightest of the sev'n;  
 Type of that everlasting rest  
 The saints enjoy in heav'n.

WATTS.] 75. C. M. *For the Lord's Day morning*

**L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high;  
To thee will I direct my prayer,  
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone  
To plead for all his saints,

Presenting at his Father's throne,  
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight  
The wicked shall not stand;

Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort  
To taste thy mercies there;

I will frequent thy holy court,  
And worship in thy fear.

5 O, may thy spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness;

Make ev'ry path of duty straight  
And plain before my face.

---

DR. WATTS.] 76. S. M.

*The Lord's day; or, delight in Ordinances.*

**W**ELCOME sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day;

Here we may sit, and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place

Where my dear God hath been.

Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.

- 4 My willing soul would stay  
 In such a frame as this,  
 And sit and sing herself away  
 To everlasting bliss.
- 

WATTS.] 77. C. M.

*Christ's resurrection and our salvation.*  
 Ps. ccviii.

- T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,  
 He calls the hours his own;  
 Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
 And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,  
 And Satan's empire fell;  
 To-day the saints his triumphs spread,  
 And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King!  
 To David's holy Son!  
 Help us, O Lord! descend and bring  
 Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men  
 With messages of grace,  
 Who comes in God, his Father's name  
 To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna! in the highest strains  
 The church on earth can raise:  
 The highest heavens, in which he reigns,  
 Shall give them nobler praise.
- 

PRAYER.

MEDLEY.] 78. C. M.

**T**HE hour of prayer once more is come,  
 Once more, O Lord, we meet:  
 Thanks to thy name, there yet is room  
 To bow beneath thy feet.

- 2 Our God, our hope, our heavenly friend,  
Our father and our all,  
Our first great cause, and last great end,  
On thee for help we call.
- 3 The helpless, poor and needy soul,  
The tempted and distressed,  
Dear Lord, relieve, support, make whole,  
And calm the troubled breast.
- 4 The faith and hope, the joy and love,  
Of all thy saints increase;  
Hardness and prejudice remove,  
And fill our hearts with peace.

---

HART.] 79. L. M.

*Pray without ceasing.* 1 Thes. v. 17.

**P**RAYER was appointed to convey  
The blessings God designs to give;  
Long as they live should Christians pray  
For only while they pray, they live.

- 2 The Christian's heart his prayer indites;  
He speaks as prompted from within;  
The Spirit his petition writes,  
And Christ receives and gives it in.  
And wilt thou in dead silence lie,  
When Christ stands waiting for thy pray'  
My soul, thou hast a friend on high,  
Arise and try thy interest there.
- 4 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,  
If cares distract, or fears dismay,  
If guilt deject, if sin distress,  
The remedy's before thee—PRAY.
- 5 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,  
Tho' thought be broken, language lame,  
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;  
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.



- 6 Depend on him, thou canst not fail;  
 Make all thy wants and wishes known,  
 Fear not, his merits must prevail;  
 Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

---

COWPER.] 80. L. M.

*Exhortation to prayer.*

**W**HAT various hindrances we meet,  
 In coming to a mercy-seat;  
 Yet, who that knows the worth of prayer  
 But wishes to be often there?

- 2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw  
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;  
 Gives exercise to faith and love,  
 Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;  
 Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;  
 And Satan trembles when he sees  
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide  
 Success was found on Israel's side;\*  
 But when through weariness they fail'd,  
 That moment Amaleek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words? Ah, think again;  
 Words flow apace when you complain,  
 And fill your fellow-creature's ear,  
 With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
 To heaven in supplication sent,  
 Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,  
 Hear what the Lord has done for me.'

---

\* Exodus xvii. 11.



## MISSIONS.

## 81. L. M.

*And they went and preached everywhere.*

**G**O, missionaries, and proclaim  
The kind Redeemer you have found;  
Publish his ever precious name  
To all the wond'ring nations round.

- 2 Go tell th' unletter'd, wretched slave  
Who groans beneath a tyrant's rod,  
You bring *a freedom bought with blood*,  
The blood of an incarnate God:
- 3 And tell the panting sable chief  
On Ethiopia's scorching sand,  
You come *with a refreshing stream*,  
To cheer and bless his thirsty land.
- 4 Go, tell on India's golden shores,  
The Ganges, Thibet, and Boutan,  
That to *enrich their deathless mind*  
You come—the friends of God and *man*.
- 5 Tell *all* the distant isles afar,  
That lie in darkness and the grave,  
You have *the glorious light to show*,  
Jesus has come *to seek and save*.
- 6 Say the religion you profess  
Is all benevolence and love,  
And, crown'd with energy divine,  
Its heavenly origin will prove.

## 82. L. M.

*The fall of Babylon indicated from the spreading  
of the Gospel.*

**P**ROUD Babylon yet waits her doom,  
Nor can her tott'ring palace fall,  
Till some blest messenger arise  
The spacious heathen world to call

- 2 And see the glorious time approach;  
Behold the mighty angel fly  
The gospel tidings to convey  
To every land beneath the sky.
- 3 O, see on both the Indies' coasts,  
And Africa's unhappy shore,  
The untaught savage press to hear,  
And, hearing, wonder and adore.
- 4 [See, while the joyful truth is told,  
'That Jesus left his throne in heaven  
'And suffer'd, died, and rose again,  
'That guilty souls might be forgiven
- 5 See what delight, unfelt before,  
Beams in his fix'd, attentive eye;  
And hear him ask, 'For wretched me  
'Did the divine Redeemer die?
- 6 'Ah! why have ye so long forborne  
'To tell such welcome news as this?  
'Go now, let every sinner hear,  
'And share in such exalted bliss.']
- 7 The islands, waiting for his law,  
With rapture greet the sacred sound,  
And, taught the Saviour's precious name,  
Cast all their idols to the ground.

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### 83. L. M.

- T**O distant lands thy gospel send,  
And thus thy empire wide extend;  
To Gentile, Turk and stubborn Jew,  
Thou King of grace, salvation shew.
- 2 Where'er thy sun or light arise,  
Thy name, O God! immortalize;  
May nations, yet unborn, confess  
Thy wisdom, power and righteousness.

## 84. L. M.

*More labourers wanted.*

- L**ORD, where we cast our eyes abroad,  
And see on heathen altars slain,  
Poor helpless babes for sacrifice,  
To purge their parents' dismal stain.
- 2 We can't behold such horrid deeds  
Without a groan of ardent prayer;  
And, while each heart in anguish bleeds,  
We cry, Lord, send thy gospel there.
- 3 For them we pray, for them we wait,  
To them thy great salvation shew,  
Thy harvest, Lord, is truly great,  
But faithful labourers are few.
- 4 O, send out preachers, gracious Lord,  
Among that dark, bewilder'd race;  
Open their eyes, and bless thy word,  
And call them by thy sovereign grace.

## 85.

- O** thou great source of light and love,  
Look down in mercy from above  
On all the pagan race;  
Send thy victorious word abroad  
To bring lost sinners home to God;  
O, save them by thy grace!
- 2 Ye messengers of Jesus, rise;  
Proclaim the bleeding sacrifice  
Throughout the heathen world;  
Point out their lost estate, and tell  
The love of King Immanuel,  
Though half can ne'er be told.
- 3 Proclaim inimitable love,  
Which brought the Saviour from above;  
Such love's in God alone:  
For us he wept, and pray'd and cried,

- Offer'd his life, and bled, and died;  
 This breaks the heart of stone.
- 4 Tell men they're lost, deprav'd, undone;  
 That none can save them but the Son:  
 They'll perish in their sin;  
 Then say 'Behold the Lamb of God  
 'For sin alone;' believe his word,  
 Repent and turn to him.
- 5 Almighty Saviour! God of love!  
 Send down thy spirit from above  
 Upon thy servants here;  
 May they march forth with heavenly zeal  
 To pagan lands thy love reveal;  
 O, crown them with success!

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## IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS.

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### §6. L. M.

*Imputed righteousness.* Jer. xxiii. 6; Isai. lxi. 10,  
 xlv. 24; liv. 17; 1 Cor. i. 30; 2 Cor. v. 21.

- J**ESUS, thy blood and righteousness  
 My beauty are, my glorious dress;  
 Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,  
 With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise  
 To take my mansion in the skies,  
 E'en then shall this be all my plea,  
 'Jesus hath liv'd and died for me.'
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day;  
 For who aught to my charge shall lay?  
 While through thy blood absolv'd I am  
 From sin's tremendous curse and shame.
- 4 Thus Abraham the friend of God,  
 Thus all the armies bought with blood

Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim;  
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

- 5 This spotless robe the same appears  
When ruin'd nature sinks in years;  
No age can change its glorious hue,  
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 6 O, let the dead now hear thy voice;  
Bid, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice:  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

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DR. WATTS.] 87. C. M.

*Spiritual Apparel: namely, the Robe of Righteousness and Garments of Salvation. Isa. lxi. 10.*

**A**WAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,  
Prepare a tuneful voice;  
In God, the life of all my joys,  
Aloud will I rejoice.

- 2 'Twas he adorn'd my naked soul,  
And made salvation mine;  
Upon a poor polluted worm  
He makes his graces shine.
- 3 And lest the shadow of a spot  
Should on my soul be found,  
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,  
And cast it all around.
- 4 How far the heavenly robe exceeds  
What earthly princes wear!  
These ornaments, how bright they shine!  
How white the garments are!
- 5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,  
And hope, and every grace;  
But Jesus spent his life to work  
The robe of righteousness.

- 6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd,  
 By the great sacred THREE;  
 In sweetest harmony of praise  
 Let all thy powers agree.
- 

88. L. M.

*Let me look on his wounds and weep. 2 Cor. v. 21*

- H**IGH on a throne my Lord doth sit,  
 Though once he suffer'd here below  
 In groans, and tears, and blood, and sweat  
 Such pain as mortals never know.
- 2 And shall I now forgetful be  
 Of his sharp sorrows, while he hung  
 Expanded on th' accursed tree,  
 Tortured by spear, and whip, and thong?
- 3 No: rather let me ever mourn,  
 And weep o'er my expiring God;  
 For 'twas my sins, and not his own,  
 That drain'd his last remaining blood.
- 4 Lord, how shall I a tribute bring,  
 For such immeasurable grace?  
 For thou wast once for me made sin,  
 That I might be thy righteousness.
- 

HART.] 89. C M.

*For the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power  
 1 Cor. iv. 20.*

- A** FORM of words, though e'er so sound  
 Can never save a soul;  
 The Holy Ghost must give the wound,  
 And make the wounded whole.
- 2 Though God's election is a truth,  
 Small comfort there I see,  
 Till I am told by God's own mouth,  
 That he has chosen me.

- 3 Sinners, I read, are justified  
By faith in Jesus' blood;  
But when to *me* that blood's applied,  
'Tis then it does me good.
- 4 To perseverance I agree;  
The thing to me is clear:  
Because the Lord has promis'd me,  
That I shall persevere.
- 6 Imputed righteousness I own  
A doctrine most divine;  
For Jesus to my heart makes known,  
That all his merit's *mine*.
- 6 That Christ is God I can avouch,  
And for his people cares,  
Since I have pray'd to him as such,  
And he has heard my prayers.
- 7 That sinners black as hell, by Christ  
Are sav'd, I know full well;  
For I his mercy have not miss'd,  
And I am black as hell.
- 8 Thus Christians glorify the Lord;  
His Spirit joins with ours,  
In bearing witness to his word,  
With all its saving powers.

---

90. L. M.

*Come and see free grace and righteousness  
in Christ.*

- J**ESUS, dear name, how sweet it sounds!  
Replete with balm for all my wounds!  
His word declares his grace is free;  
Come, needy sinner, come and see.
- 2 He left the shining courts on high,  
Came to our world to bleed and die;  
Jesus, the God, hung on a tree,  
Come, thoughtless sinner, come and see.

- 3 Your sins did pierce his bleeding heart,  
Till death had done its dreadful part;  
Yet his dear love still burns to thee;  
Come, trembling sinner, come and see.
- 4 His blood will cleanse the foulest stain,  
And make the filthy leper clean;  
His fountain open stands for thee;  
Come, guilty sinner, come and see.
- 5 The garments of his shining face,  
The glorious robe of righteousness,  
In this array thou bright shall be;  
Come, naked sinner, come and see.
- 6 No tongue can tell what glories shine  
In our Immanuel, all divine;  
O, that, in sweetest melody,  
Each heart may sing, 'He died for me'

---

WATTS.] 91. L. M.

*Christ our wisdom, righteousness, &c.*  
1 Cor. i. 30.

- B**URIED in shadows of the night,  
We lie till Christ restores the light;  
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,  
And chase the darkness of the mind.
- 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,  
Till his atoning blood appears;  
Then we awake from deep distress,  
And sing, 'the Lord our righteousness.'
  - 3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin;  
His spirit makes our natures clean;  
Such virtues from his suff'rings flow,  
At once to cleanse and pardon too.
  - 4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,  
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;



He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks  
The iron bondage from our necks.

- 5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess  
Grace, wisdom, power and righteousness;  
Thou art our mighty All, and we  
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

---

HART.] 92. C. M.

*Who of God is made unto us wisdom, and right-  
eousness, and sanctification, and redemption*  
1 Cor. i. 30.

**B**ELIEVERS own they are but blind;  
They know themselves unwise;  
But *wisdom* in the Lord they find,  
Who opens all their eyes.

- 2 Unrighteous are they all, when tried;  
But God himself declares,  
In Jesus they are justified;  
His righteousness is their's.

- 3 That we're unholy needs no proof;  
We sorely feel the fall;  
But Christ has holiness enough  
To *sanctify* us all.

- 4 Exposed by sin to God's just wrath  
We look to Christ, and view  
*Redemption* in his blood by faith,  
And *full redemption* too.

- 5 Some this, some that, good virtue teach,  
To rectify the soul;  
But we first after Jesus reach,  
And richly grasp the whole.

- 6 To Jesus join'd, we all that's good,  
From him, our head, derive;  
We eat his flesh and drink his blood,  
And *by* and *in* him live.

## 93. L. M.

*Collection for the poor. The beneficence of Christ  
for our imitation.*

- W**HEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,  
What were his works from day to day?  
Sweet miracles of power and grace,  
That spread salvation through our race.
- 2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view  
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;  
Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done,  
Be witness'd by each rolling sun.
- 3 That man may last, but never lives,  
Who much receives but nothing gives,  
Whom none can love, whom none can thank;  
Creation's blot, creation's blank.
- 4 But he who marks, from day to day,  
In generous acts his radiant way,  
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,  
The path to glory and to God.

## 94. L. M.

*Of thine own have we given thee. 1 Chron. xxix. 14*

- T**HE Lord who rules the world's affairs  
For me a well-spread board prepares,  
My grateful thanks to him shall rise;  
He knows my wants, those wants supplies
- 2 And shall I grudge to give his poor  
A mite from all my generous store?  
No, Lord; the friends of thine and ~~thee~~  
Shall always find a friend in me.
- 3 My grateful heart shall feel their woes,  
For their relief shall interpose;  
And, of the bounties I receive,  
I cheerful will a portion give.

WASHING THE SAINTS' FEET.

95. L. M.

*The command of Christ to wash one another's feet.*

**J**ESUS, thou great exalted King,  
Thy love, thy matchless love I sing;  
Descending from thy lofty seat,  
I see thee wash thy servants' feet.

2 Here I behold, at once display'd,  
The God, in mortal flesh array'd,  
And an example set for me,  
Set, Christian, by thy Lord, for thee.

3 Let us attend our sovereign Lord,  
And all his works and acts record;  
'I have you an example set,  
'That you should wash each other's feet.'

4 My Saviour, I obey thy voice,  
And in thy word and ways rejoice;  
Would humbly wash thy followers' feet;  
O, let me here thy presence meet.

96. C. M.

*Washing the Saviour's Feet. John xiii. 2. 5. 14.*

**D**ISROB'D of all his heavenly dress,  
The Saviour came to earth,  
Cloth'd in a veil of mortal flesh,  
And bow'd his head in death.

2 That awful night, in which, betray'd,  
He introduc'd the feast  
Which we, my friends have seen display'd,  
Where each has been a guest.

1 The solemn scene about to close,  
To make the whole complete,  
He meekly from communion rose,  
And wash'd his servants' feet.

- 4 'Let each,' he said, 'to others do  
 'As I, your Lord, have done;  
 'The heavenly pattern still pursue  
 'In form as I have shown.'
- 5 Since Christ has the example set  
 By his own blessed hand,  
 We'll humbly wash each other's feet,  
 Obedient to command.
- 

## ORDINATION OF MINISTERS.

## 96. L. M.

*People's prayer for their minister.*

- W**ITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend  
 Him, whom we now to thee commend,  
 His person bless, his soul secure,  
 And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;  
 Direct his feet in paths of peace;  
 Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,  
 And help him to obey thy will.
- 3 Before him thy protection send;  
 O, love him, save him to the end;  
 Nor let him, as a pilgrim, rove  
 Without the convoy of thy love.
- 4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart,  
 In him thy mighty power exert,  
 That thousands yet unborn may praise  
 The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 

HAMMOND.] 98. 7s.

*After the charge.* Prov. xi. 30.

**W**OULD you win a soul to God?  
 Tell him of the Saviour's blood!

Say how Jesus' bowels move;  
Tell him of redeeming love.

- 2 Tell him how the streams did glide  
From his hands, his feet, his side;  
How his head with thorns was crown'd,  
And his heart in sorrow drown'd.
  - 3 Tell him how he suffer'd death,  
Freely yielded up his breath,  
Died and rose to intercede,  
As our advocate and head.
  - 4 Tell him it was sovereign grace  
Wrought on you to seek his face;  
Made you choose the better part;  
Brought salvation to your heart.
  - 5 Tell him of that liberty,  
Wherewith Jesus makes us free:  
Sweetly speak of sins forgiven,  
Earnest of the joys of heaven.
- 

## ORDINATION OF DEACONS

J. B. Cook.] 99. L. M.

*At the choice of a Deacon.*

**T**HOU sacred spirit, heavenly dove,  
Distil thy dews of joy and love;  
O'erspread our souls with rays of light,  
And guide our erring judgment right.

- 2 From our dear brethren taught thy word,  
Fain would we choose a Deacon, Lord;  
One, who may fill the office well,  
And in the faith of Christ excel.
- 3 In thee we trust, on thee depend,  
Our constant never-failing friend;  
Assist us, Lord, and bless our choice,  
And in thy name we will rejoice.

## RECEIVING OF FELLOWSHIP.

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100. C. M.*After Baptism.*

**E**TERNAL God, now smile on those,  
 Who, hoping in thy word,  
 This day have publicly declar'd  
 That Jesus is their Lord.

- 2 With cheerful feet may they advance,  
 And run the Christian race,  
 And, through the troubles of the way,  
 Find all-sufficient grace.

---

101. L. M.*Admission of new members. Gen. xxiv. 31.*

**W**ELCOME, ye well-belov'd of God,  
 Ye heirs of grace, redeem'd by blood  
 Welcome, with us your hands to join,  
 As partners of our lot divine.

- 2 With us the pilgrim's state embrace;  
 We're trav'ling to a blissful place;  
 The Holy Ghost, who knows the way,  
 Conducts us on from day to day.
- 3 Embrace the cross and bear it on;  
 It shall be light and not be long;  
 Soon shall we sit with Jesus down,  
 And wear an everlasting crown.

---

BEFORE SERMON.

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102. C. M.*Casting the Gospel net. Luke v. 5; John xxi. 6*

**N**OW, while the Gospel net is cast,  
 Do thou, O Lord, the effort own;

From numerous disappointments past,  
Teach us to hope in thee alone.

- 2 May this be a much-favour'd hour,  
To souls in Satan's bondage led;  
O, clothe thy word with sovereign power,  
To break the rocks and raise the dead.
- 3 To mourners speak a cheering word,  
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine;  
Let poor backsliders be restor'd,  
And all thy saints in praises join.
- 4 [O, hear our prayer, and give us hope,  
That when thy voice shall call us home,  
Thou still wilt raise a people up,  
To love and praise thee in our room.]
- 

NEWTON.] 103. C. M.

**N**OW, Lord, inspire the preacher's heart,  
And teach his tongue to speak;  
Food to the hungry soul impart,  
And cordials to the weak.

- 2 Furnish us all with light and powers  
To walk in wisdom's ways;  
So shall the benefit be ours,  
And thou shalt have the praise.
- 

HART.] 104. C. M.

**O**NCE more we come before our God,  
Once more his blessing ask;  
O, may not duty seem a load,  
Nor worship prove a task.

- 2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send  
From heaven, in Jesus' name,  
To make our waiting minds attend,  
And put our souls in frame.

- 3 May we receive the word we hear,  
Each in an honest heart;  
Hoard up the precious treasure there,  
And never with it part.
- 4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose,  
To each thy blessings suit;  
And let the seed thy servant sows,  
Produce a copious fruit.
- 5 Bid the refreshing north wind, wake;  
Say to the south wind, blow;  
Let every plant thy power partake,  
And all the garden grow.
- 6 Revive the parch'd with heavenly showers,  
The cold with warmth divine;  
And as the benefit is ours,  
Be all the glory thine.

---

DR. WATTS.] 105. L. M.

*The books of Nature and of Scripture compared  
or, the glory and success of the Gospel.*

- T**HE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,  
In every star thy wisdom shines;  
But when our eyes behold thy word,  
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And nights and days thy power confess;  
But the bless'd volume thou hast writ,  
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
  - 3 Sun, moon and stars, convey thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand;  
So when thy truth began its race,  
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.
  - 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,  
Till through the world thy truth has run;  
Till Christ hath all the nations blest,  
That see the light or feel the sun.



- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
 Bless the dark world with heavenly light;  
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise,  
 Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,  
 In souls renew'd, and sins forgiven;  
 Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
 And make thy word my guide to heaven.
- 

DR. WATTS.] 106. L. M.

*Longing after God ; or, the love of God better  
 than life.*

- GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;  
 Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest  
 The glories that compose thy name,  
 Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,  
 Thou art my Father and my God!  
 And I am thine by sacred ties;  
 Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.
- 3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,  
 For thee I long, to thee I look;  
 As travellers, in thirsty lands,  
 Pant for the cooling water brook.
- 4 With early feet, I love t' appear  
 Among thy saints, and seek thy face;  
 Oft have I seen thy glory there,  
 And felt the power of sovereign grace.
- 5 Not fruits nor wines that tempt our taste,  
 Nor all the joys our senses know,  
 Could make me so divinely blest,  
 Or raise my cheerful passions so.
- 6 My life itself, without thy love,  
 No taste of pleasure could afford;  
 'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,  
 If I were banish'd from the Lord.

- 7 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,  
 When busy cares afflict my head,  
 One thought of thee gives new delight,  
 And adds refreshment to my bed.
- 8 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,  
 While I have breath to pray or praise,  
 This work shall make my heart rejoice,  
 And spend the remnant of my days.
- 

DR. WATTS.] 107. L. M.

*The enjoyment of Christ ; or, delight in worship*

- F**AR from my thoughts, vain world, be  
 gone,  
 Let my religious hours alone :  
 Fain would my eyes my Saviour see ;  
 I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,  
 And kindles with a pure desire ;  
 Come, my dear Jesus, from above,  
 And feed my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 [The trees of life immortal stand,  
 In fragrant rows at thy right hand ;  
 And in sweet murmurs, by their side,  
 Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.
- 4 Haste then, but with a smiling face,  
 And spread the table of thy grace ;  
 Bring down a taste of truth divine,  
 And cheer my heart with sacred wine.]
- 5 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare !  
 How sweet thy entertainments are !  
 Never did angels taste above,  
 Redeeming grace, and dying love.
- 6 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine !  
 In thee thy Father's glories shine ;  
 Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,  
 That eyes have seen, or angels known.

NEWTON.] 108. C. M.

**T**HY promise, Lord, and thy command,  
Have brought us here to-day;  
And now we humbly waiting stand,  
To hear what thou wilt say.\*

- 2 Meet us we pray, with words of peace;  
And fill our hearts with love;  
That from our follies we may cease,  
And henceforth faithful prove.

DR. WATTS.] 109. L. M.

*Life, the day of Grace and Hope. Eccles. ix.*  
4, 6, 10.

**L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,  
The time t' insure the great reward;  
And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return.

- 2 [Life is the hour that God hath given,  
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven;  
The day of grace, and mortals may  
Secure the blessings of the day.]
- 3 The living know that they must die,  
But all the dead forgotten lie;  
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,  
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 [Their hatred and their love is lost,  
Their envy buried in the dust;  
They have no share in all that's done  
Beneath the circuit of the sun.]
- 5 Then what my thoughts design to do,  
My hands with all your might pursue;  
Since no device, nor work is found,  
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

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\* Psalm lxxxv. 8.

- 6 There are no acts of pardon pass'd  
In the cold grave, to which we haste;  
But darkness, death, and long despair,  
Reign in eternal silence there.

---

DR. WATTS.] 110. C. M.

*Breathing after the Holy Spirit; or, fervency of devotion desired.*

- COME, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look, how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys;  
Our souls can neither fly nor go,  
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate?  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great!
- 5 Come holy Spirit, heavenly Dove;  
With all thy quick'ning powers;  
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

---

BETWEEN PRAYER AND SERMON.

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111. C. M.

*The divinity of Christ.*

THE we adore, eternal Word!  
The Father's equal son;

- By heaven's obedient hosts ador'd,  
Ere time its course begun.
- 2 The first creation has display'd  
Thine energy divine ;  
For not a single thing was made  
By other hands than thine.
- 3 But ransom'd sinners, with delight,  
Sublimar facts survey ;  
The all-creating Word unite  
Himself to dust and clay.
- 4 See the Redeemer clothed in flesh,  
And ask the reason 'Why ?'  
The answer fills my soul afresh,  
'To suffer, bleed and die !'
- 5 What wonders in thy person meet,  
My Saviour, all divine !  
I fall with rapture at thy feet,  
And would be wholly thine.

---

112. 7s.

*A blessing humbly requested.*

- L**ORD, we come before thee now ;  
At thy feet we humbly bow :  
O, do not our suit disdain ;  
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?
- 2 In thy own appointed way  
Now we seek thee ; here we stay ;  
Lord, from hence we would not go  
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 3 Send some message from thy word,  
That may joy and peace afford ;  
Let thy spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.

- 4 Grant that all may seek and find  
Thee, a God supremely kind;  
Heal the sick; the captive free;  
Let us all rejoice in thee.

---

113. 7s.

*Love of Jesus.*

**L**OVE divine, how sweet the sound.  
May the theme on earth abound;  
May the hearts of saints below  
With the sacred rapture glow.

- 2 Love amazing, large and free;  
Love unknown, to think on me!  
Jesus, of thy love possess'd,  
I am now, and shall be blest.
- 3 Better than this life of mine,  
Saviour, is thy love divine;  
Drop the veil and let me see  
Oceans of this love in thee.

---

BEDDOME.] 114. S. M.

*He beheld the city, and wept over it. Luke*  
xix. 41.

**D**ID Christ o'er sinners weep,  
And shall our cheeks be dry?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from ev'ry eye.

- 2 The Son of God in tears  
Angels with wonder see;  
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul!  
Those tears were shed for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep;  
Each sin demands a tear:  
In heaven alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.

## 115. L. M.

- T**HOU, who for sinners once wast slain,  
 Once dead, but now alive again;  
 Give me to know, to taste and prove  
 The power and sweetness of thy love.
- 2 Give me to feel my sins forgiven,  
 And know myself an heir of heaven;  
 My conscience sprinkle with thy blood,  
 And fill me with the love of God.
- 

## 116. 8, 7, 4.

*Prayer for minister and people.*

- D**EAREST Saviour, help thy servant  
 To proclaim thy wondrous love;  
 Pour thy grace upon his people,  
 That thy truth they may approve:  
 Bless, O bless them,  
 From thy shining courts above.
- 2 Now thy gracious word invites them  
 To partake the gospel feast  
 Let thy spirit sweetly draw them,  
 Ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest!  
 O, receive us,  
 Let us find the promis'd rest.
- 

## 117. L. M.

*Joy in heaven for a repenting sinner. Luke xv. 7*

- W**HO can describe the joys that rise  
 Through all the courts of paradise,  
 To see a prodigal return,  
 To see an heir of glory born?
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve  
 The fruit of his eternal love;  
 The Son with joy looks down and sees  
 The purchase of his agonies.

- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view  
The holy soul he form'd anew;  
And saints and angels join to sing  
The growing empire of their King.
- 

WATTS.] 118. C. M. *A blessed Gospel.*

**B**LEST are the souls that hear and know  
The Gospel's joyful sound;  
Peace shall attend the path they go,  
And light their steps around.

- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,  
Through their Redeemer's name;  
His righteousness exalts their hope,  
Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,  
Strength and salvation gives;  
Jesus, our King, for ever reigns,  
Our God for ever lives.
- 

### 119.

**O**H! my God! and hast thou sent  
Me here to preach to-day?  
Oh, baptise my soul with fire,  
And point me out the way.  
While I draw the gospel bow,  
Lord, let thy arrows fly;  
May each sinner feel this day  
That Christ for him did die.

- 2 Lord, we have assembled here  
To hear what thou wilt say,  
Some from the east, some from the west,  
Some north and south, to pray;  
If I'm sent to preach thy word,  
O God, display thy power;  
May we have a pentecost,  
A sweet, refreshing shower.



- 8 Sinners, Lord, are trembling now,  
 Their tears are trickling down:  
 Keen conviction's on their brow  
 While they behold thy frown.  
 Oh, for justifying grace,  
 And thy convicting power;  
 Lord, we beg, for Jesus' sake,  
 A sweet refreshing shower.
- 

WATTS.] 120. L. M.

*Hope in the Covenant.* Heb. vi. 17—19.

**H**OW oft have sin and Satan strove  
 To rend my soul from thee, my God!  
 But everlasting is thy love,  
 And Jesus seals it with his blood.

- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord  
 Join to confirm the wondrous grace;  
 Eternal power performs the word,  
 And fills all heaven with endless praise.
- 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,  
 My soul to this dear refuge flies,  
 Hope is my anchor firm and strong,  
 While tempests blow and billows rise.
- 4 The gospel bears my spirit up;  
 A faithful and unchanging God  
 Lays the foundation of my hope  
 In oaths, in promises and blood.
- 

STEELE.] 121. C. M.

**J**ESUS! in thy transporting name  
 What blissful glories rise!  
 Jesus, the angels' sweetest theme,  
 The wonder of the skies!

- 2 Well might the skies with wonder view  
 A love so strange as thine!  
 No thought of angels ever knew  
 Compassion so divine.

- 3 Jesus, and didst thou leave the sky  
 For miseries and woes?  
 And didst thou bleed, and groan, and die,  
 For vile, rebellious foes?
- 4 [Victorious love! can language tell  
 The wonders of thy power,  
 Which conquer'd all the force of hell  
 In that tremendous hour?
- 5 What glad return can I impart  
 For favours so divine?  
 O, take my heart, this worthless heart,  
 And make it only thine.]
- 

**122.** S. M. *Hungry for spiritual food.*

- H**UNGRY, and faint, and poor,  
 Behold us, Lord, again  
 Assembled at thy mercy's door,  
 Thy bounty to obtain.
- 2 Thy word invites us nigh,  
 Or we must starve indeed;  
 For we no money have to buy,  
 No righteousness to plead.
- 3 The food our spirits want  
 Thy hand alone can give;  
 O, hear the pray'r of faith, and grant  
 That we may eat and live.
- 

DOSSEY.] **123.** S. M.

*Divine assistance invoked.*

- A**SSIST thy servant, Lord,  
 The gospel to proclaim;  
 Let power and love attend the word,  
 And every breast inflame.
- 2 Bid unbelief depart;  
 Banish the fear of man;

Take full possession of his heart,  
And glorify thy name.

- 8 Make stubborn sinners bend  
To thy divine control;  
Constrain the wand'ring to attend,  
And make the wounded whole.
- 4 Extend thy conqu'ring arm,  
With banner wide unfurl'd,  
Until thy glorious grace shall charm  
And harmonize the world.
- 

WATTS.] 124. L. M.

**T**HIS life's a dream, an empty show;  
But the bright world, to which we go,  
Hath joys substantial and sincere;  
When shall I wake and find me there?

- 2 O glorious hour! O blest abode!  
I shall be near and like my God;  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 3 My flesh shall slumber in the ground  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;  
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.
- 

125. L. M.

*Desiring communion with God.*

**M**Y rising soul, with strong desires,  
To perfect happiness aspires;  
With steady steps would tread the road,  
That leads to heaven, that leads to God.

- 2 I thirst to drink unmingled love  
From the pure fountain-head above:  
My dearest Lord, I long to be  
Empty of sin and full of thee.

- 4 For thee I pant, for thee I burn;  
 Art thou withdrawn? again return;  
 Nor let me be the first to say  
 Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray
- 

WATTS.] 126. L. M.

*The love of Christ shed abroad in the heart.*

- COME dearest Lord, descend and dwell,  
 By faith and love, in ev'ry breast;  
 Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,  
 The joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;  
 Make our enlarged souls possess  
 And learn the height, and breadth, and length,  
 Of thine immeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the God, whose power can do  
 More than our thoughts and wishes know,  
 Be everlasting honours done  
 By all the church through Christ his Son
- 

### AFTER SERMON.

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NEWTON.] 127. C. M.

*Faith's review and expectation.* 1 Chron. xvii.  
 16, 17.

- AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)  
 That sav'd a wretch like me;  
 I once was lost, but now am found,  
 Was blind, but now I see!
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
 And grace my fears reliev'd;  
 How precious did that grace appear,  
 The hour I first believ'd!
- 3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,  
 I have already come;

- 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promis'd good to me;  
His word my hope secures;  
He will my shield and portion be,  
As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease,  
I shall possess within the vail,  
A life of joy in peace.
- 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine;  
But God, who call'd me here below,  
Will be for ever mine.
- 

## 128. L. M.

- D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;  
Help us to feed upon thy word,  
All that has been amiss forgive,  
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;  
Wash all our souls in Jesus' blood,  
Give every fetter'd soul release,  
And bid us all depart in peace.
- 

## 129. S. M.

- O**NCE more before we part,  
We'll bless the Saviour's name,  
Record his mercies, every heart,  
Sing every tongue the same.
- 2 Hoard up his sacred word,  
And feed thereon, and grow;  
Go on, and seek to know the Lord  
And practise what you know.

## 130.

**L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace.  
 Let us each, thy love possessing,  
 Triumph in redeeming grace.  
 O refresh us, O refresh us,  
 Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
 For thy Gospel's joyful sound;  
 May the fruits of thy salvation  
 In our hearts and lives abound;  
 Ever faithful, ever faithful  
 To the truth, may we be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,  
 Us from earth to call away,  
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
 Glad the summons to obey,  
 May we ever, may we ever  
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

DR. WATTS.] 131. S. M.

*The passion and exaltation of Christ.*

**C**OME, all harmonious tongues,  
 Your noblest music bring;  
 'Tis Christ the everlasting God,  
 And Christ the man we sing.

2 Tell how he took our flesh,  
 To take away our guilt;  
 Sing the dear drops of sacred blood,  
 That hellish monsters spilt.

3 [Alas! the cruel spear  
 Went deep into his side,  
 And the rich flood of purple gore  
 Their murd'rous weapons dyed.]

- 4 [The waves of swelling grief  
Did o'er his bosom roll,  
And mountains of Almighty wrath  
Lay heavy on his soul.]
- 5 Down to the shades of death  
He bow'd his awful head;  
Yet he arose to live and reign  
When death itself is dead.
- 6 No more the bloody spear,  
The cross and nails no more;  
For hell itself shakes at his name,  
And all the heavens adore.
- 7 There the Redeemer sits,  
High on the Father's throne:  
The Father lays his vengeance by,  
And smiles upon his Son.
- 8 There his full glories shine  
With uncreated rays,  
And bless his saints' and angels eyes,  
To everlasting days.
- 

DODDRIDGE.] 132. C. M.

*The condescending grace of Christ. Mat. xx. 28.*

- S**AVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,  
How sweet thy gracious name!  
With joy that errand we review,  
On which thy mercy came.
- 2 While all thy own angelic bands  
Stood waiting on the wing,  
Charm'd with the honour to obey  
Their great eternal King.
- 3 For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,  
Thou laid'st that glory by,  
First, in our mortal flesh to serve;  
Then, in that flesh to die

- 4 Bought with thy service and thy blood,  
 We doubly, Lord, are thine;  
 To thee our lives we would devote,  
 To thee our death resign.
- 

WATTS.] 133. L. M.

- S**O let our lips and lives express  
 The holy gospel we profess;  
 So let our works and virtues shine,  
 To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
 The honours of our Saviour God,  
 When the salvation reigns within,  
 And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
 Passion and envy, lust and pride;  
 While justice, temp'rance, truth and love  
 Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
 While we expect that blessed hope,  
 The bright appearance of the Lord,  
 And faith stands leaning on his word.
- 

134. 7s.

- T**HANKS for mercies past received;  
 Pardon of our sins renew;  
 Teach us henceforth how to live,  
 With eternity in view.
- 2 Bless thy word to old and young;  
 Grant us, Lord, thy peace and love;  
 And, when life's short race is run,  
 Take us to thy house above.



**135.** *Parting Song.*

**N**OW brethren, ere we part,  
 Let's join to praise our God;  
 His love fill every heart,

While we are on the road:  
 'Tis sweet to feel our Saviour's love,  
 But sweeter still in heaven above.

2 There we shall meet again,  
 Should we ne'er meet on earth;  
 We'll see our Saviour's face,  
 And sing our heavenly birth;  
 Our parting end, while we adore  
 Our blessed God for ever more.

3 But let us ne'er forget  
 To beg our children dear  
 To come to Christ, our Lord,  
 And seek him while he's near:  
 May we all meet in heaven above,  
 And join to praise redeeming love.

---

**136.** L. M.

**P**RAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,  
 Praise him, all creatures here below;  
 Praise him above, ye heavenly hosts,  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

---

**WATTS.] 137.** C. M.

**L**ET God the Father, and the Son,  
 And Spirit, be ador'd,  
 Where there are works to make him known,  
 Or Saints to love the Lord.

---

**138.** S. M.

**O**UR Father God adore,  
 And praise his equal Son;

The spirit bless for evermore,  
Three mysteries in one.

---

**139. L. M.**

**T**O God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, three in one,  
Be honour, praise and glory given  
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

---

**140. C. M.**

**T**O praise the Father and the Son  
And Spirit, all divine,  
The one in three, and three in one,  
Let saints and angels join.

---

**141. L. M.**

**H**AIL, Father! hail, eternal Son!  
Hail, sacred Spirit, three in one!  
Blessings and thanks, and power divine,  
Thrice holy Lord, be ever thine!

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THE CHRISTIAN.

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COWPER.] **142. C. M.**

*The contrite heart. Isaiah lvii. 15.*

**T**HE Lord will happiness divine  
On contrite hearts bestow;  
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine  
A contrite heart or no?

**2** I hear, but seem to hear in vain,  
Insensible as steel;  
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,  
To find I cannot feel.

- 3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd  
To love thee, if I could;  
But often feel another mind,  
Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few,  
I fain would strive for more;  
But when I cry, 'my strength renew,  
Seem weaker than before.
- 5 Thy saints are comforted I know,  
And love thy house of prayer;  
I therefore go where others go,  
But find no comfort there.
- 6 O, make this heart rejoice or ache,  
Decide this doubt for me;  
And if it be not broken, break,  
And heal it, if it be.

---

COWPER.] 143. C. M.

*Jehovah our righteousness. Jer. xxiii. 6.*

**M**Y God, how perfect are thy ways!  
But mine polluted are;  
Sin twines itself about my praise,  
And slides into my prayer.

- 2 If I would speak what thou hast done  
To save me from my sin,  
I cannot make thy mercies known,  
But self-applause creeps in.
- 3 Divine desire, that holy flame  
Thy grace creates in me,  
Alas! impatience is its name,  
When it returns to thee.
- 4 This heart, a fountain of vile thoughts,  
How does it overflow!  
While self upon the surface floats,  
Still bubbling from below.

E

- 5 Let others in the gaudy dress  
Of fancied merit shine ;  
The Lord shall be my righteousness,  
The Lord for ever mine.
- 

DR. DODDRIDGE.] 144. C. M.

*Jesus, precious to them that believe.* 1 Peter ii. 7.

- J**ESUS, I love thy charming name ;  
'Tis music to my ear ;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
My transport and my trust ;  
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,  
In thee doth richly meet ;  
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,  
And shed its fragrance there ;  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name,  
With my last laboring breath ;  
And dying, clasp thee in my arms,  
The antidote of death.
- 

145. C. M.

*Self-denial.* Mark viii. 34 ; Luke ix. 23.

- A**ND must I part with all I have,  
My dearest Lord, for thee ?  
It is but right, since thou hast done  
Much more than this for me.

- 2 Yes, let it go; one look from thee  
Will more than make amends  
For all the losses I sustain,  
Of credit, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,  
How worthless they appear,  
Compared with thee, supremely good,  
Divinely bright and fair!
- 4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee  
A single smile obtain,  
Though destitute of all things else,  
I'd glory in my gain.
- 

DR. WATTS' LYRIC POEMS.] 146. S. M.

*Confession and Pardon.* 1 John i. 9; Prov.  
xxviii. 18.

**M**Y sorrows, like a flood,  
Impatient of restraint,  
Into thy bosom, O my God,  
Pour out a long complaint.

- 2 This impious heart of mine  
Could once defy the Lord;  
Could rush with violence on to sin,  
In presence of thy sword.
- 3 How often have I stood  
A rebel to the skies,  
And yet, and yet, O matchless grace!  
Thy thunder silent lies.
- 4 O, shall I never feel  
The meltings of thy love?  
Am I of such hell-harden'd steel  
That mercy cannot move?
- 5 O'ercome by dying love,  
Here at thy cross I lie;

And throw my flesh, my soul, my all,  
And weep, and love, and die.

6 'Rise,' says the Saviour, 'rise,  
Behold my wounded veins;  
Here flows a sacred, crimson flood,  
To wash away thy stains.'

7 See, God is reconcil'd!  
Behold his smiling face!  
Let joyful cherubs clap their wings,  
And sound aloud his grace.

NEWTON.] 147. L. M.

*Prayer answered by crosses.*

**I** ASK'D the Lord that I might grow  
In faith, and love, and every grace;  
Might more of his salvation know,  
And seek more earnestly his face.

2 'Twas he, who taught me first to pray,  
And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer;  
But it has been in such a way,  
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hoped that in some favour'd hour,  
At once he'd answer my request;  
And by his love's constraining power,  
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

4 Instead of this, he made me feel  
The hidden evils of my heart,  
And let the angry powers of hell  
Assault my soul in every part.

5 Yes, more; with his own hand he seem'd  
Intent to aggravate my woe;  
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,  
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 'Lord, why is this?' I trembling cried,  
'Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death

- “Tis in this way,” the Lord replied,  
 ‘I answer prayer for grace and faith.  
 7 ‘These inward trials I employ,  
 ‘From self and pride to set thee free;  
 ‘And break thy schemes of earthly joy,  
 ‘That thou may’st seek thy all in me

FAWCETT.] 148. C M

*Inward Religion.* James i. 27.

**R**ELIGION is the chief concern  
 Of mortals here below;  
 May I its great importance learn,  
 Its sovereign virtue know.

- 2 More needful this, than glittering wealth,  
 Or aught the world bestows;  
 Not reputation, food, or health,  
 Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage,  
 Amidst our youthful bloom;  
 ‘Twill fit us for declining age,  
 And for the awful tomb.
- 4 O, may my heart, by grace renew’d,  
 Be my Redeemer’s throne;  
 And be my stubborn will subdu’d,  
 His government to own.
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love  
 Be join’d with godly fear;  
 And all my conversation prove  
 My heart to be sincere.
- 6 Preserve me from the snares of sin,  
 Through my remaining days;  
 And in me let each virtue shine  
 To my Redeemer’s praise.

- 7 Let lively hope my soul inspire ;  
Let warm affections rise ;  
And may I wait with strong desire,  
To mount above the skies
- 

## 149. L. M.

- A**WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise  
He justly claims a song from me ;  
His loving kindness, O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,  
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all  
He sav'd me from my lost estate,  
His loving-kindness, O how great !
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along ;  
His loving-kindness, O how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,  
He near my soul has always stood ;  
His loving-kindness, O how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart  
Frown from my Jesus to depart ;  
But though I have him oft forgot,  
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;  
O, may my last expiring breath  
His loving kindness sing in death !
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away  
To the bright world of endless day,  
And sing with rapture and surprise  
His loving-kindness in the skies.



WESLEY'S COLLECTION.] 150. S. M

**I** WANT a heart to pray,  
To pray and never cease;  
Never to murmur at thy stay,  
Or wish my suff'rings less.

2 This blessing above all,  
Always to pray, I want;  
Out on the deep on thee to call,  
And never, never faint

3 I want a true regard,  
A single, steady aim,  
Unmov'd by threat'nings or reward,  
To thee and thy great name.

4 A jealous, just concern  
For thine immortal praise;  
A pure desire, that all may learn  
And glorify thy grace.

5 I want with all my heart,  
Thy pleasure to fulfil;  
To know myself, and what thou art,  
And what thy perfect will.

6 I want, I know not what;  
I want my wants to see;  
I want—alas! what want I not  
When thou art not in me?

---

NEWTON.] 151. S. M.

*The good that I would, I do not.* Rom. vii. 19.

**I** WOULD, but cannot, sing;  
Guilt has untun'd my voice;  
The serpent, sin's envenom'd sting,  
Has poison'd all my joys.

2 I know the Lord is nigh,  
And would, but cannot, pray;

For Satan meets me when I try,  
And frights my soul away.

3 I would, but can't repent,  
Though I endeavour oft;  
This stony heart can ne'er relent,  
Till Jesus make it soft.

4 I would, but cannot, love,  
Though woo'd by love divine;  
No arguments have power to move  
A soul so base as mine.

5 I would, but cannot, rest  
In God's most holy will;  
I know what he appoints is best,  
Yet murmur at it still.

6 O, could I but believe,  
Then all would easy be;  
I would, but cannot—LORD, relieve,  
My help must come from thee.

7 But if indeed I *would*,  
Though I can nothing do;  
Yet the *desire* is something good,  
For which my praise is due.

8 By nature prone to ill,  
Till thine appointed hour,  
I was as destitute of will,  
As now I am of power.

9 Wilt thou not crown, at length,  
The work thou hast begun;  
And with a will, afford me strength,  
In all thy ways to run?

---

NEWTON.] 152. C. M.

O, that I were as in months past! Job xxix. 2.

SWEET was the time when first I felt  
The Saviour's pard'ning blood,

Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,  
And bring me home to God!

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,  
His praises tun'd my tongue;  
And when the evening shades prevail'd,  
His love was all my song.

3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles;  
The world no more could charm;  
I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,  
And lean'd upon his arm.

4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,  
And saw his glory shine;  
And when I read his holy word,  
I call'd each promise mine.

5 Then to his saints I often spoke,  
Of what his love had done;  
But now my heart is almost broke,  
For all my joys are gone.

6 Now, when the evening shade prevails,  
My soul in darkness mourns;  
And when the morn the light reveals,  
No light to me returns.

7 My prayers are now a chatt'ring noise,  
For Jesus hides his face;  
I read, the promise meets my eyes,  
But will not reach my case.

8 Now, Satan threatens to prevail,  
And make my soul his prey;  
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,  
O, come without delay.

---

COWPER.] 153. C M.

*Walking with God.* Gen. v. 24.

**O**H! for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heav'nly frame.

- A light to shine upon the road,  
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,  
When I obey'd the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view,  
Of JESUS, and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void,  
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O, holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest;  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road,  
That leads me to the Lamb.

---

DR. WATTS' SERMONS.] 154. C. M.

*O that I knew where I might find him. Job*  
xxiii. 3, 4.

- O** THAT I knew the secret place,  
Where I might find my God!  
I'd spread my wants before his face,  
And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,  
What sorrows I sustain;  
How grace decays and comfort dies,  
And leaves my heart in pain.  
He knows what arguments I'd take,  
To wrestle with my God;

I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,  
And for my Saviour's blood.

- 4 My God will pity my complaints,  
And heal my broken bones;  
He takes the meaning of his saints,  
The language of their groans
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,  
And banish every fear;  
He calls thee to his throne of grace,  
To spread thy sorrows there.
- 

**155.** C. M. *True happiness.*

**H**OW happy is the Christian's state!  
His sins are all forgiven;  
A cheering ray confirms the grace,  
And lifts his hopes to heaven.

- 2 Though in the rugged path of life,  
He heaves the pensive sigh;  
Yet, trusting in his God, he finds  
Delivering grace is nigh.
- 3 If to prevent his wand'ring steps,  
He feels the chast'ning rod,  
The gentle stroke shall bring him back  
To his forgiving God.
- 4 And when the welcome message comes,  
To call his soul away,  
His soul in rapture shall ascend  
To everlasting day.
- 

NEWTON.] **156.** 7s.

*Graces of the Spirit.*

**T**IS a point I long to know,  
(Oft it causes anxious thought,)  
Do I love the Lord, or no?  
Am I his, or am I not?

- 2 If I love, why am I thus ?  
Why this dull and lifeless frame ?  
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,  
Who have never heard his name.
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,  
Prayer a task and burden prove,  
Every trifle give me pain,  
If I knew a Saviour's love ?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,  
All is dark, and vain, and wild ;  
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,  
Can I deem myself a child ?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,  
Sin is mix'd with all I do ;  
You that love the Lord indeed,  
Tell me, is it thus with you ?
- 6 Yet, I mourn my stubborn will ;  
Find my sin a grief and thrall ;  
Should I grieve for what I feel,  
If I did not love at all ?
- 7 Could I joy his saints to meet,  
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,  
Find at times the promise sweet,  
If I did not love the Lord ?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case ;  
Thou who art thy people's Sun,  
Shine upon thy work of grace,  
If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,  
If I love at all, I pray ;  
If I have not lov'd before,  
Help me to begin to-day.

---

FAWCETT.] 157. C. M.

**W**ITH melting heart, and weeping eyes,  
My guilty soul for mercy cries ;

- What shall I do or whither flee,  
T' escape that vengeance due to me?
- 2 Till now, I saw no danger nigh:  
I liv'd at ease, nor fear'd to die;  
Wrapt up in self-conceit and pride,  
'I shall have peace at last,' I cried.
- 3 But when, great God, thy light divine  
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,  
Then I beheld, with trembling awe,  
The terrors of thy holy law.
- 4 How dreadful now my guilt appears,  
In childhood, youth, and growing years!  
Before thy pure, discerning eye,  
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!
- 5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,  
Death and destruction are my due;  
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,  
And bid a dying sinner live.
- 6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim  
Salvation free, in *Jesus'* name?  
To him I look, and humbly cry,  
'O save a wretch condemn'd to die!'
- 

DR. S. STENNETT.] 158. S. M.

*Praise for conversion.* Psalms lxvi. 16.

COME, ye that fear the Lord,  
And listen while I tell,  
How narrowly my feet escap'd  
The snares of death and hell.

The flatt'ring joys of sense  
Assail'd my foolish heart,  
While Satan, with malicious skill,  
Guided the pois'nous dart.

- 3 I fell beneath the stroke;  
But fell to rise again;

- My anguish rous'd me into life,  
And pleasure sprung from pain.
- 4 Darkness, and shame and grief,  
Oppress'd my gloomy mind;  
I look'd around me for relief,  
But no relief could find.
- 5 At length to God I cried;  
He heard my plaintive sigh;  
He heard, and instantly he sent  
Salvation from on high.
- 6 My drooping head he raised,  
My bleeding wounds he heal'd,  
Pardon'd my sins, and with a smile  
The gracious pardon seal'd.
- 7 O, may I ne'er forget  
The mercy of my God;  
Nor ever want a tongue to spread  
His loudest praise abroad.
- 

## 159. L M.

- O** HOW shall I myself assure  
That I am safe in Christ, secure,  
Or that I do in him believe,  
And from him grace for grace receive
- 2 When I with Christians do compare  
My daily exercise, and prayer,  
I seem to fall so far behind,  
That gloomy fears o'erwhelm my mind.
- 3 I read the precious word of God,  
Which Jesus ratified with blood;  
And while I read my fears arise,  
And hide the promise from my eyes
- 4 I go to meeting as the rest,  
To hear and learn, and to be bless'd,  
But while they're comforted in bliss,  
My heart's just like a rock of ice.



- 5 Or, if I'm ever made to weep,  
And, weeping, rank with Jesus' sheep,  
Those comforts are but transient guests,  
My blessings make but partial feasts.
- 6 Sometimes I seek some lonely place,  
To muse and pray for greater grace;  
But there can only groan and sigh,  
O, what a wretched soul am I!
- 7 Others, I hear, say they have found  
The Saviour precious all around;  
But I am mostly cold and dead,  
Which often makes me sore afraid.
- 8 Some Christians, when they come to die  
Seem full of joy, and long to fly;  
But I have oft a tortur'd mind,  
Lest I should then be left behind.
- 9 Come, Christians dear, of every tongue,  
Whose hearts and lips agree in one,  
Unfold the truth, and let me know  
If it indeed be so with you.
- 10 Are these the trials, which you know?  
Is this the gloomy way you go?  
Come, tell me quick, for Jesus' sake,  
Or my poor heart will surely break.

---

## THE CHRISTIAN'S CONFLICT.

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160. S. M.

*The evils of the heart lamented.*

**A**STONISH'D and distress'd,  
I turn my eyes within;  
My heart with guilt oppress'd,  
The seat of every sin.

- 2 What crowds of evil thoughts,  
What vile affections there!

112 THE CHRISTIAN'S CONFLICT.

Distrust, presumption, artful guile,  
Pride, envy, slavish fear,

3 Almighty King of saints,  
These tyrant lusts subdue,  
Expel the darkness of my mind,  
And all my powers renew.

4 This done, my cheerful voice  
Shall loud hosannas raise;  
My soul shall then rejoice,  
My lips proclaim thy praise.

---

161. C. M.

*A Christian's changes.*

**S**TRANGE that so much of heaven and  
hell

Should in one bosom meet!  
Lord, can thy spirit ever dwell  
Where Satan has a seat?

2 Now I am all transform'd to love,  
And could expire in praise.  
Anon, not all the joys above  
One cheerful note can raise.

3 By faithless hopes and golden dreams,  
I'm tortur'd or betray'd;  
Still toss'd between the two extremes,  
Too vain, or too dismay'd.

4 Decide the dubious, awful case,  
By some assuring sign:  
And O, may thy all-conquering grace,  
Demonstrate I am thine

---

162. L. M.

*Flesh and spirit in struggle.*

**H**OW sad and awful is my state!  
The very thing I do, I hate;

When I to God draw near in prayer,  
I feel the conflict even there.

- 2 I mourn because I cannot mourn;  
I hate my sin, yet cannot turn;  
I grieve because I cannot grieve;  
I hear the truth, but can't believe.
- 3 Yet Lord, the blood, which thou hast spilt,  
Can make this rocky heart to melt;  
Thy blood can make me clean within,  
Thy blood can pardon all my sin.
- 4 On this rich blood my faith is found,  
And on this hope I fix my ground;  
Soon shall I reach the eternal shore,  
Where doubts and fears prevail no more.

---

S. STENNETT.] 163. L. M.

*In-dwelling sin lamented.*

**W**ITH tears of anguish I lament,  
Here at thy feet, my God,  
My passion, pride, and discontent,  
And vile ingratitude.

- 2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,  
So false as mine has been;  
So faithless to its promises,  
So prone to every sin.
- 3 My reason tells me thy commands  
Are holy, just and true;  
Tells me whate'er my God demands,  
Is his most righteous due.
- 4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,  
And all her words approve;  
But still I find it hard t' obey,  
And harder yet to love.
- 5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel  
These struggles in my breast?

When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,  
And give my conscience rest.

- 6 Break, sovereign grace, O break the chains,  
And set the captive free ;  
Reveal, almighty God, thine arm,  
And haste to rescue me.

---

### THE CHURCH.

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WATTS.] 164. L. M.

*The Church the garden of Christ. Cant. iv. 12, 13.*

**W**E are a garden wall'd around,  
Chosen, and made peculiar ground ;  
A little spot inclos'd by grace,  
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

- 2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,  
Planted by God the Father's hand ;  
And all his springs in Zion flow  
To make the young plantation grow.
- 3 Awake, O heavenly wind, and come,  
Blow on this garden of perfume ;  
Spirit divine, descend and breathe  
A gracious gale on plants beneath.
- 4 Make our best spices flow abroad  
To entertain our Saviour, God ;  
And faith, and love and joy appear,  
And every grace be active here.

---

WATTS.] 165. L. M

*God the glory and defence of Zion.*

**H**APPY the church, thou sacred place,  
The seat of thy creator's grace ;  
Thy holy courts are his abode,  
Thou earthly palace of our God.

- 2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates  
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;  
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,  
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.
- 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage;  
Against his throne in vain they rage,  
Like rising waves, with angry roar,  
That dash and die upon the shore.
- 4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,  
Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell;  
His arms embrace this happy ground,  
Like brazen bulwarks built around.
- 5 God is our shield, and God our sun;  
Swift as the fleeting moments run,  
On us he sheds new beams of grace,  
And we reflect his brightest praise.
- 

WATTS.] 166. C. M.

*The safety of the Church.* Isa. xxvi. 1—6

**H**OW firm, how blissful is the place  
Where we adoring stand;  
Zion, the glory of the earth,  
And beauty of the land.

- 2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend  
The city where we dwell;  
The walls, of strong salvation made,  
Defy th' assaults of hell.
- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates;  
The doors wide open fling;  
Enter, ye nations that obey  
The statutes of your King.
- 4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,  
And live in perfect peace;  
You that have known Jehovah's name,  
And ventur'd on his grace.

- 5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,  
 And banish all your fears;  
 Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,  
 Eternal as his years,
- 

## 167. S. M.

- H**OW charming is the place,  
 Where my redeemer, God,  
 Unveils his beauteous face,  
 And sheds his love abroad!
- 2 Not the fair palaces,  
 To which the great resort,  
 Can be compared with this,  
 Where Jesus holds his court.
- 3 Here, on the mercy-seat,  
 With radiant glory crown'd,  
 Our eyes behold him sit,  
 And smile on all around.
- 4 To him their prayers and cries  
 Each humble soul presents;  
 He hears their broken sighs,  
 And grants them all their wants
- 5 To them his sovereign will  
 He graciously imparts,  
 And, in return, accepts  
 The tribute of their hearts.
- 6 Give me, O Lord, a place  
 Within thy blest abode,  
 Among the children of thy grace,  
 The servants of my God.
- 

## WATTS.] 168. L. M.

**H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair  
 O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are  
 With long desire my spirit faints  
 To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode;  
My panting heart cries out for God;  
My God! my King! why should I be  
So far from all my joys and thee!
- 3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,  
Around thy throne above the sky;  
Thy brightest glories shine above,  
And all their work is praise and love.
- 4 Blest are the souls that find a place  
Within the temple of thy grace;  
There they behold thy gentle rays,  
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 5 Blest are the men, whose hearts are set  
To find the way to Zion's gate;  
God is their strength, and through the road,  
They lean upon their helper God.
- 6 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,  
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,  
Till all before thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.
- 

## HEARING EXPERIENCES.

## 169. L. M.

*The church waiting to hear experiences.*

- T**HY church have met, O God, to hear  
Thy infant children now declare  
The triumphs of abounding grace  
O'er sin and guilt and deep distress.
- 2 Sweet Saviour, help them to proclaim  
Salvation through thy powerful name;  
Assist thy church to hear and sing  
The glorious triumphs of their King.
- 3 We too, once trembling near the brink  
Of hell, exclaim'd, 'O Lord, we sink!'

Salvation flew on mercy's wing,  
Reliev'd our souls, and bade us sing.

- 4 O may we ne'er forget that hour,  
When truth and justice, love and power,  
Mark'd out the way with streams of blood  
To lead our ransom'd souls to God.

---

170. C. M.

*Come in, thou blest of the Lord. Gen. xxiv. 3.*

COME in, ye blessed of our God,  
And join his children here;  
Wash'd in the Saviour's cleansing blood,  
For him, your Lord, appear.

- 2 Stay not within the wilderness,  
Nor waiting at the door;  
Sweet Jesus will your woes redress,  
Were they ten thousand more.
- 3 Though fearing, trembling, rise and come;  
Yield to the Saviour's voice;  
For hung'ring, thirsting souls there's room,  
O, make the blissful choice.
- 4 Room in the Saviour's gracious breast,  
That breast which glows with love;  
Room in the church, his chosen rest,  
And room in heaven above.
- 5 Why will you longer ling'ring stay,  
When Jesus says there's room?  
Now is the time, th' accepted day:  
Arise! he bids you come.

---

BAPTISM.

J. STENNETT.] 171. C. M. *Immersion.*

THUS was the Great Redcemer plung'd  
In Jordan's swelling flood,



To show he must be soon baptised  
In tears, and sweat, and blood.

- 2 Thus was his sacred body laid  
Beneath the yielding wave;  
Thus was his sacred body rais'd  
Out of the liquid grave.
- 3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,  
In thy own footsteps tread;  
Would die, be buried, rise with thee,  
Our ever-living head.
- 

## 172. 8, 7.

*Buried with Christ in Baptism.* Rom. vi. 4.

**J**ESUS, mighty King in Zion,  
Thou alone our guide shalt be;  
Thy commission we rely on,  
We would follow none but thee.

- 2 As an emblem of thy passion,  
And thy victory o'er the grave,  
We, who know thy great salvation,  
Are baptis'd beneath the wave.
- 3 Fearless of the world's despising,  
We the ancient path pursue;  
Buried with our Lord, and rising  
To a life divinely new.
- 

J. STENNETT.] 173. L. M.

**T**HE Great Redeemer we adore,  
Who came the lost to seek and save;  
Went humbly down from Jordan's shore,  
To find a tomb beneath its wave!

- 2 'Thus it becomes us to fulfil  
All righteousness,' he meekly said;  
Why should we then to do his will,  
Or be asham'd, or be afraid?

- 3 With thee, into thy watery tomb,  
 Lord, 'tis our glory to descend;  
 'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room,  
 To lie interr'd by such a friend.
- 4 Yet, as the yielding waves give way,  
 To let us see the light again;  
 So, on the resurrection day,  
 The bands of death prov'd weak and vain
- 5 Thus, when thou shalt again appear,  
 The gates of death shall open wide;  
 Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear,  
 And rise and triumph at thy side.
- 

174. 8s. *Christ baptised in Jordan.*

- I**N Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,  
 Immersing the repenting Jews;  
 The *Son of God* the rite demands,  
 Nor dares the holy man refuse:  
 JESUS descends beneath the wave,  
 The emblem of his future grave.
- 2 Wonder, ye heavens! your Maker lies  
 In deeps conceal'd from human view;  
 Ye saints behold him sink and rise,  
 A fit example thus for you:  
 The sacred record, while you read,  
 Calls you to imitate the deed.
- 3 But lo! from yonder opening skies,  
 What beams of dazzling glory spread!  
 Dove-like, the *Eternal Spirit* flies,  
 And lights on the Redeemer's head;  
 Amaz'd they see the power divine  
 Around the Saviour's temples shine.
- 4 But hark, my soul, hark and adore!  
 What sounds are those that roll along,  
 Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,

- But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song?  
 'This is my well beloved Son;  
 'I see, well pleased, what he hath done.
- 5 Thus the *Eternal Father* spoke,  
 Who shakes creation with a nod;  
 Through parting skies the accents broke,  
 And bid us hear the Son of God:  
 O, hear the awful word to-day,  
 Hear, all ye nations, and obey.
- 

FAWCETT.] 175.

- H**UMBLE souls, who seek salvation,  
 Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,  
 Hear the voice of revelation,  
 Tread the path that Jesus trod.  
 Flee to him your only Saviour,  
 In his mighty name confide;  
 In the whole of your behaviour,  
 Own him as your sovereign guide.
- 2 Hear the blest Redeemer call you,  
 Listen to his gracious voice:  
 Dread no ills that can befall you,  
 While you make his ways your choice.  
 Jesus says, 'Let each believer  
 'Be baptised in my name;  
 He himself, in Jordan's river,  
 Was immers'd beneath the stream.
- 3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,  
 Follow him without delay;  
 Gladly his command embracing,  
 Lo! 'your captain leads the way.  
 View the rite with understanding;  
 Jesus' grave before you lies;  
 Be interr'd at his commanding,  
 After his example rise.

## 176. L. M.

- G**O teach the nations, and baptise,  
 Aloud the ascending Jesus cries;  
 His glad apostles took the word,  
 And round the nations preach'd their Lord.
- 2 Commission'd thus, by Zion's King,  
 We to his holy laver bring  
 These happy converts, who have known  
 And trusted in his grace alone.
- 3 Lord, in thy house they seek thy face;  
 O, bless them with peculiar grace;  
 Refresh their souls with love divine;  
 Let beams of glory round them shine.
- 

## 177. L. M.

*The Candidates: they were baptised, both men  
 and women. Acts viii. 12.*

- G**REAT God! we in thy courts appear,  
 With humble joy and holy fear,  
 Thy wise injunctions to obey;  
 Let saints and angels hail the day.
- 2 Great things, O everlasting Son,  
 Great things for us thy grace has done,  
 Constrain'd by thy almighty love,  
 Our willing feet to meet thee move.
- 3 In thy assembly, here we stand,  
 Obedient to thy great command;  
 The sacred flood is full in view,  
 And thy sweet voice invites us through.
- 4 The Word, the Spirit and the Bride,  
 Must not invite and be denied;  
 Was not the Lord who came to save,  
 Interr'd in such a liquid grave?

- 5 Thus we, dear Saviour, own thy name,  
 Receive us rising from the stream;  
 Then to thy table let us come,  
 And dwell in Zion as our home.

## 178.

- GO, read the third of Matthew,  
 And read the chapter through;  
 It is a guide to Christians,  
 To tell them what to do.  
 In those days came John the Baptist  
 Into the wilderness,  
 A preaching of the gospel  
 Of Jesus' righteousness.
- 2 Then came to him the Pharisees,  
 For to baptised be;  
 But John forbade them, saying,  
 Repentance bring with thee;  
 Then I'll baptise you freely,  
 When you confess your sin,  
 And own your Lord and Master,  
 And tell how vile you've been.
- 3 When John was preaching Jesus,  
 The all-atoning Lamb,  
 He saw the blessed Saviour,  
 And said, 'Behold the man,  
 Appointed of the Father,  
 To take away your sin,  
 When you believe in Jesus,  
 And own him for your king
- 4 Then came the blessed Saviour  
 For to baptised be,  
 And was baptis'd in Jordan,  
 The Scripture reads to me  
 He came out of the water  
 The Spirit came above,

Descends and lights on Jesus,  
In likeness of a dove.

- 5 The heavens then were open'd,  
As you may plainly see;  
A witness to the people,  
That thus it ought to be.  
A voice from heaven proclaimed,  
'This is my only Son;  
And I'm well pleas'd with Jesus,  
In all that he has done.'

- 6 All you who say you've Jesus,  
Come prove you love the Lord;  
Come follow his example,  
Recorded in his word.  
Take up your cross as freely,  
As Jesus did for you;  
I leave you all to Jesus,  
And bid you all adieu.

---

179. C. M.

**N**OW, to this place I'm come to day  
Baptised for to be,  
In honour of my heavenly King,  
Who died on Calvary.

- 2 This is the way my Lord did go,  
His path will I pursue;  
His body was interr'd by John,  
A pattern saint's for you.
- 3 His cross I'll take, the shame despise,  
For he did more for me;  
He rais'd my soul from death and sin,  
And gain'd the victory.
- 4 O, for thy spirit's friendly aid,  
Whilst I pursue the rite;  
When from the liquid grave I rise,  
Be with me day and night.

- 5 I thank thy name, O Lord of hosts,  
 For such displays of grace,  
 That taught my heart to love thy ways,  
 And run the heavenly race.
- 6 It is a new and living way,  
 And much delights my heart;  
 United to my brethren here;  
 I hope we ne'er shall part.
- 

DR. WATTS.] 180. L. M.

*Believers buried with Christ in Baptism. Rom*  
*vi. 3, &c.*

- D**O we not know that solemn word,  
 That we are buried with the Lord?  
 Baptis'd into his death, and then  
 Put off the body of our sin.
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,  
 Rais'd from corruption, guilt and death;  
 So from the grave did Christ arise,  
 And lives to God above the skies.
- 3 No more let sin or Satan reign  
 Over our mortal flesh again;  
 The various lusts we serv'd before,  
 Shall have dominion now no more.
- 

181. C. M. *After Baptism.*

- G**AZE on, spectators, and behold  
 This blest command of God;  
 And wonder how you can forbear,  
 To tread this path of love.
- 2 'Come see the place where Jesus lay,'  
 An angel said of old;  
 We say the same—his grave you may  
 In water, here behold.
- 3 Buried in Jordan was our Lord,  
 As well as in the tomb;

And in obedience to his word,  
We imitate the Lamb.

- 4 This ordinance is plainly given;  
'Tis left upon record;  
Though not to save, or take to heaven,  
But show we love the Lord.

---

182. S. M.

C'ONSTRAIN'D by love we come  
Down to this water-side,  
To imitate God's only Son,  
The Christian's only guide.

- 2 He has commanded us  
To be baptis'd with him,  
And cheerfully we bear the cross,  
Renouncing every sin.
- 3 Here then, we would begin  
His blessed cross to bear;  
In token of our death to sin,  
We would be baptis'd here.
- 4 Here we would show his death,  
And resurrection clear;  
And him thro' grace, while we have breath,  
We'll worship, love and fear.
- 5 Come all who love his name,  
What now can hinder you?  
Here's water, you believe in Christ,  
Then be baptised too.
- 6 Sinners, this is the way,  
Christ and the Apostles saith,  
Believe and be baptis'd to-day,  
We're sure you will be blest.
- 7 As servants here we sing,  
And that for joy of heart;  
We have believ'd and will obey;  
O God! thy grace impart.



## 183. L. M.

**D**OWN by the water-side we meet,  
To tread the path that Jesus trod.  
His name to us is ever sweet,  
We'll follow him, he is our God.

- 2 In Matthew third, there we behold,  
John did immerse the Son of God,  
Laid him beneath the yielding wave,  
An emblem of his future grave.
- 3 Out of the water, up he came,  
Young converts come and do the same.  
His resurrection here we see:  
Our death to sin,—our liberty.
- 4 Buried in baptism with our Lord,  
To life we rise;—obey his word,  
And soon our mould'ring dust shall rise  
Like him,—and meet him in the skies.
- 5 'Go teach the nations and baptise,'  
Aloud the ascending Jesus cries;  
Thy precept, Lord, we would obey,  
And follow thee without delay.
- 6 Come precious souls that love the Lord,  
Fulfil this rite,—obey his word;  
With cheerful hearts join in his praise,  
And love and serve him all your days.

## 184. L. M.

**W**HATE'ER to thee, our Lord, belongs,  
Is alway worthy of our songs;  
And all thy works, and all thy ways  
Demand our wonder and our praise.

- 2 Hosanna to our Saviour God,  
Who suffer'd in our room and stead!  
He was immers'd in Jordan's flood,  
And then immers'd in sweat and blood.

- 3 Behold the grave where Jesus lay!  
Before he shed his precious blood,  
How plain he mark'd the humble way  
To sinners through the mystic flood.
- 4 Come, ye redeemed of the Lord,  
Come and obey his holy word;  
He died and rose again for you;  
What more could the Redeemer do?
- 5 We to this place are come to show  
What we to boundless mercy owe;  
The Saviour's footsteps to explore,  
And tread the path he trod before.
- 6 Eternal Spirit, heavenly dove  
On these baptismal waters move;  
That we, through energy divine,  
May have the substance with the sign.
- 7 All ye, that love Immanuel's name,  
And long to feel th' increasing flame;]  
'Tis you, ye children of the light,  
The Spirit and the Bride invite;
- 8 Ye, who your native vileness mourn,  
And to the great Redeemer turn,  
Who see your wretched state by sin,  
Ye blessed of the Lord, come in.
- 9 Jesus, my Saviour, and my all,  
Methinks I hear thy gentle call;  
These are the sounds that chide my stay  
Arise, my love, and come away.
- 10 Amazing grace, and shall I still  
Prove disobedient to thy will?  
Ah! no; dear Lord, the watery tomb  
Belongs to thee, and thee alone.
- 11 Apostles trod this holy ground;  
My Jesus in this way was found;  
This is the road believers go;  
I charg'd my soul to tread it too.

- 12 With lowly minds and lofty tongues  
 Be Christ the burden of our songs,  
 Let all admire the Saviour's grace,  
 Th' immortal glory of his face.
- 13 To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
 If, when in great affliction lost,  
 We humbly dedicate our powers,  
 Immortal happiness is ours.

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DANIEL.] 185. S. M.

*Christ's baptism an example to us.*

**T**HE glorious Son of God  
 To John the Baptist came,  
 Went meekly into Jordan's stream,  
 And was immersed by him.

- 2 Let each believer view  
 This blest example given,  
 And prove their love of his commands,  
 And follow him to heaven.

---

DANIEL.] 186. L. M.

*Primitive practice perpetuated.*

**W**HAT lovely band is this I see,  
 All singing in sweet harmony;  
 Uniting round the water-side,  
 And praising Jesus crucified!

- 2 These are the followers of the Lamb;  
 Here they are come to own his name;  
 Their humble strains ascend the skies;  
 In faith they're come to be baptiz'd.
- 3 This brings to view the ancient days,  
 No other mode was then devis'd:  
 When first the gospel church was rais'd,  
 Believing souls were then baptiz'd.

- 4 Baptiz'd into the Saviour's death,  
 Giving to Christ, the Lord, the praise,  
 Arising, liv'd the life of faith  
 By walking in his humble ways.

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 THE LORD'S SUPPER.
 

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DR. WATTS.] 187. L. M.

- 'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,  
 When powers of earth and hell arose,  
 Against the Son of God's delight,  
 And friends betray'd him to his foes:
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,  
 He took the bread and bless'd and brake.  
 What love through all his actions ran!  
 What wondrous words of grace he spake.
- 3 'This is my body, broke for sin,  
 'Receive and eat the living food;'  
 Then took the cup and bless'd the wine,  
 'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.'
- 4 For us his flesh with nails was torn,  
 He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;  
 And justice pour'd upon his head,  
 Its heavy vengeance, in our stead.
- 5 For us his vital blood was spilt,  
 To buy the pardon of our guilt;  
 When for black crimes of biggest size,  
 He gave his soul a sacrifice.
- 6 'Do this,' he cried, 'till time shall end,  
 'In mem'ry of your dying friend;  
 'Meet at my table, and record  
 'The love of your departed Lord.'
- 7 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,  
 We show thy death, we sing thy name,  
 Till thou return, and we shall eat  
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.

DR. WATTS.] 188. C. M.

**H**OW condescending, and how kind,  
Was God's eternal Son!

Our mis'ry reach'd his heavenly mind,  
And pity brought him down.

2 When justice, by our sins provok'd,  
Drew forth its dreadful sword,  
He gave his soul up to the stroke,  
Without a murm'ring word.

3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,  
To raise us to his throne;  
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,  
But cost his heart a groan.

4 This was compassion like a God,  
That when the Saviour knew  
The price of pardon was his blood,  
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now, though he reigns exalted high,  
His love is still as great;  
Well he remembers Calvary,  
Nor lets his saints forget.

6 Here we behold his bowels roll  
As kind as when he died,  
And see the sorrows of his soul  
Bleed through his wounded side.

7 Here we received repeated seals  
Of Jesus' dying love;  
Hard is the wretch that never feels  
One soft affection move.

8 Here let our hearts begin to melt,  
While we his death record;  
And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,  
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

DR. J. STENNETT.] 189. C. M.

- L**ORD, at thy table I behold  
The wonders of thy grace;  
But most of all, admire, that I  
Should find a welcome place.
- 2 I, that am all defil'd with sin,  
A rebel to my God;  
I, that have crucified his Son,  
And trampled on his blood.
- 3 What strange, surprising grace is this,  
That such a soul has room!  
My Saviour takes me by the hand,  
My Jesus bids me come.
- 4 'Eat, O my friends,' the Saviour cried,  
'The feast was made for you;  
'For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,  
'And rose and triumph'd too.'
- 5 With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts  
Lord, we accept thy love;  
'Tis a rich banquet we have had,  
What will it be above?
- 6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,  
Join all your praising powers;  
No theme is like redeeming love;  
No Saviour is like ours.
- 7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,  
I'd give them all to thee;  
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all  
Should join the harmony.

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DR. S. STENNETT.] 190. C. M.

*My flesh is meat indeed.* John vii. 53-55.

**H**ERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,  
To feed on food divine;

- Thy body is the bread we eat,  
 Thy precious blood, the wine.
- 2 He that prepares this rich repast,  
 Himself comes down and dies;  
 And then invites us thus to feast  
 Upon the sacrifice.
- 3 The bitter torments he endur'd,  
 Upon the shameful cross,  
 For us, his welcome guests, procur'd  
 These heart-reviving joys.
- 4 His body, torn with rudest hands,  
 Becomes the finest bread;  
 And with the blessings he commands,  
 Our noblest hopes are fed.
- 5 His blood, that from each opening vein,  
 In purple torrents ran,  
 Hath fill'd this cup with gen'rous wine,  
 That cheers both God and man.
- 6 Sure there was never love so free,  
 Dear Saviour, so divine!  
 Well thou may'st claim that heart of ~~me~~  
 Which owes so much to thine.
- 7 Yes, thou shalt surely have my heart,  
 My soul, my strength, my all;  
 With life itself I'll freely part,  
 My Jesus, at thy call.

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DR. WATTS.] 191. S. M.

- L**ET all our tongues be one,  
 To praise our God on high;  
 Who from his bosom sent his Son,  
 To fetch us strangers nigh.
- 2 Nor let our voices cease  
 To sing the Saviour's name.  
 Ye ~~are~~ th' Ambassador of peace,  
 How cheerfully he came.

- 3 It cost him cries and tears,  
To bring us near to God;  
Great was our debt, and he appears  
To make the payment good.
- 4 My Saviour's pierced side  
Pour'd out a double flood;  
By water we are purified,  
And pardon'd by the blood.
- 5 Infinite was our guilt,  
But He, our Priest, atones;  
On the cold ground his life was spilt,  
And offer'd with his groans.
- 6 Look up, my soul, to him,  
Whose death was thy desert,  
And humbly view the living stream  
Flow from his breaking heart.
- 7 There, on the accursed tree,  
In dying pangs he lies;  
Fulfil his Father's great decree,  
And all our wants supplies.
- 8 Thus the Redeemer came,  
By water and by blood;  
And when the spirit speaks the same,  
We feel the witness good.
- 9 While the eternal Three,  
Bear their record above,  
Here I believe he died for me,  
And seal'd my Saviour's love.
- 10 Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,  
Nor let thy grace depart;  
Great Comforter! abide within,  
And witness to my heart.



BEDDOME.] 192. L. M.

*Jesus wept—he died; see how he loved us.*  
John xi. 35.

- S**O fair a face bedew'd with tears;  
What beauty e'en in grief appears!  
He wept, he bled, he died for you;  
What more, ye saints, could Jesus do?
- 2 Enthron'd above with equal glow,  
His warm affections downward flow;  
In our distress he bears a part,  
And feels a sympathetic smart.
- 3 Still, his compassions are the same,  
He knows the frailty of our frame;  
Our heaviest burdens he sustains,  
Shares in our sorrows, and our pains.
- 

STEELE.] 193. C. M.

- A**ND did the holy and the just,  
The Sovereign of the skies,  
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,  
That guilty worms might rise?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,  
His radiant throne on high;  
(*Surprising mercy! love unknown!*)  
To suffer, bleed and die.
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,  
And suffer'd in his stead,  
For man, (O miracle of grace!)  
For man, the Saviour bled!
- 4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell  
In thy atoning blood!  
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,  
And rebels brought to God.
- 5 Jesus, my soul adoring bends,  
To love so full, so free;

And may I hope that love extends  
Its sacred power to me ?

- 6 What glad return can I impart,  
For favours so divine ?  
O, take my all—this worthless heart,  
And make it only thine.

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DR. DODDRIDGE.] 194. C. M.

*Room at the Gospel Feast.* Luke xiv. 22.

**T**HE King of Heaven his table spreads,  
And dainties crown the board;  
Not Paradise, with all its joys,  
Could such delight afford.

- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,  
And endless life are given,  
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,  
To raise the soul to heaven.
- 3 Ye hungry poor that long have stray'd  
In sin's dark mazes, come;  
Come from your most obscure retreats,  
And grace shall find you room.
- 4 Millions of souls in glory now,  
Were fed and feasted here;  
And millions more, still on the way,  
Around the board appear.
- 5 Yet is his house and heart so large,  
That millions more may come;  
Nor could the whole assembled world  
E'er fill the spacious room.
- 6 All things are ready, come away,  
Nor weak excuses frame;  
Crowd to your places at the feast,  
And bless the founder's name.

STEELE.] 195. C. M.

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

**T**O our Redeemer's glorious name  
Awake the sacred song ;  
O, may his love (immortal flame !)  
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach ?  
What mortal tongue display ?  
Imagination's utmost stretch  
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high.  
Left the bright realms of bliss,  
And came to earth to bleed and die !  
Was ever love like this ?

4 Dear Lord, while we, adoring, pay  
Our humble thanks to thee,  
May every heart with rapture say,  
'The Saviour died for me.'

5 O, may the sweet, the blissful theme  
Fill every heart and tongue,  
'Till strangers love thy charming name,  
And join the sacred song.

---

DR. WATTS.] 196. S. M.

*Communion with Christ and with saints.* 1 Cor  
x. 16, 17.

**J**ESUS invites his saints  
To meet around his board ;  
Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold  
Communion with their Lord.

2 [For food he gave his flesh ;  
He bids us drink his blood ;  
Amazing favour, matchless grace,  
Of our descending God !]

- 3 This holy bread and wine  
Maintains our fainting breath,  
By union with our living Lord,  
And int'rest in his death.
  - 4 Our heavenly father calls  
Christ and his members one;  
We, the young children of his love,  
And he, the first-born Son.
  - 5 We are but several parts  
Of the same broken bread;  
One body hath its several limbs,  
But Jesus is the head.
  - 6 Let all our powers be join'd,  
His glorious name to raise;  
Pleasure and love fill every mind,  
And every voice be praise.
- 

DR. WATTS.] 197. L. M.

*The memorial of our absent Lord.* John xvi. 16;  
Luke xxii. 19; John xiv. 3.

- J**ESUS is gone above the skies,  
Where our weak senses reach him not,  
And carnal objects court our eyes,  
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,  
Apt to forget his lovely face;  
And, to refresh our minds, he gave  
These kind memorials of his grace.
  - 3 The Lord of life this table spread,  
With his own flesh and dying blood;  
We on the rich provision feed,  
And taste the wine and bless the God.
  - 4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,  
And earth grow less in our esteem;

Christ and his love fill every thought,  
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

5 While he is absent from our sight,  
Tis to prepare our souls a place,  
That we may dwell in heavenly light,  
And live for ever near his face.

6 [Our eyes look upwards to the hills  
Whence our returning Lord shall come;  
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,  
To fetch our longing spirits home.]

DR. WATTS.] 193. L. M.

*Crucifixion to the World, by the cross of Christ.*  
Gal. vi. 14.

**W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross,  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 [His dying crimson, like a robe,  
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;  
Then am I dead to all the globe,  
And all the globe is dead to me.]

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

DR. WATTS.] 199. C. M.

*The agonies of Christ.*

- N**OW, let our pains be all forgot,  
 Our hearts no more repine;  
 Our suff'rings are not worth a thought,  
 When, Lord, compar'd with thine.
- 2 In lively figures, here we see  
 The bleeding Prince of love;  
 Each of us hopes he died for me,  
 And then our griefs remove.
- 3 [Our humble faith here takes her rise,  
 While sitting round his board;  
 And back to Calvary she flies,  
 To view her groaning Lord.
- 4 His soul, what agonies it felt  
 When his own God withdrew!  
 And the large load of all our guilt  
 Lay heavy on him too.
- 5 But the divinity within,  
 Supported him to bear;  
 Dying he conquer'd hell and sin,  
 And made his triumph there.]
- 6 Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd, and wrought  
 The wonders of that day;  
 No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought,  
 Can equal thanks repay.
- 7 Our hymns shall sound like those above,  
 Could we our voices raise;  
 Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,  
 And all our lives be praise.

DR. WATTS.] 200. C. M.

*The triumphal feast for Christ's victory over sin  
 death and hell.*

**C**OME, let us lift our voices high,  
 High as our joys arise;

And join the songs above the sky,  
Where pleasure never dies.

2 Jesus, the God that fought and bled,  
And conquer'd when he fell;  
That rose, and at his chariot wheels  
Dragg'd all the powers of hell.

3 [Jesus, the God, invites us here,  
To this triumphal feast,  
And brings immortal blessings down,  
For each redeemed guest.]

4 The Lord, how glorious is his face!  
How kind his smiles appear!  
And O, what melting words he says  
To every humble ear!

5 'For you, the children of my love,  
It was for you I died;  
Behold my hands, behold my feet,  
And look into my side.

6 'These are the wounds for you I bore,  
The tokens of my pains,  
When I came down to free your souls  
From misery and chains.

7 'Justice unsheath'd its fiery sword,  
And plung'd it in my heart;  
Infinite pangs for you I bore,  
And most tormenting smart.

8 'When hell and all its spiteful pow'rs,  
Stood dreadful in my way,  
To rescue those dear lives of yours,  
I gave my own way.

9 'But while I bled, and groan'd and died,  
I ruin'd Satan's throne;  
High on the cross I hung, and spied  
The monster tumbling down.

'Now you must triumph at my feast,  
And taste my flesh, my blood;

And live eternal ages bless'd,  
For 'tis immortal food.'

11 [Victorious God! what can we pay,  
For favours so divine?

We would devote our hearts away,  
To be for ever thine.]

12 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise  
The tribute of our tongues;

But themes so infinite as these,  
Exceed our noblest songs.

DR. WATTS.] 201. L. M

*The compassion of a dying Christ.*

OUR spirits join t' adore the Lamb,  
O, that our feeble lips could move,  
In strains immortal as his name,  
And melting as his dying love!

2 Was ever equal pity found?

The prince of heaven resigns his bread,  
And pours his life out on the ground,  
To ransom guilty worms from death.

3 [Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws;  
He from the threat'ning set us free,  
Bore the full vengeance on his cross,  
And nail'd the curses to the tree.]

4 The law proclaims no terror now,  
And Sinai's thunder roars no more;  
From all his wounds new blessings flow,  
A sea of joy, without a shore.

5 Here we have wash'd our deepest stains,  
And heal'd our wounds with heav'nly blood  
Bless'd fountain! springing from the veins  
Of Jesus, our incarnate God.]

6 In vain our mortal voices strive,  
To speak compassion so divine.



Had we a thousand lives to give,  
A thousand lives should all be thine.

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DR. WATTS.] 202. C. M.

*Divine love making a feast, and calling in the  
guests. Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.*

**H**OW sweet and awful is the place,  
With Christ within the doors,  
While everlasting love displays  
The choicest of her stores!

- 2 Here every bowe. of our God,  
With soft compassion rolls;  
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,  
Is food for dying souls.
- 3 [While all our hearts, and all our songs,  
Join to admire the feast,  
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,  
'Lord, why was I a guest?
- 4 'Why was I made to hear thy voice,  
'And enter while there's room;  
'When thousands make a wretched choice  
'And rather starve than come?']
- 5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,  
That sweetly forc'd us in;  
Else we had still refus'd to taste,  
And perish'd in our sin.
- 6 [Pity the nations, O our God!  
Constrain the earth to come;  
Send thy victorious word abroad,  
And bring the strangers home.
- 7 We long to see thy churches full,  
That all the chosen race  
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,  
Sing thy redeeming grace.]

## INVITATION.

## 203. L. M.

**S**INNERS, obey the gospel word,  
 Haste to the supper of the Lord,  
 Be wise to know your gracious day;  
 All things are ready—come away.

- 2 Ready the Father is to own,  
 And kiss his late returning son;  
 Ready, the loving Saviour stands,  
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands
- 3 Ready, the spirit of his love,  
 Just now the stony heart to move;  
 T' apply and witness with the blood,  
 And wash and seal you, sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,  
 To triumph in your best estate,  
 Tuning their harps, they long to praise  
 The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 Come then, ye sinners, to your Lord,  
 To happiness in Christ restor'd;  
 His proffer'd benefits embrace,  
 The plenitude of gospel grace.

## 204. C. M.

**C**OME, guilty souls, and flee away  
 To *Christ*, and heal your wounds:  
 This is the welcome gospel-day,  
 Wherein free grace abounds.

- 2 God lov'd the world, and gave his Son  
 To drink the cup of wrath;  
 And Jesus says, he'll cast out none  
 That come to him by faith.
- 3 Although your sins like mountains rise,  
 His blood shall cover all;

And blessings from the higher skies,  
In gentle streams shall fall.

---

## 205. L. M.

**O** SINNERS, fly to Jesus' arms,  
Enjoy his everlasting charms,  
He calls you to a heavenly feast,  
O come, poor starving souls, and taste.

- 2 Say, will you be for ever blest,  
And with the heavenly Jesus rest?  
He'll save you from your guilt and pain  
And you shall in full glory reign.
  - 3 Make now the choice, and halt no more,  
For Christ is waiting at the door;  
Say now, poor soul, what will you do?  
Say, will you have this Christ or no?
  - 4 Once more I ask you in his name,  
I know his love is still the same;  
Will you be sav'd from endless woe?  
Say, will you have this Christ or no?
  - 5 *To-day*, if you will hear his voice;  
*Now* is the time to make your choice;  
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?  
Say, will you have this Christ or no?
- 

## DR. WATTS.] 206. C. M.

*The invitation to the Gospel; or spiritual food and  
clothing. Isa. lv. 1, &c.*

**L**ET every mortal ear attend,  
And every heart rejoice;  
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds,  
With an inviting voice.

- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,  
That feed upon the wind,

- And vainly strive with earthly toys  
To fill an empty mind.
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd  
A soul-reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die;  
Here you may quench your raging thirst  
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here,  
In a rich ocean join:  
Salvation in abundance flows,  
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 [Ye perishing and naked poor,  
Who work with mighty pain,  
To weave a garment of your own,  
That will not hide your sin.
- 7 Come, naked, and adorn your souls  
In robes prepar'd by God,  
Wrought by the labours of his Son,  
And dyed in his own blood.]
- 8 Dear God! the treasures of thy love  
Are everlasting mines,  
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,  
And boundless as our sins.
- 9 The happy gates of gospel grace  
Stand open night and day;  
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,  
And drive our wants away.

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DR. WATTS.] 207. C. M.

*The promises of the covenant of grace.* Isa. lv. 1, 2;  
Zech. xiii. 17; Mic. vii. 12; Ezek. xxxvi. 25, &c

**I**N vain we lavish out our lives,  
To gather empty wind;

- The choicest blessings earth can yield,  
Will starve a hungry mind.
- 2 Come, and the lord shall feed our souls  
With more substantial meat;  
With such as saints in glory love,  
With such as angels eat.
- 3 Our God will every want supply,  
And fill our hearts with peace,  
He gives by cov'nant and by oath,  
The riches of his grace.
- 4 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,  
And wash away our stains,  
In the dear fountain that his Son  
Pour'd from his dying veins.
- 5 [Our guilt shall vanish all away,  
Though black as hell before;  
Our sins shall sink beneath the sea,  
And shall be found no more.
- 6 And lest pollution should o'erspread,  
Our inward powers again,  
His spirit shall bedew our souls,  
Like purifying rain.]
- 7 Our heart, that flinty, stubborn thing,  
That terrors cannot move;  
That fears no threat'nings of his wrath,  
Shall be dissolv'd by love.
- 8 Or he can take the flint away,  
That would not be refin'd,  
And from the treasures of his grace,  
Bestow a softer mind.
- 9 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,  
And deep engrave his law;  
And every motion of our souls,  
To swift obedience draw.

- 10 Thus will he pour salvation down,  
 And we shall render praise;  
 We, the dear people of his love,  
 And he our God of grace.

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FOR THE CONTRITE.

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BEDDOME.] 208. L. M.

*The Prodigal Son; or, the repenting Sinner accepted.* Luke xv. 32.

- T**HE mighty God will not despise  
 The contrite heart for sacrifice;  
 The deep-fetch'd sigh, the secret groan,  
 Rises accepted to the throne.
- 2 He meets, with tokens of his grace;  
 The trembling lip, the blushing face;  
 His bowels yearn when sinners pray,  
 And mercy bears their sins away.
- 3 When fill'd with grief, o'erwhelm'd with  
 shame,  
 He, pitying, heals their broken frame!  
 He hears their sad complaints, and spies  
 His image in their weeping eyes.
- 4 Thus, what a rapt'rous joy possess'd  
 The tender parent's throbbing breast;  
 To see his spendthrift son return,  
 And hear him his past follies mourn.

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DR. WATTS.] 209. L. M.

*Christ's invitation to sinners; or humility and pride.* Matt. xi. 28, 30.

- C**OME hither, all ye weary souls,  
 Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;  
 I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
 And raise you to my heavenly home.

- 2 'They shall find rest, that learn of me;  
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;  
But passion rages like the sea,  
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 'Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take  
My yoke, and bear it with delight;  
My yoke is easy to his neck,  
My grace shall make the burden light.'
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command;  
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,  
Resign our spirits to thy hand,  
To mould and guide us at thy will.
- 

EDMUND JONES.] 210. C. M.

*I will go unto the King.* Esther iv. 18.

- COME, humble sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve;  
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,  
And make this last resolve.
- 2 'I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
Hath like a mountain rose;  
I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
And there my guilt confess;  
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,  
Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 I'll to the gracious King approach,  
Whose sceptre pardon gives;  
Perhaps he may command my touch,  
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer;  
But if I perish I will pray,  
And perish only there.

- 6 I can but perish if I go;  
 I am resolv'd to try,  
 For if I stay away, I know  
 I must for ever die.'

---

DR. WATTS.] 211. L. M.

*A penitent pleading for pardon.*

- S**HOW pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive  
 Let a repenting rebel live;  
 Are not thy mercies large and free?  
 May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass  
 The power and glory of thy grace;  
 Great God! thy nature hath no bound,  
 So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 O, wash my soul from every sin,  
 And make my guilty conscience clean,  
 Here, on my heart, the burden lies,  
 And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,  
 Against thy laws, against thy grace:  
 Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,  
 I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,  
 I must pronounce thee just in death;  
 And if my soul were sent to hell,  
 Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
 Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,  
 Would light on some sweet promise there,  
 Some sure support against despair.

---

NEWTON.] 212. S. M.

*The pool of Bethesda. John v. 2—4*

**B**ESIDE the gospel pool,  
 Appointed for the poor,



- From year to year, my helpless soul  
Has waited for a cure.
- 2 How often have I seen  
The healing waters move,  
And others round me, stepping in,  
Their efficacy prove!
- 3 But my complaints remain,  
I feel the very same;  
As full of guilt, and fear and pain,  
As when at first I came
- 4 O, would the Lord appear,  
My malady to heal;  
He knows how long I've languish'd here  
And what distress I feel.
- 5 How often have I thought,  
Why should I longer lie?  
Surely the mercy I have sought,  
Is not for such as I.
- 6 But whither can I go?  
There is no other pool,  
Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow,  
To make a sinner whole.
- 7 Here, then, from day to day,  
I'll wait, and hope, and try;  
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,  
Yet suffer him to die?
- 8 No, he is full of grace;  
He never will permit  
A soul that fain would see his face,  
To perish at his feet.
- 

## 213. L. M.

*The grieved Spirit entreated not to depart.*

**S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay;  
Though I have done thee such despite,

- Cast not a sinner quite away,  
Nor take thy everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been,  
Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd;  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd
- 3 But O! the chief of sinners spare,  
In honour of my great High Priest;  
Nor in thy righteous anger swear,  
I shall not see thy people's rest.
- 4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,  
E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes;  
Into thy rest of love, receive  
And bless me with a calm repose.
- 5 E'en now my weary soul release,  
And raise me by thy gracious hand;  
Guide me into thy perfect peace,  
And bring me to the promis'd land.
- 

## HYMNS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

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DR. DODDRIDGE.] 214. C. M.

*Lovest thou me?*

- D**O not I love thee, O my Lord?  
Behold my heart, and see;  
And turn each cursed idol out,  
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul?  
Then let me nothing love;  
Dead be my heart to every joy,  
When Jesus cannot move.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still  
To my attentive ear?  
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound  
My Saviour's voice to hear?

- 4 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;  
 But O! I long to soar  
 Far from this sphere of mortal joys,  
 And learn to love thee more.
- 

WESLEY'S COLLECTION.] 215. C. M.

*The glories of Jesus, and the blessings of his  
 grace.*

- O** FOR a thousand tongues, to sing  
 My dear Redeemer's praise;  
 The glories of my God and King,  
 The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,  
 Assist me to proclaim,  
 To spread through all the earth abroad,  
 The honours of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,  
 That bids our sorrows cease;  
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
 'Tis life, and joy, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,  
 He sets the pris'ner free;  
 His blood can make the foulest clean,  
 His blood avail'd for me.
- 5 Look unto him, ye nations, own  
 Your God, ye fallen race;  
 Look and be sav'd through faith alone,  
 Be justified by grace.
- 

WESLEY'S COLLECTION.] 216. S. M

*The anxious inquiry.*

**A**ND am I born to die?  
 To lay this body down?  
 And must my trembling spirit fly  
 Into a world unknown—

- 2 A land of deepest shade,  
Unpierc'd by human thought;  
The dreary regions of the dead,  
Where all things are forgot?
- 3 Soon as from earth I go,  
What will become of me?  
Eternal happiness or woe  
Must then my portion be.
- 4 Wak'd by the trumpet's sound,  
I from my grave shall rise,  
And see the Judge with glory crown'd,  
And view the flaming skies.
- 5 How shall I leave the tomb?  
With triumph or regret?  
A fearful or a joyful doom,  
A curse or blessing meet?
- 6 Shall angel bands convey  
Their brother to the bar?  
Or devils drag my soul away,  
To meet its sentence there?
- 7 Lord, teach my soul to shun  
Thy dreadful wrath severe;  
That when thou comest on thy throne,  
I may with joy appear.
- 

NEWTON.] 217. C. M.

*Belshazzar.* Daniel v. 5, 6.

**P**OOOR sinners, little do they think  
With whom they have to do;  
But stand securely on the brink  
Of everlasting woe.

- 2 Belshazzar thus, profanely bold,  
The Lord of hosts defied;  
But vengeance soon his boasts controll'd,  
And humbled all his pride.

- 3 He saw a hand upon the wall,  
(And trembled on his throne,)  
Which wrote his sudden, dreadful fall,  
In characters unknown.
- 4 Why should he tremble at the view  
Of what he could not read?  
Foreboding conscience quickly knew  
His ruin was decreed.
- 5 See him o'erwhelm'd with deep distress;  
His eyes with anguish roll;  
His looks and loosen'd joints express  
The terrors of his soul.
- 6 His pomp and music, guests and wine,  
No more delight afford;  
O sinner, ere this case be thine,  
Begin to seek the Lord.
- 7 The law like this hand-writing stands,  
And speaks the wrath of God;\*  
But Jesus answers its demands,  
And cancels it with blood.
- 

DR. WATTS.] 218. C. M.

*Redemption by price and power.*

- J**ESUS, with all thy saints above  
My tongue would bear her part;  
Would sound aloud thy saving love,  
And sing thy bleeding heart.
- 2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,  
Who bought me with his blood,  
And quench'd his Father's flaming sword,  
In his own vital flood.
- 3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul  
From Satan's heavy chains,
- 

\* Colossians ii. 19.

And sent the Lion down to howl  
Where hell and horror reigns.

- 4 All glory to the dying Lamb,  
And never-ceasing praise,  
While angels live to know his name,  
Or saints to feel his grace.

DR. WATTS.] 219. L. M.

*Advice to youth ; or, old age and death in an unconverted state.* Ecc. xii. 1, 7 ; Isa. lxx. 20.

**N**OW in the heat of youthful blood,  
Remember your Creator, God ;  
Behold the months come hast'ning on,  
When you shall say, 'My joys are gone.'

- 2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,  
Laden with guilt, and heavy woes,  
Down to the regions of the dead,  
With endless curses on his head !
- 3 The dust returns to dust again ;  
The soul, in agonies of pain,  
Ascends to God not there to dwell,  
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell
- 4 Eternal King, I fear thy name ;  
Teach me to know how frail I am ;  
And when my soul must hence remove,  
Give me a mansion in thy love.

DR. WATTS.] 220. L. M.

*Believe and be saved.* John iii. 16—18.

**N**OT to condemn the sons of men,  
Did Christ the Son of God appear ;  
No weapons in his hands are seen,  
No flaming sword, nor thunder there

- 2 Such was the pity of our God,  
He lov'd the race of men so well,

- He sent his Son to bear our load  
Of sins, and save our souls from hell
- 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,  
Trust in his mighty name and live;  
A thousand joys his lips afford,  
His hands a thousand blessings give.
- 4 But vengeance and damnation lies  
On rebels who refuse the grace,  
Who God's eternal Son despise,  
The hottest hell shall be their place.
- 

DR. WATTS.] 221. L. M.

*Salvation in the Cross.*

- H**ERE, at thy cross, my dying God,  
I lay my soul beneath thy love,  
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,  
JESUS ! nor shall it e'er remove.
- 2 Not all that tyrants think or say,  
With rage and lightning in their eyes,  
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,  
Should hell with all its legions rise.
- 3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,  
Moveless and firm this heart should lie  
Resolv'd (for that's my last defence)  
If I must perish, there to die.
- 4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear:  
Am I not safe beneath thy shade ?  
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,  
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.
- 5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,  
And all my foes shall lose their aim:  
Hosanna to my dying God,  
And my best honours to his name.

DR. WATTS.] 222. L. M.

*Parting with carnal joys.*

- I** SEND the joys of earth away;  
 Away, ye tempters of the mind,  
 False as the smooth, deceitful sea,  
 And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along,  
 Down to the gulf of black despair;  
 And whilst I listen'd to your song,  
 Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,  
 That warn'd me of that dark abyss;  
 That drew me from those treach'rous seas,  
 And bid me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above  
 I stretch my hands and glance mine eyes  
 O, for the pinions of a dove,  
 To bear me to the upper skies!
- 5 There, from the bosom of my God,  
 Oceans of endless pleasures roll,  
 There would I fix my last abode,  
 And drown the sorrows of my soul.
- 

DR. WATTS.] 223. L. M.

*Longing to praise Christ better.*

- L**ORD, when my thoughts with wonder  
 roll  
 O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul,  
 And read my Maker's broken laws  
 Repair'd and honour'd by thy cross;
- 2 When I behold death, hell, and sin,  
 Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine;  
 And see the man that groan'd and died,  
 Sit glorious by his father's side;



- 3 My passions rise and soar above;  
I'm wing'd with faith and fired with love,  
Fain would I reach eternal things,  
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.
- 4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains,  
For want of their immortal strains;  
And in such humble notes as these,  
Must fall below thy victories.
- 5 Well, the kind minute must appear,  
When we shall leave these bodies here,  
These clogs of clay; and mount on high  
To join the songs above the sky.
- 

## NEWTON.] 224.

*The meal and cruse of oil.* 1 Kings xvii. 16.

- B**Y the poor widow's oil and meal  
Elijah was sustain'd;  
Though small the stock, it lasted well,  
For God the store maintain'd.
- 2 It seem'd as if, from day to day,  
They were to eat and die;  
But still, though in a secret way,  
He sent a fresh supply.
- 3 Thus to his poor he still will give  
Just for the present hour;  
But for to-morrow they must live  
Upon his word and power.
- 4 No barn or store-house they possess,  
On which they can depend;  
Yet have no cause to fear distress;  
For Jesus is their friend.
- 5 Then let no doubts your mind assail;  
Remember, God has said,  
'The cruse and barrel shall not fail,  
My people shall be fed.'

- 6 And thus, though faint it often seems,  
 He keeps their grace alive;  
 Supplied by his refreshing streams,  
 Their dying hopes revive.
- 7 Though in ourselves we have no stock,  
 The Lord is nigh to save;  
 His door flies open when we knock,  
 And 'tis but ask and have.
- 

NEWTON.] 225. C. M. *Looking at the Cross.*

- I**N evil long I took delight,  
 Unaw'd by shame or fear;  
 Till a new object struck my sight,  
 And stopp'd my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,  
 In agonies and blood,  
 He fix'd his languid eyes on me,  
 As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure, never to my latest breath,  
 Can I forget that look;  
 It seem'd to charge me with his death,  
 Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt,  
 And plung'd me in despair;  
 I saw my sins his blood had spilt,  
 And help'd to nail him there.
- 5 Alas! I knew not what I did,  
 But now my tears are vain;  
 Where shall my trembling soul be hid?  
 For I the Lord have slain.
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,  
 'I freely all forgive;  
 This blood is for thy ransom paid;  
 I'll die, that thou may'st live.'
- Thus, while his death my sin displays,  
 In all its blackest hue,

(Such is the mystery of grace,)

It seals my pardon too.

- 8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,  
My spirit now is fill'd,  
That I should such a life destroy,  
Yet live by him I kill'd.
- 

HART.] 226. L. M. *Backsliders.*

**B**ACKSLIDING souls, return to God;  
Your faithful God is gracious still;  
Leave the false ways ye long have trod,  
And he will all backslidings heal.

- 2 Your first espousals call to mind;  
'Tis time ye should be now reclaim'd;  
What fruit could ever Christians find,  
In things whereof they are asham'd?  
The indignation of the Lord  
Awhile endure, for 'tis your due;  
But firm and steadfast stands his word;  
Though you are faithless, he is true.
- 4 Poor, famish'd prodigal, come home;  
Thy father's house is open yet;  
Much greater mercy bids thee come,  
Than all thy sins, though these are great
- 5 The blood of Christ (a precious blood!)  
Cleanses from all sin, (doubt it not,)  
And reconciles the soul to God,  
From every folly, every fault.
- 

HART.] 227. C. M. *Backsliders.*

**D**ESERTERS, to the camp return;  
Resume your former post;  
Bewail your crimes, your baseness mourn,  
For yet ye are not lost.

- 2 Your's is a sad, a dangerous case,  
Be humble and repent;

- Mercy you'll find, though e'er so base,  
The moment you relent.
- 3 Sinners are sav'd by Jesus' blood,  
How vile soe'er they be;  
Eternal life's the gift of God,  
And gifts are always free.
- 4 'Tis not by works of righteousness,  
Which any man has done;  
But God has sent his Son to bless;  
Return and kiss the Son.
- 

HART.] 228. L. M. *The stony heart.*

- O**H! for a glance of heavenly day,  
To take this stubborn stone away  
And thaw, with beams of love divine,  
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake  
The seas can roar, the mountains shake  
Of feeling, all things show some sign,  
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,  
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;  
But I can read each moving line,  
And nothing move this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments, too, unmov'd I hear,  
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear;  
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,  
To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 But something yet can do the deed,  
And that *dear* something much I need,  
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,  
And move and melt this heart of mine
- 

HART.] 229. C. M.

**R**EPENTANCE is a gift, bestow'd  
To save a soul from death;

- Gospel repentance towards God,  
Is always join'd to faith.
- 2 Not for an hour, a day, or week,  
Do saints repentance own;  
But all the time the Lord they seek;  
At sin they grieve and groan.
- 3 Nor is it such a dismal thing,  
As 'tis by some men nam'd;  
A sinner may repent and sing,  
Rejoice and be asham'd.
- 4 'Tis not the fear of hell alone,  
For that may prove extreme;  
Repenting saints the Saviour own,  
And grieve for grieving him.
- 5 If penitence be quite left out,  
Religion is but halt;  
And hope, though e'er so clear of doubt,  
Like off'ring without salt.
- 

HART.] 230. L. M. *Good works.*

- I**N vain men talk of living faith,  
When all their works exhibit death;  
When they indulge some sinful view,  
In all they say, and all they do.
- 2 The true believer fears the Lord;  
Obeys his precepts, keeps his word,  
Commits his works to God alone,  
And seeks *his* will before his own.
- 3 A barren tree that bears no fruit,  
Brings no great glory to its root;  
When on the boughs rich fruit we see,  
'Tis then we cry, 'a goodly tree!'
- 4 Never did men, by faith divine,  
To selfishness or sloth incline;

The Christian works with all his power  
And grieves that he can work no more.

---

HART.] **231.** S. M. *Good works.*

**V**AIN man, to boast forbear  
The knowledge in thy head;  
The sacred scriptures this declare,  
*Faith without works is dead.*

- 2 When Christ, the Judge, shall come  
To render each his due,  
He'll deal thy deeds their righteous doom,  
And set thy works in view.
  - 3 Food to the hungry give;  
Give to the thirsty drink;  
To follow Christ is to believe;  
Dead faith is but to think.
  - 4 The man that loves the Lord,  
Will mind whate'er he bid;  
Will pay regard to all his word  
And do as Jesus did.
  - 5 The dead professor counts  
Good works as legal ties;  
His faith to action seldom mounts;  
On doctrine he relies.
  - 6 But words engender strife;  
Behold the Gospel plan;  
Trust in the Lord alone for life,  
And do what good you can.
- 

HART.] **232.** L. M. *Hell.*

**T**HE devil can self-denial use,  
And that with devilish selfish views;  
His being and his state disown,  
And teach that devil or hell there's none.

- 2 But hear the word of God, O man!  
‘Sinners, amongst you all, who can  
With everlasting burning dwell?  
The wicked shall be cast to hell.’
- 3 Hell is that woful, dreadful place,  
Where Jesus never shows his face;  
Where sinners damn’d, with devils remain,  
In hopeless horrors, endless pain!
- 4 God’s wrath without his mercy’s there;  
Wrath without mercy, who can bear?  
How hot the fire, how huge the load,  
Thy suff’rings show, thou Son of God.
- 5 O man! let goodness make thee melt;  
Consider what the Lord has felt;  
Repent, and to thy Saviour turn,  
Who burn’d that thou might’st never burn.
- 

NEWTON.] 233. L. M. *Christ crucified.*

**W**HEN on the cross my Lord I see,  
Bleeding to death for wretched me,  
Satan and sin no more can move;  
For I am all dissolv’d in love.

- 2 His thorns and nails pierce thro’ my heart,  
In every groan I bear a part;  
I view his wounds with streaming eyes;  
But see! he bows his head and dies.
- 3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,  
Wounded and dead, and bath’d in blood;  
Behold his side, and venture near;  
The well of endless life is here.
- 4 Here I forget my cares and pains;  
I drink, yet still my thirst remains:  
Only the Fountain-head above  
Can satisfy the thirst of love.



- 5 Oh, that I thus can always feel!  
 Lord, more and more thy love reveal!  
 Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim  
 The grace and glory of thy name.
- 6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,  
 Revives my heart, and charms my ear;  
 Affords a balm for every wound,  
 And Satan trembles at the sound.

---

234. L. M.

- E**TERNITY is just at hand;  
 And shall I waste my ebbing sand,  
 And careless view departing day,  
 And throw my inch of time away?
- 2 Eternity! tremendous sound!  
 To guilty souls a dreadful wound;  
 But oh! if Christ and heaven be mine,  
 How sweet the accents! how divine!
- 3 Be this my chief, my only care,  
 My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,  
 An interest in the Saviour's blood,  
 My pardon seal'd, and peace with God.
- 4 But should my brightest hopes be vain—  
 The rising doubt, how sharp its pain!  
 My fears, O gracious God, remove;  
 Confirm my title to thy love.
- 5 Search, Lord, O search my inmost heart  
 And light, and hope, and joy impart;  
 From guilt and error set me free,  
 And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

---

DR. WATTS.] 235. L. M.

*Desiring to love Christ.*

**C**OME, let me love; or is my mind  
 Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice?



- I see the blessed Fair One bend,  
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies
- 2 O! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,  
And make a heart of iron move;  
That those sweet lips, that heavenly look,  
Should seek and wish a mortal's love!
- 3 I was a traitor doom'd to fire,  
Bound to sustain eternal pains;  
He flew on wings of strong desire,  
Assum'd my guilt and took my chains.
- 4 Infinite grace! Almighty charms!  
Stand in amaze, O earth and skies!  
Jesus, the God, with naked arms,  
Hangs on a cross of love, and dies.
- 5 Did pity ever stoop so low,  
Dress'd in divinity and blood?  
Was ever rebel courted so;  
With groans of an expiring God?
- 6 Again he lives, and spreads his hands,  
Hands that were nail'd to tort'ring smart;  
'By these dear wounds,' says he, and stands,  
And prays to clasp me to his heart.
- 7 Sure, I must love; or are my ears  
Still deaf, nor will my passions move?  
Then let me melt this heart to tears;  
This heart shall yield to death or love.

---

DR. WATTS, 236. C. M.

*Spiritual and eternal joy; or the beatific sight of  
Christ.*

**F**ROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,  
And run eternal rounds,  
Beyond the limits of the skies,  
And all created bounds.

- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul  
 Shall death itself out-brave,  
 Leave dull mortality behind,  
 And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns  
 In heaven's unmeasur'd space,  
 I'll spend a long eternity,  
 In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes  
 Shall o'er thy beauties rove,  
 And endless ages I'll adore  
 The glories of thy love.
- 5 [Sweet Jesus! every smile of thine  
 Shall fresh endearments bring,  
 And thousand tastes of new delight  
 From all thy graces spring.
- 6 Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul  
 Up to thy blest abode;  
 Fly, for my spirit longs to see  
 My Saviour and my God.]

---

DR. WATTS.] 237. C. M.

*Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God, worshipped by all  
 the creation. Rev. v. 11, 13.*

- COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
 With angels round the throne;  
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
 But all their joys are one.
- 2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,  
 'To be exalted thus;'  
 'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,  
 'For he was slain for us.'
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
 Honour and power divine;

And blessings, more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

---

238. L. M.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above;  
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,  
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far  
From every sin and hurtful snare;  
Lead to thy word, that rules must give,  
And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose the way  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holiness, the road  
That we must take to dwell with God  
Lead us to Christ, the living way,  
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

5 Lead us to God, our final rest,  
In his enjoyment to be blest;  
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,  
Where pleasure in perfection is.

DR. WATTS.] 239. C. M.

*God's presence is light in darkness.*

- M**Y God! the spring of all my joys,  
 The life of my delights,  
 The glory of my brightest days,  
 And comfort of my nights!
- 2 In darkest shades, if he appear,  
 My dawning is begun;  
 He is my soul's sweet Morning Star,  
 And he my rising Sun.
- 3 The opening heavens round me shine,  
 With beams of sacred bliss,  
 While Jesus shows his heart is mine,  
 And whispers, 'I am his.'
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,  
 At that transporting word;  
 Run up with joy the shining way,  
 To embrace my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
 I'd break through every foe;  
 The wings of love, and arms of faith,  
 Should bear me conqueror through.
- 

DR. WATTS.] 240. L. M.

*A song of praise to God and the Redeemer.*

- L**ET the old heathens tune their song,  
 Of great Diana and of Jove;  
 But the sweet theme that moves my tongue  
 Is my redeemer and his love.
- 2 Behold, a God descends and dies,  
 To save my soul from gaping hell!  
 How the black gulf where Satan lies,  
 Yawn'd to receive me when I fell!

- 3 How justice frown'd, and vengeance stood,  
To drive me down to endless pain!  
But the great Son propos'd his blood,  
And heavenly wrath grew mild again.
- 4 Infinite Lover! gracious Lord!  
To thee be endless honours given;  
Thy wondrous name shall be ador'd,  
Round the wide earth and wider heaven.
- 

DR. WATTS.] 241. C. M.

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

- P**LUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
He saw, and (O amazing love!)  
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,  
With joyful haste he fled,  
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 He spoil'd the powers of darkness thus,  
And broke our iron chains;  
Jesus hath freed our captive souls  
From everlasting pains.
- 5 [In vain the baffled prince of hell  
His cursed projects tries;  
We that were doom'd his endless slaves  
Are rais'd above the skies.]
- 6 O! for this love, let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break;  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak.

- 7 [Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord;  
Our souls are all on flame;  
Hosanna round the spacious earth,  
To thine adored name.
- 8 Angels, assist our mighty joys;  
Strike all your harps of gold;  
But when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can ne'er be told.]
- 

DR. WATTS.] 242. S. M.

*God all and in all.* Ps. lxxiii. 25.

- M**Y God, my life, my love,  
To thee, to thee I call;  
I cannot live if thou remove,  
For thou art all in all.
- 2 [Thy shining grace can cheer  
This dungeon where I dwell;  
'Tis Paradise when thou art here;  
If thou depart, 'tis hell.
- 3 The smilings of thy face,  
How amiable they are!  
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace  
And nowhere else but there.
- 4 To thee, and thee alone,  
The angels own their bliss;  
They sit around thy gracious throne,  
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 5 Not all the harps above  
Can make a heavenly place,  
If God his residence remove,  
Or but conceal his face.]
- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,  
Can one delight afford;  
No, not a drop of real joy,  
Without thy presence, Lord.

- 7 Thou art the sea of love,  
Where all my pleasures roll;  
The circle where my passions move,  
And centre of my soul.
- 8 [To thee my spirits fly,  
With infinite desire;  
And yet, how far from thee I lie!  
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.]
- 

DR. WATTS.] 243. C. M.

*God my only happiness. Ps. lxxiii. 25.*

- M**Y God, my portion, and my love,  
My everlasting all;  
I've none but thee in heaven above,  
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 [What empty things are all the skies,  
And this inferior clod!  
There's nothing here deserves my joys,  
There's nothing like my God.
- 3 In vain the bright, the burning sun,  
Scatters his feeble light;  
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;  
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.
- 4 And whilst upon my restless bed,  
Amongst the shades I roll,  
If my Redeemer shows his head,  
'Tis morning with my soul.]
- 5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,  
And health and safe abode;  
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,  
But they are not my God.
- 6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,  
If once compar'd to thee!  
Or what's my safety or my health,  
Or all my friends to me?

- 7 Were I possessor of the earth,  
And call'd the stars my own,  
Without thy graces, and thyself,  
I were a wretch undone.
- 8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,  
And grasp in all the shore;  
Grant me the visits of thy face,  
And I desire no more.
- 

HART.] 244. C. M. *Tribulation.*

- T**HE souls that would to Jesus press  
Must fix this firm and sure;  
That tribulation, more or less,  
They must and shall endure.
- 2 From this there can be none exempt;  
'Tis God's most wise decree;  
Satan the weakest saint will tempt,  
Nor is the strongest free.
- 3 The world opposes from without,  
And unbelief within;  
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt  
And feel the load of sin.
- 4 Glad frames too often lift us up,  
And then how proud we grow!  
'Till sad desertion makes us droop,  
And down we sink as low.
- 5 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares,  
To catch the wandering heart;  
And seldom do we see the snares,  
Before we feel the smart.
- 6 But let not all this terrify;  
Pursue the narrow path;  
Look to the Lord with steadfast eye,  
And fight with hell by faith.



- 7 Though we are feeble, Christ is strong ;  
 His promises are true ;  
 We shall be conqu'rors all, ere long,  
 And more than conqu'rors too.
- 

DR. WATTS' LYRIC POEMS.] 245. L. M.

*Love to Christ, present or absent.*

- O**F all the joys we mortals know,  
 Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest ;  
 Love, the best blessing here below,  
 The nearest image of the blest.
- 2 While we are held in thy embrace,  
 There's not a thought attempts to rove  
 Each smile upon thy beauteous face,  
 Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.
- 3 While of thy absence we complain,  
 And long, or weep, in all we do,  
 There's a strange pleasure in the pain,  
 And tears have their own sweetness too.
- 4 When round thy court by day we rove,  
 Or ask the watchman of the night,  
 For some kind tidings of our love,  
 Thy very name creates delight.
- 5 Jesus, our Gqd, yet rather come ;  
 Our eyes would dwell upon thy face ;  
 'Tis best to see our Lord at home,  
 And feel the presence of his grace.
- 

DR. DODDRIDGE.] 246. C. M.

*God hath commanded all men, everywhere, to repent.*

**R**EPENT, the voice celestial cries,  
 Nor longer dare delay ;  
 The wretch that scorns the mandate, dies,  
 And meets a fiery day.

- 2 No more the sovereign eye of God  
O'erlooks the crimes of men;  
His heralds are dispatch'd abroad,  
To warn the world of sin.
- 3 The summons reach through all the earth,  
Let earth attend and fear;  
Listen, ye men of royal birth,  
And let your vassals hear.
- 4 Together in his presence bow,  
And all your guilt confess;  
Embrace the blessed Saviour now,  
Nor trifle with his grace.
- 5 Bow ere the awful trumpet sound,  
And call you to his bar;  
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,  
And turns to vengeance there.
- 6 Amazing love, that yet will call,  
And yet prolong our days!  
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,  
And weep, and love, and praise.

---

NEWTON.] 247. C. M.

*Will ye also go away?* John vi. 67, 69.

**W**HEN any turn from Zion's ways,  
(Alas! what numbers do!)

Methinks I hear my Saviour say,  
'Wilt thou forsake me too?'

- 2 Ah! Lord, with such a heart as mine,  
Unless thou hold me fast,  
I feel I must, I shall decline,  
And prove like them at last
- 3 Yet, thou alone hast power, I know,  
To save a wretch like me;  
To whom, or whither could I go,  
If I should turn from thee?

- 4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assur'd,  
Thou art the CHRIST of GOD,  
Who hast eternal life secur'd,  
By promise and by blood.
- 5 The help of men by angels join'd,  
Could never reach my case;  
Nor can I hope release to find,  
But in thy boundless grace.
- 6 No voice but thine can give me rest,  
And bid my fears depart;  
No love but thine can make me blest,  
And satisfy my heart.
- 7 What anguish has that question stirr'd,  
If I will also go?  
Yet Lord, relying on thy word,  
I humbly answer, No.
- 

248. C. M. *The Flower.*

- LOVE is the sweetest bud that blows;  
Its beauty never dies;  
On earth, among the saints, it grows,  
And ripens in the skies.
- 2 Pure, glowing red, and spotless white,  
Its perfect colours are;  
In Jesus all its sweets unite,  
And look divinely fair.
- 3 The finest flower that ever blow'd,  
Open'd on Calv'ry's tree,  
When Jesus' blood in rivers flow'd,  
For love of worthless me.
- 4 Its deepest hue, its richest smell,  
No mortal sense can bear;  
Nor can the tongue of angels tell  
How bright the colours are.

- 5 Earth could not hold so rich a flower,  
Nor half its beauties show;  
Nor could the world and Satan's power,  
Confine its sweets below.
- 6 On Canaan's banks, supremely fair,  
This flower of wonders blooms,  
Transplanted to its native air,  
And all the shores perfumes.
- 7 But not to Canaan's shores confin'd,  
The seeds from which it blow,  
Take root within the human mind,  
And scent the Church below.
- 8 And soon on yonder banks above,  
Shall every blossom here,  
Appear, a full, ripe flower of love,  
Like Him, transplanted there.
- 

## 249. L. M.

- J**ESUS, my Saviour and my God,  
Thou hast redeem'd me with thy blood  
By ties both natural and divine,  
I am and ever will be thine.
- 2 But ah! should my inconstant heart,  
Ere I'm aware, from thee depart,  
What dire reproach would fall on me,  
For such ingratitude to thee!
- 3 The thought I dread, the crime I hate  
The guilt, the shame I deprecate;  
And yet, so mighty are my foes,  
I dare not trust my warmest vows.
- 4 Pity my frailty, dearest Lord;  
Grace in the needful hour afford;  
O, steel this tim'rous heart of mine,  
With fortitude and love divine.

- 5 So shall I triumph o'er my fears,  
And gather joys from all my tears ;  
So shall I to the world proclaim,  
The honours of the Christian name.
- 

COWPER.] 250. C. M.

*Light shining out of darkness.*

- G**OD moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants his footsteps on the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace :  
Behind a frowning Providence,  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 

251. L. M. *Rising to God.*

- N**OW let our souls on wings sublime  
Rise from the vanities of time ;  
Draw back the parting veil and see  
The glories of eternity.
- 2 Born by a new celestial birth,  
Why should we grovel here on earth ?

- Why grasp at transitory toys,  
So near to heaven's eternal joys?
- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,  
When we are walking back to God?  
For strangers into life we come,  
And dying is but going home.
- 4 Welcome sweet hour of full discharge,  
That sets our longing souls at large;  
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,  
And gives us with our God to dwell.
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,  
Is the full heaven enjoy'd above;  
And the sweet expectation now,  
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

---

WATTS.] 252. C. M.

*Christ's Commission.*

- COME, happy souls, approach your God  
With new melodious songs;  
Come, tender to almighty grace  
The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love  
That pitied dying men,  
The Father sent his equal Son  
To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd  
With a revenging rod,  
No hard commission to perform  
The vengeance of a God.
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,  
And wrath forsook the throne,  
When Christ on the kind errand came,  
And brought salvation down.
- 5 Here sinners you may heal your wounds,  
And wipe your sorrows dry;

Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,  
And you shall never die.

- 6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls  
Accept thine offer'd grace;  
We bless the great Redeemer's love,  
And give the Father praise.
- 

DR. WATTS.] 253. L. M.

*The almost Christian.*

**B**ROAD is the road that leads to death,  
And thousands walk together there;  
But wisdom shows a narrower path;  
With here and there a traveller.

- 2 Deny thyself and take thy cross,  
Is the Redeemer's great command:  
Nature must count her gold but dross,  
If she would gain the heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,  
And walks the ways of God no more,  
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,  
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,  
Create my heart entirely new;  
Which hypocrites could ne'er obtain,  
Which false apostates never knew.
- 

254. S. M. *Christian Union.*

**B**LEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love!  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.

- 2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers:  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.

- 3 We share our mutual woes;  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear
  - 4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain:  
But we shall still be join'd in heart,  
And hope to meet again.
  - 5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.
  - 6 From sorrow, toil and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
To all eternity.
- 

**255.** L. M. *The good old way.*

- I**NQUIRING souls who long to find  
Pardon of sin and peace of mind,  
Attend the voice of God to-day,  
Who bids you seek the good old way
- 2 The righteousness, th' atoning blood  
Of Jesus, is the way to God:  
O may you then no longer stray,  
But walk in Christ the good old way.
  - 3 The prophets and apostles too  
Pursu'd this path while here below:  
Then let not fear your soul dismay,  
But come to Christ the good old way
  - 4 With cautious zeal and holy care,  
In this dear way I'll persevere,  
Nor doubt to meet, another day,  
Where Jesus is, the good old way.



## 256. L. M.

**W**HEN converts first begin to sing,  
Their happy souls are on the wing;  
Their theme is all redeeming love,  
Fain would they be with Christ above.

- 2 With admiration they behold  
The love of Christ that can't be told:  
They view themselves upon the shore,  
And think the battle is all o'er.
- 3 They feel themselves quite free from pain,  
And think their enemies are slain;  
They make no doubt but all is well,  
And Satan is cast down to hell.
- 4 They wonder why old saints don't sing,  
And make the heavenly arches ring—  
Ring with melodious, joyful sound,  
Because a prodigal is found.
- 5 But 'tis not long before they feel  
Their feeble souls begin to reel;  
They think their former hopes are vain,  
They're fill'd with sorrow, grief and pain.
- 6 O foolish child, why didst thou boast  
In the enlargement of thy coast?  
Why didst thou think to fly away  
Before thou leav'st this feeble clay?
- 7 Come take up arms and face the field.  
Come gird on harness, sword and shield,  
Stand fast in faith, fight for your King,  
And soon the victory you shall win.
- 8 When Satan comes to tempt your minds,  
Then bravely meet him with these lines  
*Jesus our Lord hath took the field,*  
*And we're determin'd not to yield.*

## 257. S. M.

*Submission under affliction.*

- D**OST thou my profit seek,  
 And chasten as a friend?  
 O God, I'll kiss the smarting rod,  
 There's honey at the end.
- 2 Dost thou, through death's dark vale,  
 Conduct to heaven at last?  
 The future good will make amends,  
 For all the evils past.
- 3 Lord, I would not repine  
 At strokes in mercy sent;  
 If the chastisement come in love,  
 My heart shall be content.

## 258. C. M.

*God is love.*

- C**OME, ye that know and fear the Lord,  
 And lift your souls above;  
 Let every heart and voice accord  
 To sing that God is love.
- 2 This precious truth his word declares,  
 And all his mercies prove;  
 Jesus, the gift of gifts appears  
 To show that God is love.
- 3 Sinai in clouds, and smoke, and fire,  
 Thunders his dreadful name;  
 But Sion sings, in melting notes,  
 The honours of the Lamb.
- 4 In all his doctrines and commands,  
 His councils and designs,  
 In every work his hands have fram'd,  
 His love supremely shines.
- 5 Angels and men the news proclaim  
 Through earth, and heaven above,

The joyful and transporting news,  
That God, the Lord, is love

---

WESLEY.] 259. L. M. *Old age.*

**I**N age and feebleness extreme,  
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?  
'Tis only Jesus, by his blood,  
Can raise a sinking soul to God.

- 2 Jesus, my only hope thou art;  
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;  
O, could I catch a smile from thee,  
And drop into eternity!
- 

PSALMODY.

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DR. WATTS.] 260. C. M.

*The Messiah's coming and kingdom.*

Tune—ROCHESTER.

**J**OY to the world, the Lord is come!  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.

- 2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns!  
Let men their songs employ!  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.

- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;  
He comes to make his blessings flow,  
Far as the curse is found.

- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.

DR. WATTS.] 261. S. M.

*Dangerous prosperity; or, daily devotion encouraged.*

Tune—FLORIDA.

- L**ET sinners take their course,  
 And choose the road of death;  
 But in the worship of my God,  
 I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2 My thoughts address his throne,  
 When morning brings the light;  
 I seek his blessing every noon,  
 And pay my vows at night.
- 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,  
 O my eternal God!  
 While sinners flourish in surprise,  
 Beneath thine angry rod.
- 4 Because they dwell at ease,  
 And no sad changes feel,  
 They neither fear nor trust thy name,  
 Nor learn to do thy will,
- 5 But I, with all my cares,  
 Will lean upon the Lord;  
 I'll cast my burdens on his arm,  
 And rest upon his word.
- 6 His arm shall well sustain  
 The children of his love;  
 The ground on which their safety stands,  
 No earthly power can move.
- 

DR. WATTS.] 262. C. M.

*The vanity of man, as mortal.*

Tune—SUFFIELD.

**T**EACH me the measure of my days,  
 Thou Maker of my frame;

- I would survey life's narrow space,  
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,  
An inch or two of time;  
Man is but vanity and dust,  
In all his flower and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move,  
Like shadows o'er the plain;  
They rage and strive, desire and love,  
But all their noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show;  
Some dig for golden ore;  
They toil for heirs, they know not who  
And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish, or wait for, then,  
From creatures, earth and dust?  
They make our expectations vain,  
And disappoint our trust.
- 6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,  
My fond desires recall;  
I give my mortal interest up,  
And make my God my all.

---

DR. WATTS.] 263. S. M.

*Christ's commission.* John iii. 16, 17.

Tune—NINETY-THIRD.

**R**AISE your triumphant songs,  
To an immortal tune;  
Let the wide earth resound the deeds  
Celestial grace hath done.

- 2 Sing, how eternal Love  
Its chief Beloved chose,  
And bid him raise our wretched race  
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,  
Nor terror clothes his brow;

No bolts to drive our guilty souls  
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,  
And wrath stood silent by;  
When Christ was sent with pardons down,  
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears;  
Let hopeless sorrow cease;  
Bow to the sceptre of his love,  
And take the offer'd peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call;  
We lay an humble claim  
To the salvation thou hast brought,  
And love and praise thy name.

DR. WATTS.] 264. C. M.

*The pilgrimage of the Saints ; or, Earth and Heaven*

Tune—TRIBULATION.

**L**ORD, what a wretched land is this,  
That yields us no supply;  
No cheering fruits no wholesome trees,  
Nor streams of living joy?

2 But pricking thorns, thro' all the ground,  
And mortal poisons grow;  
And all the rivers that are found,  
With dangerous waters flow.

3 Yet, the dear path to thine abode  
Lies through this horrid land;  
Lord, we would keep the heavenly road,  
And run at thy command.

4 [Our souls shall tread the desert through,  
With undiverted feet;

And faith and flaming zeal subdue  
The terrors that we meet.

5 A thousand savage beasts of prey,  
Around the forest roam;  
But Judah's Lion guards the way,  
And guides the strangers home.

6 Long nights and darkness dwell below,  
With scarce a twinkling ray;  
But the bright world to which we go,  
Is everlasting day.

7 By glimm'ring hopes, and gloomy fears,  
We trace the sacred road;  
Thro' dismal deeps and dang'rous snares  
We make our way to God.]

8 Our journey is a thorny maze;  
But we march upward still;  
Forget these troubles of the ways,  
And reach at Zion's hill.

9 [See the kind angels at the gates,  
Inviting us to come!  
There Jesus, the forerunner, waits,  
To welcome trav'lers home.]

10 There, on a green and flow'ry mount  
Our weary souls shall sit,  
And with transporting joys recount  
The labours of our feet.

11 No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,  
Nor trifles vex our ear;  
Infinite grace shall fill our song,  
And God rejoice to hear.

12 Eternal glories to the King  
That brought us safely through;  
Our tongues shall never cease to sing  
And endless praise renew.

DR. WATTS.] 265. L. M.

*The enjoyment of Christ; or, delight in worship*

Tune—VERNON.

- L**ORD, what a heaven of saving grace  
 Shines through the beauties of thy face,  
 And lights our passions to a flame!  
 Lord, how we love thy charming name!
- 2 When I can say, my God is mine;  
 When I can feel thy glories shine,  
 I tread the world beneath my feet,  
 And all the earth calls good or great.
- 3 While such a scene of sacred joys  
 Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,  
 Here we could sit, and gaze away  
 A long and everlasting day.
- Well, we shall quickly pass the night,  
 To the fair coasts of perfect light;  
 Then shall our joyful senses rove  
 O'er the dear object of our love.
- 5 There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,  
 And pluck new life from heavenly trees;  
 Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow  
 A drop of heaven on worms below.
- 6 Send comforts down from thy right hand,  
 While we pass through this barren land;  
 And in thy temple let us see  
 A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.

ROBINSON.] 266. P. M.

Tune—OLNEY.

**C**OME, thou fount of every blessing,  
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace.  
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
 Call for songs of loudest praise.



Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
 Sung by flaming tongues above;  
 Praise the mount, O fix me on it,  
 Mount of God's unchanging love.

- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;  
 Hither by thy grace I've come:  
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home.  
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;  
 He, to save my soul from danger,  
 Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor,  
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!  
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.  
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;  
 Prone to leave the God I love;  
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,  
 Seal it for thy courts above.
- 

A. WATTS.] **267.** P. M. *God our Preserver*

Tune—DELIGHT.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes;  
 From God is all my aid;  
 The God that built the skies,  
 And earth and nature made  
 God is the tower  
 To which I fly;  
 His grace is nigh  
 In every hour.

- 2 My feet shall never slide,  
 And fall in fatal snares,  
 Since God, my guard and guide,  
 Defends me from my fears

Those wakeful eyes,  
That never sleep,  
Shall Israel keep,  
When dangers rise.

- 3 No burning heats by day,  
Nor blasts of evening air  
Shall take my health away,  
If God be with me there.  
Thou art my sun,  
And thou my shade,  
To guard my head  
By night or noon.
- 4 Hast thou not given thy word,  
To save my soul from death?  
And I can trust my Lord,  
To keep my mortal breath.  
I'll go and come,  
Nor fear to die,  
Till from on high  
Thou call me home

---

DR. WATTS.] 268. L. M.

*Christ's presence makes death easy.*

Tune—ALL SAINTS.

- W**HY should we start, and fear to die?  
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!  
Death is the gate of endless joy,  
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,  
Fright our approaching souls away;  
Still we shrink back again to life,  
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,  
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,  
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.
- 

DR. WATTS.] 269. S. M.

*Triumph over death, in hope of the resurrection*

Tune—AYLESBURY.

- AND must this body die?  
This mortal frame decay?  
And must these active limbs of mine  
Lie mouldering in the clay?
- 2 Corruption, earth and worms,  
Shall but refine this flesh,  
Till my triumphant spirit comes  
To put it on afresh.
- 3 God, my Redeemer, lives,  
And often from the skies  
Looks down and watches all my dust,  
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace,  
Shall these vile bodies shine,  
And every shape, and every face,  
Look heavenly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes, we owe  
To Jesus' dying love;  
We would adore his grace below,  
And sing his power above.
- 6 Dear Lord, accept the praise  
Of these our humble songs,  
Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise,  
With our immortal tongues.

DR. WATTS.] 270. S. M.

*Heavenly joy on earth.*

Tune—AMERICA.

- COME, we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind  
Be banish'd from this place;  
Religion never was design'd  
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing,  
That never knew our God;  
But fav'rites of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 [The God that rules on high,  
And thunders when he please;  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And manages the seas.]
- 5 This awful God is ours;  
Our Father, and our Love;  
He shall send down his heavenly powers,  
To carry us above.
- 6 There shall we see his face,  
And never, never sin;  
There, from the rivers of his grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 7 Yes, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create,
- 8 [The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below;  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,  
From faith and hope may grow.]

- 9 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.
- 10 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry;  
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.
- 

## 271. P. M.

Tune—HEAVENLY TRAVELLER.

- COME, all ye weary travellers,  
Come, let us join and sing  
The everlasting praise  
Of Jesus Christ, our King.  
We've had a tedious journey,  
And tiresome, 'tis true;  
But see how many dangers  
The Lord hath brought us through.
- 2 At first when Jesus found us,  
He call'd us unto him,  
And pointed out the danger  
Of falling into sin;  
The world, the flesh, and Satan,  
To us would prove a snare,  
Unless we would reject them,  
By faith and humble prayer.
- 3 But why our disobedience,  
With sorrow we confess,  
We have had long to wander  
In a dark wilderness,  
Where we might all have fainted,  
In that enchanted ground,  
But now and then a cluster  
Of pleasant grapes we found.

- 4 The pleasant fruits of Canaan  
Give life, and joy, and peace,  
Revive our drooping spirits,  
And strength and love increase  
To confess our Lord and Master,  
And run at his command,  
And hasten on our journey  
Unto the promis'd land.
- 5 In faith, and hope, and patience,  
We're made for to rejoice;  
And Jesus and his people  
For ever are our choice.  
In peace and consolation  
We now are going on,  
The narrow way to Canaan,  
Where Jesus Christ is gone.
- 6 Sinner, why stand you idle,  
As we do march along?  
Hath conscience never told you,  
That you are going wrong,  
Down the broad road to ruin,  
To bear an endless curse?  
Forsake your ways of sinning,  
And come and go with us.
- 7 But, if you will refuse it,  
We must bid you farewell:  
We're on the way to Canaan,  
And you the road to hell.  
We're sorry for to leave you,  
And rather you would go;  
Come, try a bleeding Saviour,  
And see the waters flow.
- 8 O sinners, be awaken'd  
To see your wretched state  
Repent and be converted,  
Before it be too late.

- Turn to the Lord by praying,  
And daily search his word;  
And never rest contented,  
Until you find the Lord.
- 9 Now, to the King immortal  
Be everlasting praise;  
And in his holy service  
We long to spend our days,  
Till we arrive at Canaan,  
The celestial world above.  
There, in eternal raptures,  
To praise redeeming love.
- 

## 272. L. M.

- I** LONG to see the season come  
When sinners shall come flocking home,  
To taste the sweets of Jesus' love,  
And seek the joys that are above.
- 2 Hark! how the gloricus Gospel sounds,  
Inviting sinners all around;  
Behold, your loving Saviour stands,  
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Attend, poor sinners, to his word;  
Kiss him, yea, own him as your Lord;  
He'll wash you in atoning blood,  
And seal you heirs and sons of God.
- 4 A few more days, and you must go  
To realms of joy or endless woe;  
In worlds of light, with Christ to dwell,  
Or sink beneath his frowns, to hell.
- 5 Come, then, dear sinners, counsel take,  
And all your sinful ways forsake;  
The world give o'er, leave friends behind;  
In Christ you shall redemption find.
- 6 Take your companion by the hand,  
And all your children in a band,

And give them up at Jesus' call  
To pardon, bless and save them all.

7 Thus, when the day of Christ shall come  
And he collect his children home,  
On Zion's mount you then shall stand,  
And join the bright angelic band.

8 O, what a glorious company !  
May I be there, that sight to see,  
And join in praise to Jesus' name,  
All glorious in Jerusalem.

---

273. P. M.

Tune—SOLEMN SOUND.

**F**ROM whence doth this union arise  
That hatred is conquer'd by love ?  
It fastened our souls in such ties,  
As nature and time can't remove.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,  
Nor yet in a Paradise lost;  
It grows on Immanuel's ground,  
And Jesus' rich blood it did cost.

3 My friends are so dear unto me,  
Our hearts are united in love;  
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,  
In yonder bright mansions above.

4 O, why then so loth for to part,  
Since there we shall all meet again ?  
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,  
At a distance we cannot remain.

5 And when we shall see that bright day  
And join with the angels above,  
There, free from these bodies of clay,  
We'll dwell with Christ Jesus above.  
With Jesus we ever shall reign,  
And all his bright glories we'll see;



There sing hallelujah, amen;  
Amen, even so let it be.

---

**274.** C. M. *The Mariner's Psalm.*

Tune—OCEAN.

- T**HY works of glory, mighty Lord  
That rules the boist'rous sea,  
The sons of courage shall record,  
Who tempt the dang'rous way.
- 2 At thy command the winds arise,  
And swell the towering waves;  
The men astonish'd mount the skies,  
And sink in gaping graves.
- 3 'Tis God that brings them safe to land  
Let stupid mortals know,  
That waves are under his command,  
And all the winds that blow.
- 4 O, that the sons of men would praise  
The goodness of the Lord;  
And those who see thy wondrous ways  
Thy wondrous love record.
- 

**275.** P. M. *Christ's ascension.*

Tune—MIDDLETOWN.

- H**AIL the day that saw him rise,  
Ravish'd from our wistful eyes!  
Christ, a while to mortals given,  
Reascends his native heaven.  
There the pompous triumph waits,  
'Lift your heads, ye crystal gates;  
Wide unfold the radiant scene,  
Take the King of glory in.'
- 2 Him who highest heaven receives,  
Still he loves the world he leaves;

Though returning to his throne,  
 Still he calls mankind his own;  
 Still for us he intercedes;  
 Prevalent, his death he pleads;  
 Next himself prepares our place,  
 Harbinger of human race.

- 3 Master, (may we ever say,)   
 Taken from our head to-day,  
 See thy faithful servants, see,  
 Ever gazing upon thee;  
 Grant, though parted from our sight,  
 Far above yon azure height,  
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
 And follow thee beyond the skies.
- 4 Ever upward let us move,  
 Wafted on the wings of love;  
 Looking when our Lord shall come,  
 Longing, grasping after home.  
 There we shall with thee remain,  
 Partners of thy endless reign;  
 There thy face unclouded see;  
 Find our heaven of heavens in thee.

---

DR. WATTS.] 276. L. M.

*Glory and grace in the person of Christ.*

Tune—WILLIAMSTOWN.

- N**OW to the Lord a noble song;  
 Awake my soul, awake my tongue;  
 Hosanna to th' eternal Name,  
 And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See, where it shines in Jesus' face,  
 The brightest image of his grace!  
 God, in the person of his Son,  
 Hath all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood,  
 Proclaim the wise and powerful God;

- And thy rich glories, from afar,  
Sparkle in every rolling star ;
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,  
The noblest labour of thine hands ;  
The pleasing lustre of his eyes,  
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace ! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme,  
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name ;  
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;  
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.
- 6 O, may I live to reach the place,  
Where he unveils his lovely face ;  
Where all his beauties you behold,  
And sing his name to harps of gold.

---

277. C. M

Tune—SHERBURN.

- W**HILE shepherds watch'd their flock  
by night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.
- 2 'Fear not,' said he, (for mighty dread  
Had seiz'd their troubled mind,)  
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.
- 3 'To you, in David's town, this day  
Is born, of David's line,  
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,  
And this shall be the sign :
- 4 'The heavenly babe you there shall find,  
To human view display'd,  
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid.'

- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith  
 Appear'd a shining throng  
 Of angels, praising God, and thus  
 Address'd their joyful song:
- 6 'All glory be to God on high,  
 And to the earth be peace;  
 Good-will, henceforth, from heaven to men,  
 Begin and never cease.'
- 

DR. WATTS.] 278. C. M.

*The Morning of a Lord's Day.*

Tune—MONTGOMERY.

- E**ARLY, my God, without delay,  
 I haste to seek thy face;  
 My thirsty spirit faints away,  
 Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,  
 Beneath a burning sky,  
 Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
 And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy power,  
 Through all thy temple shine;  
 My God, repeat that heavenly hour  
 That vision so divine!
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast,  
 Can please my soul so well,  
 As when thy richer grace I taste,  
 And in thy presence dwell.
- 5 Not life itself, with all its joys,  
 Can my best passions move,  
 Or raise so high my cheerful voice,  
 As thy forgiving love.
- 6 Thus, till my last expiring day,  
 I'll bless my God and King.

Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
And tune my lips to sing.

DR. WATTS.] 279. P. M.

*Praise to God, for his goodness and truth.*

Tune—LIVONIA.

I'LL praise my maker with my breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust?  
Princes must die and turn to dust;  
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;  
Their breath departs, their pomp, and power,  
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour;  
Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man, whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God; he made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, with all their train;  
His truth for ever stands secure;  
He saves the oppress'd, he feeds the poor,  
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;  
The Lord supports the sinking mind;  
He sends the labouring conscience peace;  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless,  
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,  
But turns the wicked down to hell;  
Thy God, O Zion! ever reigns;  
Let every tongue, let every age,  
In this exalted work engage;  
Praise him in everlasting strains.

- 6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;  
 And when my voice is lost in death,  
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers;  
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
 While life, and thought, and being last,  
 Or immortality endures.
- 

DR. WATTS.] 280. L. M.

*The prosperity of sinners cursed.*

Tune—GREENWICH.

- L**ORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I  
 To mourn and murmur, and repine,  
 To see the wicked, placed on high,  
 In pride and robes of honour shine?  
 2 But, oh! their end, their dreadful end!  
 Thy sanctuary taught me so;  
 On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,  
 And fiery billows roll below.  
 3 Now, let them boast how tall they rise;  
 I'll never envy them again;  
 There they may stand with haughty eyes,  
 Till they plunge deep in endless pain.  
 4 Now, I esteem their mirth and wine  
 Too dear to purchase with my blood;  
 Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,  
 My life, my portion, and my God.
- 

281. P. M.

Tune—NEW MONMOUTH.

- L**O, he cometh! countless trumpets  
 Blow, to raise the sleeping dead;  
 'Midst ten thousand saints and angels,  
 See their great, exalted Head;  
 Hallelujah,  
 Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

- 2 Now his merit, by the harpers,  
Through the eternal deep resounds;  
Now resplendent shine his nail-prints  
Every eye shall see his wounds;  
They who pierc'd him,  
Shall at his appearance wail.
- 3 Full of joyful expectation,  
Saints behold the Judge appear;  
Truth and justice go before him;  
Now the joyful sentence hear;  
Hallelujah,  
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine:
- 4 'Come, ye blessed of my Father,  
Enter into life and joy;  
Banish all your fears and sorrows.  
Endless life be your employ  
Hallelujah,  
Welcome, welcome to the skies.'
- 5 Now at once they rise to glory:  
Jesus brings them to the King;  
There, with all the hosts of heaven,  
They eternal anthems sing;  
Hallelujah,  
Boundless glory to the Lamb.

---

DR. WATTS.] 282. C. M.

*The sufferings of Christ for our salvation.*

Tune—SUTTON.

**S**AVE me, O God! the swelling floods  
Break in upon my soul,  
I sink, and sorrows o'er my head  
Like mighty waters roll.

- 9 'I cry till all my voice be gone  
In tears I waste the day  
My God, behold my longing eyes  
And shorten thy delay.



- 3 'They hate my soul without a cause,  
And still their number grows,  
More than the hairs around my head,  
And mighty are my foes.
- 4 'Twas then I paid the dreadful debt,  
That men could never pay;  
And gave those honours to thy law,  
Which sinners took away.'
- 5 Thus in the great Messiah's name,  
The royal prophet mourns;  
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,  
And gives us joy by turns.
- 6 'Now shall the saints rejoice, and find  
Salvation in my name;  
For I have borne their heavy load  
Of sorrow, pain and shame,
- 7 'Grief, like a garment, clothed me round,  
And sackcloth was my dress,  
While I procured for naked souls  
A robe of righteousness,
- 8 'Amongst my brethren, and the Jews,  
I, like a stranger, stood,  
And bore their vile reproach to bring  
The Gentiles near to God.
- 9 'I came in sinful mortals' stead,  
To do my Father's will;  
Yet when I cleans'd my Father's house,  
They scandaliz'd my zeal,
- 10 'My fastings, and my holy groans,  
Were made the drunkard's song;  
But God, from his celestial throne,  
Heard my complaining tongue.
- 11 'He sav'd me from the dreadful deep,  
Where fears beset me round;  
He rais'd, and fix'd my sinking feet  
On well-established ground.



- 12 'Twas in a most accepted hour,  
My prayers arose on high;  
And for my sake my God shall hear  
The dying sinner's cry.'

---

HART.] 283. P. M.

*Put on the whole armour of God.* Eph. iv 12.

Tune—CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

- G**IRD thy loins up, Christian soldier,  
Lo! thy Captain calls thee out;  
Let the danger make thee bolder,  
War in weakness, dare in doubt.  
Buckle on thy heavenly armour;  
Patch up no inglorious peace;  
Let thy courage wax the warmer,  
As thy foes and fears increase.
- 2 Bind thy golden girdle round thee;  
Truth to keep thee firm and tight;  
Never shall the foe confound thee,  
While the truth maintains thy fight.  
Righteousness within thee rooted,  
May appear to take thy part;  
But let righteousness imputed,  
Be the breast-plate of thy heart.
- 3 Shod with Gospel-preparation,  
In the paths of promise tread;  
Let the hope of free salvation,  
As a helmet, guard thy head.  
When beset with various evils,  
Wield the Spirit's two-edg'd sword;  
Cut thy way through hosts of devils,  
While they fall before the Word.
- 4 But when dangers closer threaten,  
And thy soul draws near to death;  
When assaulted sore by Satan,  
Then object the shield of faith.

- Fiery darts of fierce temptations,  
 Intercepted by thy God,  
 There shall lose their force in patience,  
 Sheath'd in love, and quench'd in blood
- 5 Though to speak, thou be not able,  
 Always pray and never rest;  
 Prayer's a weapon for the feeble;  
 Weakest souls can wield it best.  
 Ever on thy Captain calling,  
 Make thy worst condition known;  
 He shall hold thee up when falling,  
 Or shall lift thee up when down.
- 

## 284. P. M.

*Longing to see Jesus.*

TUNE—CONQUERING SOLDIER.

- O** WHEN shall I see Jesus,  
 And reign with him above,  
 And from the flowing fountains  
 Drink everlasting love?  
 When shall I be deliver'd  
 From this vain world of sin,  
 And with my blessed Jesus,  
 Drink endless pleasures in?
- 2 But now I am a soldier,  
 My Captain's gone before,  
 He's given me my orders,  
 And tells me not to fear;  
 And as he has prov'd faithful,  
 A crown of life he'll give,  
 And all his valiant soldiers  
 Eternal life shall live.
- 3 Through grace I am determin'd  
 To conquer, though I die;  
 And then, away to Jesus,  
 On wings of love I'll fly.

- Farewell to sin and sorrow;  
 I bid it all adieu?  
 And you, my friends, prove faithful,  
 And on your way pursue.
- 4 And if you meet with troubles  
 And trials on the way,  
 Then cast your care on Jesus,  
 And don't forget to pray;  
 Gird on the heavenly armour,  
 Of faith, and hope, and love,  
 And when the battle's ended,  
 You'll reign with him above.
- 5 O, do not be discourag'd,  
 For Jesus is your friend,  
 And if you lack for knowledge,  
 He'll not refuse to send;  
 Neither will he upbraid you,  
 Though often you request;  
 He'll give you grace to conquer,  
 And take you up to rest.

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DR. WATTS.] 285. C. M.

*The hopes of heaven our support under trials on earth.*

Tune—NINETY-FIFTH.

- W**HEN I can read my title clear,  
 To mansions in the skies,  
 I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
 And hellish darts be hurl'd,  
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
 And stones of sorrow fall;

- May I but safely reach my home,  
 My God, my heaven, my all ;  
 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
 In seas of heavenly rest,  
 And not a wave of trouble roll  
 Across my peaceful breast.
- 

DR. WATTS.] 286. C. M.

*Not ashamed of the Gospel.* 2 Tim. i. 12.

Tune—FIDUCIA.

- I**'M not asham'd to own my Lord,  
 Or to defend his cause,  
 Maintain the honour of his word,  
 The glory of his cross.  
 2 Jesus, my God ! I know his name ;  
 His name is all my trust ;  
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
 Nor let my hope be lost.  
 3 Firm as his throne, his promise stands ;  
 And he can well secure  
 What I've committed to his hands,  
 Till the decisive hour.  
 4 Then will he own my worthless name,  
 Before his Father's face,  
 And in the New Jerusalem  
 Appoint my soul a place.
- 

DR. WATTS.<sup>1</sup> 287. C. M.

*Salvation.*

Tune—TWENTY-FOURTH.

- S**ALVATION ! O the joyful sound !  
 'Tis pleasure to our ears ;  
 A sovereign balm for every wound,  
 A cordial for our fears.

- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay,  
But we arise by grace divine,  
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 

POPE.] 288. P. M.

Tune—CLAREMONT.

- V**ITAL spark of heavenly flame,  
Quit, O quit this mortal frame;  
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,  
O the pain, the bliss of dying!  
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark! they whisper—angels say,  
Sister spirit, come away;  
What is this absorbs me quite,  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath,  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
- 3 The world recedes, it disappears,  
Heaven opens on my eyes, my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring;  
Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly  
O grave, where is thy victory?  
O death, where is thy sting?
- 

289. L. M.

Tune—SEASONS.

**T**HE name of Christ, how sweet it sounds,  
How sweet the mention of his wounds

- How good, how excellently good,  
Is the dear name of Jesus' blood!
- 2 What makes it so to me, is this:  
All that is Christ's, my portion is;  
I'm his, and all I e'er shall be,  
And all he has he gives to me.
- 3 O, what a great estate have I!  
A heaven to all eternity;  
I'm rich, my Lord hath made me so  
Nor would I greater riches know.
- 4 What did my Saviour at his death,  
To me, unworthy me, bequeath?  
All that he had, his merit, blood,  
He left me when he went to God.
- 5 His new eternal testament  
I read, and much sweet time is spent  
In searching every verse and line,  
How much my Jesus' will is mine.
- 6 My dearest Lord I'll ever bless,  
For his most glorious righteousness,  
I'll sing how black, how vile I am,  
How fair and comely in the Lamb.
- 7 For black and vile I know I am,  
Yet comely through the blessed Lamb,  
And hope ere long to mount above,  
Ever to praise redeeming love.

---

### 290. L. M.

Tune—NEW SALEM.

- I** AM a stranger here below,  
And what I am 'tis hard to know,  
I am so vile, so prone to sin,  
I fear that I'm not born again.
- 2 When I experience call to mind,  
My understanding is so blind,

- All feeling sense seems to be gone,  
Which makes me fear that I am wrong.
- 3 I find myself out of the way;  
My thoughts are often gone astray;  
Like one alone I seem to be—  
Oh! is there any one like me?
- 4 It's seldom I can ever see  
Myself as I would wish to be;  
What I desire I can't attain,  
And what I hate I can't refrain.
- 5 So far from God I seem to lie,  
Which makes me often weep and cry;  
I fear at last that I shall fall;  
For if a saint, the least of all.
- 6 I seldom find a heart to pray,  
So many things step in my way;  
Thus fill'd with doubts, I ask to know,  
Come, tell me, is it thus with you?
- 7 So, by experience I do know,  
There's nothing good that I can do;  
I cannot satisfy the law,  
Nor hope to comfort from it draw.
- 8 My nature is so prone to sin,  
Which makes my duty so unclean,  
That when I count up all the cost,  
If not free grace, then I am lost.

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291. P. M.

*Exceeding great and precious promises.*  
2 Peter i. 4.

Tune—FOUNDATION OF HOPE.

**H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the  
Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!

What more can he say, than to you he  
hath said?

You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

- 2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,  
In poverty's vale or abounding in wealth,  
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,  
'As thy days may demand, shall thy strength  
ever be.

- 3 'Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-  
may'd,  
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee  
aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause  
thee to stand,  
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

- 4 'When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

- 5 'When through fiery trials thy pathway  
shall lie,  
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;  
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design  
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

- 6 'Even down to old age, all my people shall  
prove,  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples  
adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom  
be borne.

- 7 'The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose-  
*I will not, I will not* desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavour  
to shake,  
*I'll never, no never, no never forsake.'*



## 292. P. M.

Tune—INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.

**W**HEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt  
come,

To fetch thy ransom'd people home,

Shall I amongst them stand?

Shall such a worthless worm as I,

Who sometimes am afraid to die,

Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,

Before thy gracious feet to bow,

Though vilest of them all;

But (can I bear the piercing thought?)

What if my name should be left out,

When thou for them shalt call!

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;

Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,

In this th' accepted day;

Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,

To still my unbelieving fear;

Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found:

Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,

To see thy smiling face;

Then, loudest of the crowd I'll sing,

While heaven's resounding mansions ring

With shouts of sovereign grace.

DR. WATTS.] 293. C. M.

*Repentance at the Cross.*

Tune—REPENTANCE.

**O**H! if my soul were formed for woe,

How would I vent my sighs!

Repentance should like rivers flow,

From both my streaming eyes.

- 2 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord  
Hung on the cursed tree,  
And groan'd away a dying life,  
For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 3 O how I hate those lusts of mine,  
That crucified my God ;  
Those sins, that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh  
Fast to the fatal wood.
- 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die ;  
My heart hath so decreed ;  
Nor will I spare the guilty things  
That made my Saviour bleed.
- 5 Whilst with a melting, broken heart,  
My murder'd Lord I view,  
I'll raise revenge against my sins,  
And slay the murd'ers too.

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294. P. M.

Tune—PILGRIM'S FAREWELL.

- F**AREWELL, farewell, farewell, my  
friends, I must be gone ;  
I have no home nor stay with you ;  
I'll take my staff and travel on,  
Till I a better world can view,  
Farewell, farewell, farewell, my loving friends,  
farewell.
- 2 Farewell, &c. my friends, time rolls along,  
Nor waits for mortal cares of bliss,  
I'll leave you here and travel on,  
Till I arrive where Jesus is.  
Farewell, &c.
- 3 Farewell, &c. my brethren in the Lord ;  
To you I'm bound with cords of love ;  
Yet we believe his gracious word,  
We all, ere long, shall meet above.  
Farewell. &c.

4 Farewell, &c. old soldiers of the cross,  
 You've struggled long and hard for heaven;  
 You've counted all things here but loss;  
 March on, the crown shall soon be given.  
 Farewell, &c.

5 Farewell, &c. ye blooming sons of God;  
 Sore conflicts yet remain for you;  
 But dauntless keep the heavenly road,  
 Till Canaan's happy land you view.  
 Farewell, &c.

6 Farewell, &c. poor careless sinners too;  
 It grieves my heart to leave you here;  
 Eternal vengeance waits for you,  
 O turn! O turn! O turn! and find sal-  
 vation near.  
 Farewell, &c.

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DR. WATTS.] 295. L. M.

*Prayer for deliverance answered.* Isa. xxvi. 8—20.

Tune—JUDGMENT.

**I**N thine own ways, O God of Love!  
 We wait the visits of thy grace;  
 Our souls' desire is to thy name,  
 And the remembrance of thy face.

2 My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee,  
 'Mongst the black shades of lonesome  
 night;

My earnest cries salute the skies,  
 Before the dawn restores the light.

3 Look how rebellious men deride  
 The tender patience of my God!  
 But they shall see thy lifted hand,  
 And feel the scourges of thy rod.

4 Hark! the Eternal rends the sky;  
 A mighty voice before him goes:

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- A voice of music to his friends,  
 But threat'ning thunder to his foes.
- 5 Come, children, to your Father's arms;  
 Hide in the chambers of my grace,  
 Till the fierce storms be overblown,  
 And my revenging fury cease.
- 6 My sword shall boast its thousands slain,  
 And drink the blood of haughty kings,  
 While heavenly peace around my flock  
 Stretches its soft and shady wings.

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296. L. M.

Tune—DENMARK.

- B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;  
 Know that the Lord is God alone;  
 He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men;  
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
 High as the heavens our voices raise,  
 And earth with her ten thousand tongues  
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,  
 Vast as eternity thy love;  
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

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DR. WATTS.] 297. C. M.

*Death and Eternity.*

Tune—MORTALITY.

**S**TOOP down, my thoughts, that use to  
 rise,  
 Converse a while with death;

- Think how a grasping mortal lies,  
And pants away his breath.
- 2 His quiv'ring lip hangs feebly down;  
His pulse is faint and few;  
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan,  
He bids the world adieu.
- 3 But, O! the soul, that never dies,  
At once it leaves the clay;  
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,  
And track its wondrous way.
- 4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,  
It mounts triumphing there;  
Or devils plunge it down to hell,  
In infinite despair.
- 5 And must my body faint and die?  
And must this soul remove?  
O, for some guardian angel nigh;  
To bear it safe above.
- 6 Jesus, to thy dear, faithful hand,  
My naked soul I trust;  
And my flesh waits for thy command,  
To drop into my dust.

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### FUNERAL HYMNS.

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DR. WATTS.] 298. C. M.

*A funeral thought.*

- H**ARK! from the tombs a doleful sound  
My ears attend the cry;  
'Ye living men come view the ground  
Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 'Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
In spite of all your towers;  
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,  
Must lie as low as ours.

- 3 Great God! is this our certain doom?  
 And are we still secure?  
 Still walking downward to our tomb,  
 And yet prepare no more?
- 4 Grant us the powers of quick'ning grace,  
 To fit our souls to fly;  
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh,  
 We'll rise above the sky.
- 

STEELE.] 299. C. M.

- W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd away  
 By death's resistless hand,  
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,  
 Which pity may demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
 O, may this truth, impress'd,  
 With awful power—*I too must die*—  
 Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more;  
 Behold the gaping tomb!  
 It bids us seize the present hour;  
 To-morrow, death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene,  
 May every heart obey;  
 Nor be the heavenly warning vain,  
 Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 O, let us fly, to Jesus fly,  
 Whose powerful arm can save;  
 Then shall our hopes ascend on high,  
 And triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Great God, thy sovereign grace impart,  
 With cleansing, healing power;  
 This only can prepare the heart,  
 For death's surprising hour.

DR. WATTS.] 300. C. M.

*The death and burial of a Saint.*

**W**HY do we mourn departing friends  
 Or shake at death's alarms?  
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,  
 To call them to his arms.

- 2 Are we not tending upward too,  
 As fast as time can move?  
 Nor should we wish the hours more slow  
 To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey  
 Their bodies to the tomb,  
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
 And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,  
 And soften'd every bed;  
 Where should the dying members rest,  
 But with their dying head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,  
 And show'd our feet the way;  
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,  
 At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
 And bid our kindred rise;  
 Awake, ye nations under ground,  
 Ye saints, ascend the skies.

DR. WATTS.] 301. C. M.

*Frail life, and succeeding eternity*

**T**HEE we adore, eternal Name!  
 And humbly own to thee,  
 How feeble is our mortal frame,  
 What dying worms are we!

- 2 [Our wasting lives grow shorter still,  
 As months and days increase;

- And every beating pulse we tell,  
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away  
The breath that first it gave;  
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
We're trav'ling to the grave.]
- 4 Dangers stand thick, thro' all the ground,  
To push us to the tomb;  
And fierce diseases wait around,  
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Good God! on what a slender thread  
Hang everlasting things!  
Th' eternal states of all the dead,  
Upon life's feeble strings!
- 6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,  
Attends on every breath;  
And yet how unconcern'd we go,  
Upon the brink of death!
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,  
To walk this dang'rous road;  
And if our souls are hurried hence,  
May they be found with God.

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DR. WATTS.] 302. C. M.

*A thought of death and glory.*

**M**Y soul, come meditate the day,  
And think how near it stands,  
When thou must quit this house of clay,  
And fly to unknown lands.

- 2 [And you, mine eyes, look down and view  
The hollow gaping tomb;  
This gloomy prison waits for you,  
Whene'er the summons come.]
- 3 O! could we die with those that die,  
And vance us in their stead,



Then would our spirits learn to fly,  
And converse with the dead.

- 4 Then should we see the saints above,  
In their own glorious forms,  
And wonder why our souls should love  
To dwell with mortal worms.

- 5 [How we should scorn these clothes of flesh  
These fetters, and this load ;  
And long for evening to undress,  
That we may rest with God.]

- 6 We should almost forsake our clay  
Before the summons come,  
And pray and wish our souls away  
To their eternal home.

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DEATH.

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HART.] 303. C. M.

VAIN man thy fond pursuits forbear,  
Repent, thy end is nigh ;  
Death, at the farthest, can't be far ;  
O, think before thou die.

- 2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save ;  
Thy sins, how high they mount !  
What are thy hopes beyond the grave ?  
How stands that dark account ?

- 3 Death enters, and there's no defence ;  
His time there's none can tell ;  
He'll in a moment call thee hence,  
To heaven, or, to hell.

- 4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,  
Shall crawling worms consume ;  
But ah ! destruction stops not there ;  
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

- 5 To-day, the gospel calls to-day;  
Sinners, it speaks to you;  
Let every one forsake his way,  
And *mercy* will ensue.
- 6 Rich mercy, dearly bought with blood;  
How vile soe'er he be,  
Abundant pardon, peace with God,  
All given entirely free.
- 

## HART.] 304. S. M.

- Y**E bold, blaspheming souls,  
Whose conscience nothing scares  
Ye carnal, cold, professing fools,  
Whose state's as bad as theirs;
- 2 Ye strong, deluded lights,  
Whose faith's too stout to pray;  
And ye, whom proud perfection cheats,  
As free from sin as they;
- 3 The awful change, not far,  
Dissolves each golden dream;  
Death will distinguish what you *are*,  
From what you only *seem*.
- 4 Repent, or you're undone,  
And pray to God with speed,  
Perhaps the truth may yet be known,  
And make you free indeed.
- 5 The hour of death draws nigh;  
'Tis time to drop the mask;  
Fall at the feet of Christ, and cry;  
He gives to all that ask.
- 6 Good Shepherd of the sheep,  
Abolisher of death,  
O, give us all repentance deep,  
And purifying faith.

DR. WATTS.] 305. C. M.

*Death dreadful, or delightful.*

**D**EATH! 'tis a melancholy day  
To those that have no God,  
When the poor soul is forc'd away,  
To seek her last abode.

- 2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes;  
But guilt, a heavy chain,  
Still drags her downward from the skies,  
To darkness, fire and pain.
- 3 Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell;  
Let stubborn sinners fear;  
You must be driven from earth, and dwell  
A long FOR EVER there.
- 4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,  
And flashes in your face!  
And thou, my soul, look downward too,  
And sing recov'ring grace.
- 5 He is a God of sovereign love,  
That promis'd heaven to me,  
That taught my thoughts to soar above,  
Where happy spirits be.
- 6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand;  
Then come the joyful day;  
Come death, and some celestial band,  
To bear my soul away.

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## JUDGMENT.

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HART.] 306. L. M.

*The day of Judgment.*

**A**wake, ye sleeping souls, awake,  
And hear the God of Israel speak;  
His word is faithful, firm and true;  
Sinners, attend, he speaks to you.

- 2 'Mercy and vengeance in me dwell;  
One lifts to heaven, one casts to hell;  
My favour's more than life, my wrath  
Will burn beyond the bounds of death.'
- 3 Short is the space, and death must come;  
And after death, the day of doom;  
When quick and dead the Judge shall call  
And deal their due deserts to all.
- 4 Fix'd in their everlasting state,  
Could men repent, 'twere then too late;  
Justice has bolted Mercy's door,  
And God's long suff'ring is no more.
- 5 'Tis *now* the gospel message sent,  
Commands repentance—*now* repent;  
Wisely be warn'd, to refuge run;  
Obey the Father, kiss the Son.
- 6 In Christ, receive the gift of God,  
Complete redemption through his blood;  
Mercy triumphant, sin forgiven,  
And everlasting life in heaven.

---

HART.] 307. S. M.

- B**EHOLD, with awful pomp,  
The Judge prepares to come;  
**Th'** archangel sounds the dreadful trumpet,  
And wakes the general doom.
- 2 Nature, in wild amaze,  
Her dissolution mourns;  
Blushes of blood the moon deface,  
The sun to darkness turns.
  - 3 The living look with dread;  
The frightened dead arise;  
Start from their monumental bed,  
And lift their ghastly eyes.
  - 4 Horrors all hearts appal;  
They quake, they shriek, they cry:

Bid rocks and mountains on them fall;  
But rocks and mountains fly.

- 5 Ye wilful, wanton fools,  
Let danger make you wise;  
Carnal professors, careless souls,  
Unclose your lazy eyes.
- 6 'Tis time we all awake;  
The dreadful day draws near;  
Sinners, your proud presumption check,  
And stop your wild career.
- 7 Now is th' accepted time;  
To Christ for mercy fly;  
O, turn, repent, and trust in him,  
And you shall never die.
- 8 Great God, in whom we live,  
Prepare us for that day;  
Help us in Jesus to believe,  
To watch, and wait, and pray.

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DR. DODDRIDGE.] 308. S. M.

*The final sentence and misery of the wicked.*  
Matt. xxiv. 41.

**A**ND will the Judge descend?  
And must the dead arise?  
And not a single soul escape  
His all-discerning eyes?

- 2 And from his righteous lips,  
Shall this dread sentence sound,  
And through the numerous guilty throng  
Spread black despair around?
- 3 'Depart from me accurs'd,  
To everlasting flame,  
For rebel angels first prepar'd,  
Where mercy never came.'
- 4 How will my heart endure  
The terrors of that day,

- When earth and heaven, before his face,  
Astonish'd, shrink away?
- 5 But, ere that trumpet shakes  
The mansions of the dead,  
Hark! from the Gospel's cheering sound,  
What joyful tidings spread!
- 6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear:  
Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
And find salvation there.
- 7 So shall that curse remove,  
By which the Saviour bled,  
And the last awful day shall pour  
His blessings on your head.

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PRESIDENT DAVIES.] 309. L. M.

*Sinners and Saints, and the wreck of Nature*  
Isa. xxiv. 18—20.

- H**OW great, how terrible that God,  
Who shakes *creation* with a nod!  
He *frowns*—earth, sea, all Nature's frame,  
Sink in one universal flame.
- 2 Where now, O! where shall sinners seek  
For shelter in the general wreck?  
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown?  
See rocks, like snow, dissolving down!
- 3 In vain for mercy now they cry;  
In lakes of liquid fire they lie;  
There, on the flaming billows toss'd,  
For ever, O! for ever lost.
- 4 But saints, undaunted and serene,  
Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene;  
Your Saviour lives, the world expire,  
And earth and skies dissolve in fire.
- 5 Jesus, the helpless creature's friend,  
To thee my all I dare commend,

Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,  
When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

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DR. WATTS' LYRIC POEMS.] 310. L. M.

*Come, Lord Jesus.*

**W**HEN shall thy lovely face be seen?  
When shall our eyes behold our God?  
What lengths of distance lie between,  
And hills of guilt, a heavy load!

- 2 Our months are ages of delay,  
And slowly every minute wears;  
Fly, winged time, and roll away  
These tedious rounds of sluggish years.
  - 3 Ye heavenly gates, loose all your chains;  
Let the eternal pillars bow;  
Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains,  
And make the crystal mountains flow.
  - 4 Hark, how thy saints unite their cries,  
And pray, and wait the general doom;  
Come, Thou, the soul of all our joys,  
Thou, the Desire of Nations, come.
  - 5 Put thy bright robes of triumph on,  
And bless our eyes, and bless our ears,  
Thou absent Love, thou dear Unknown,  
The fairest of ten thousand fairs.
- 

HART.] 311. C. M.

**S**INNER, that slumb'rest on the brink  
Of hell's devouring lake,  
O, think on death, on judgment think,  
What mean'st thou, sleeper? Wake!

- 2 Soon shall the Lord himself descend,  
The clouds before him driven;

- A sudden shout the earth shall rend,  
And shake the powers of heaven.
- 3 Myriads of angels bright shall wait,  
His orders to obey ;  
And ransom'd saints triumphant meet,  
As bright and blest as they.
- 4 The King shall send his summons forth,  
His messengers shall speed,  
From east and west, from south and north,  
To cite the quick and dead.
- 5 But, ah ! what pale, what ghastly looks  
When guilty wretches come,  
To hear from God's unerring books,  
Their just, though dreadful doom !
- 6 Convinc'd of every wanton word,  
Of every daring sin,  
Of speeches hard against the Lord,  
And thoughts and acts unclean.
- 7 Save us, O Jesus ! by thy death,  
And cleanse us in thy blood ;  
Give us to live and die in faith,  
And wait the trump of God.

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DR. WATTS.] 312. C. M.

*The everlasting absence of God, intolerable*

- T**HAT awful day will surely come,  
Th' appointed hour makes haste,  
When I must stand before my Judge,  
And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,  
Thou Sov'reign of my heart,  
How could I bear to hear thy voice  
Pronounce the sound, 'Depart ?'
- 3 [The thunder of that dismal word,  
Would so torment my ear,



'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,  
With most tormenting fear.]

- 4 What! to be banish'd for my life,  
And yet forbid to die?  
To linger in eternal pain,  
Yet death for ever fly!
- 5 O! wretched state of deep despair,  
To see my God remove,  
And fix my doleful station where  
I must not taste his love.
- 6 Jesus! I throw my arms around,  
And hang upon thy breast;  
Without a gracious smile from thee,  
My spirit cannot rest.
- 7 O! tell me that my worthless name  
Is graven on thy hands;  
Show me some promise in thy book,  
Where my salvation stands.
- 8 Give me one kind assuring word,  
To sink my fears again;  
And cheerfully my soul shall wait,  
Her threescore years and ten.

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DR. S. STENNETT.] 313. C. M.

*The last Judgment.*

**H**E comes! he comes! to judge the world,  
Aloud the archangel cries;  
While thunders roll from pole to pole;  
And lightning cleaves the skies.

- 2 Th' affrighted nations hear the sound,  
And upwards lift their eyes;  
The slumb'ring tenants of the ground,  
In living armies rise.
- 3 Amid the shouts of numerous friends,  
Of hosts divinely bright,

- The judge in solemn pomp descends,  
 Array'd in robes of light.
- 4 His head and hair are white as snow;  
 His eyes a fiery flame;  
 A radiant crown adorns his brow,  
 And JESUS is his name.
- 5 Writ on his thigh his name appears,  
 And scars his vict'ries tell;  
 Lo! in his hand the Conqu'ror bears  
 The keys of death and hell.
- 6 So he ascends the judgment-seat,  
 And at his dread command,  
 Myriads of creatures round his feet  
 In solemn silence stand.
- 7 Princes and peasants here expect  
 Their last, their righteous doom;  
 The men who dar'd his grace reject,  
 And they who dar'd presume.
- 8 'Depart, ye sons of vice and sin,'  
 The injur'd JESUS cries;  
 While the long, kindling wrath within,  
 Flashes from both his eyes.
- 9 And now, with words divinely sweet,  
 With rapture in his face,  
 Aloud his sacred lips repeat  
 The sentence of his grace:
- 10 'Well done, my good and faithful sons,  
 The children of my love;  
 Receive the *sceptres, crowns and thrones*  
 Prepar'd for you above.'

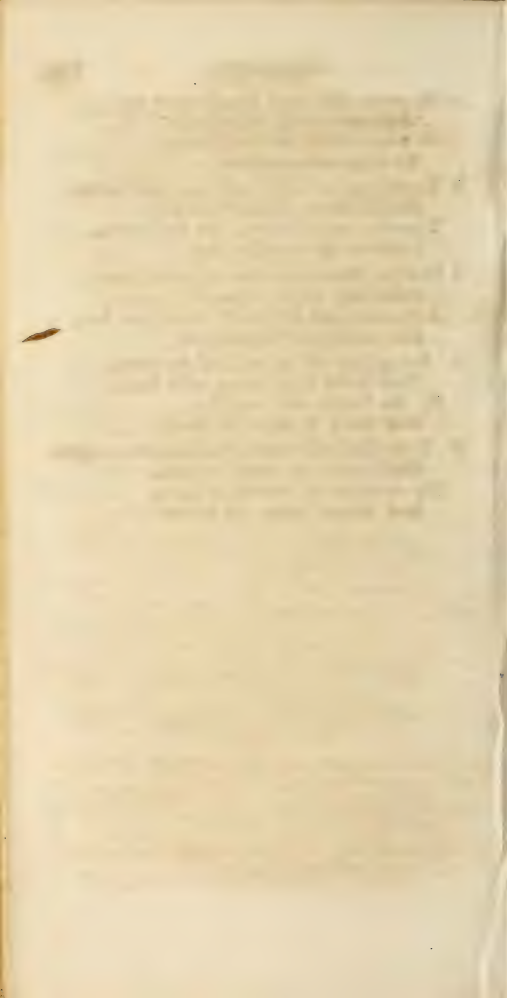
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DR. WATTS. 314. C. M.

*The last judgment; or, the Saints rewarded.*

**T**HE Lord, the Judge, before his throne,  
 Bids the whole earth draw nigh;  
 The nations near the rising sun,  
 And near the western sky.

- 1 No more shall bold blasphemers say,  
    'Judgment shall ne'er begin ;'  
No more abuse his long delay,  
    To impudence and sin.
- 2 Thron'd on a cloud, our God shall come ;  
    Bright flames prepare his way ;  
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,  
    Lead on the dreadful day.
- 3 Heaven from above his call shall hear,  
    Attending angels come ;  
And earth and hell shall know and fear,  
    His justice and their doom.
- 4 ' But gather all my saints,' he cries,  
    That made their peace with God,  
By the Redeemer's sacrifice,  
    And seal'd it with his blood.
- 5 Their faith and works, brought forth to light,  
    Shall make the world confess,  
My sentence of reward is right,  
    And heaven adore my grace.



# SPIRITUAL SONGS, ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY

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## I.

### *The Prodigal Son.*

**A**FFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,  
Are oft in mercy sent,  
They stop the prodigal's career,  
And cause him to repent.  
Although he no relenting felt,  
Till he had spent his store,  
His stubborn heart began to melt,  
When famine pinch'd him sore.  
'What have I gain'd by sin,' he said,  
'But hunger, shame and fear?  
My father's house abounds with bread,  
While I am starving here.  
I'll go and tell him all I've done,  
Fall down before his face;  
Unworthy to be call'd a son,  
I'll seek a servant's place.'  
His father saw him coming back;  
He saw, and ran, and smil'd,  
And threw his arms around the neck  
Of his rebellious child.  
'Father, I've sinn'd; but O! forgive'—  
'Enough,' the father said;  
'Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,  
For whom I mourn'd as dead.  
Now let the fatted calf be slain,  
And spread the news around;  
My son was dead, but lives again,  
Was lost, but now is found.'

'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,  
 To call poor sinners home;  
 More than a father's love he feels,  
 And welcomes all that come.

- 5 Come, then, poor sinners, come away,  
 We call you all around;  
 'Tis the accepted, promis'd day,  
 When gospel grace abounds.  
 Come, mourning souls, to Jesus come,  
 Whose blood for you aton'd;  
 His heart, his hands, and church, have ro  
 We therefore bid you come.
- 

## 2.

- AH, lovely appearance of death!  
 What sight upon earth is so fair?  
 Not all the gay pageants that breathe,  
 Can with a dead body compare.  
 With solemn delight I survey  
 The corpse when the spirit is fled;  
 In love with the beautiful clay,  
 And longing to lie in its stead.
- 2 How blest is our brother, bereft  
 Of all that could burden his mind!  
 How easy the soul, that has left  
 This wearisome body behind!  
 Of evil incapable, thou  
 Whose relics with envy I see,  
 No longer in misery now,  
 No longer a sinner like me.
- 8 This earth is affected no more  
 With sickness, or shaken with pain  
 The war in the members is o'er,  
 And never shall vex him again;  
 No anger, henceforward, or shame,  
 Shall redden this innocent clay;

Extinct is the animal flame,  
 And passion is vanish'd away.  
 This languishing head is at rest,  
 Its thinking and aching are o'er;  
 This quiet immovable breast  
 Is heav'd by affliction no more.  
 This heart is no longer the seat  
 Of trouble and torturing pain;  
 It ceases to flutter and beat;  
 It never shall flutter again.  
 The lids he so seldom could close,  
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,  
 Seal'd up in eternal repose,  
 Have strangely forgotten to weep.  
 The fountains can yield no supplies;  
 Those hollows from water are free;  
 The tears are all wiped from his eyes  
 And evil they never shall see.  
 To mourn and to suffer is mine,  
 While bound in a prison I breathe;  
 And still for deliverance pine,  
 And press to the issue of death.  
 What now with my tears I bedew,  
 O, might I this moment become;  
 My spirit created anew,  
 My flesh be confin'd to the tomb.

---

BIGGS' COLLECTION.] 3.

*The curious observer.*

**A**LL you that profess to be going to glory,  
 Be patient a while, and to you I'll relate  
 Oft times I have trod in the paths of trans-  
 gressors;  
 I hope you won't share in my unhappy fate,  
 But still my desires towards God are a-  
 flowing;  
 Sometimes my soul his love is enjoying;

The highway to heaven I aim to be going  
To follow the Lamb to his glory above

- 2 But, pray let me tell you, I feel most unhappy  
Under sad division that's lately arose ;  
Instead of the watchmen being helpmates  
together,

The one, the other endeavours to oppose  
The Scripture exhorts us to love one another  
And he that loves Jesus, will sure love his  
brother ;

The Christian that lives in his duty, will  
never

Despise a weak brother that travels the  
way.

- 3 Here's one, he gets perfect, and he can  
from it ;

The other, he meets with in-dwelling sin  
One preaches and holds to believers, baptism

The other denies it, and so they begin  
I think. that in stewardship men ought  
be faithful,

And no gospel righteousness should ap-  
pear hateful ;

And they who follow Jesus, must follow him  
careful,

Or never expect to enjoy him above.

- 4 Here's one persevering, the other is perfect  
The one he goes on, the other he stands  
For he who's got perfect, he can get  
farther,

And his Christian warfare is all at an end  
But Paul, he exhorts us always to be running  
For he who is standing, is always back  
turning,

Come on, brother trav'lers, and eye the  
high calling,

And press for the glories of eternity.



- 5 And if you expect to arrive at perfection,  
I pray you go on, that the prize you  
may win;  
And let not the enemy fill you with notions,  
That you have got perfect before you  
begin.  
Some say John the Baptist was no gospel  
preacher;  
But surely St. Paul was an honest old teacher;  
And he that climbs over the wall is a traitor,  
And ne'er shall be own'd as a sheep in  
the fold.
- 6 The herald for Jesus, sure, was John the  
Baptist;  
Glad tidings he brought to a perishing world;  
He points forth the Saviour, to save the be-  
liever;  
The light springs from darkness, the Gos-  
pel's unfurl'd.  
But some to destroy the weight of this  
preacher  
Do sneeringly say he was a Jewish teacher;  
Then Isaac, and Jacob, and Joseph, and Jesus,  
May all be condemn'd to die the same way.
- 7 If God is all-knowing, then what is he doing?  
Why does he make choice of one who's  
so gay,  
To marry a stranger to the blessed Redeemer,  
For him to divorce her for ever away?  
Or is power lacking, to keep his possession?  
Then Satan may glory and triumph for joy.  
If sinners not saved, saints may be bereav'd  
Then where's the advantage of knowing  
the Lord?
- 8 I pray you, don't think that I speak as a  
beaster,  
Nor yet as a scoffer, your zeal to reprove"

I only desire to give God the glory,  
 And credit religion that comes from above  
 The way of humility leads to the Saviour,  
 And they that walk in it, will sure find his  
 favour;  
 The Scriptures your guide, press on, and  
 don't waver,  
 The angels shall meet you on Jordan's  
 cold stream.

---

 4.

- A**LMIGHTY love inspire  
 My heart with sacred fire,  
 And animate desire,  
 My soul to renew;  
 I love the blessed Jesus,  
 On whom each angel gazes,  
 And sympathy increases  
 Above the ethereal blue.
- 2** Thou tender-hearted Jesus,  
 Thy love my soul amazes,  
 Who came for to save us,  
 When lost and undone.  
 No seraph could retrieve us.  
 No angel could redeem us,  
 No arm could relieve us,  
 But Jesus alone.
- 3** Come, thou, the sinners' friend  
 My simple prayer attend,  
 And save me to the end,  
 From the evil to come;  
 Afford me the favour,  
 That issues from the Saviour,  
 And O! forsake me never,  
 Until I get home.
- 4** In him I have believed,  
 He hath my soul received,

From sin he hath redeemed  
 My soul, which was dead;  
 And now I love my Saviour,  
 For I am in his favour,  
 And I hope with him for ever  
 The golden streets to tread.

- 5 Yet here awhile I stay,  
 In hope of that glad day,  
 When I am call'd away,  
 To mansions above;  
 There to enjoy the pleasures  
 Of unconsuming treasures,  
 And shout in highest measures,  
 Hallelujahs of love.
- 

DR. WATTS' SERMONS.] 5. C. M.

*Holy fortitude.* 1 Cor. xvi. 13.

- A**M I a soldier of the cross,  
 A follower of the Lamb;  
 And shall I fear to own his cause,  
 Or blush to speak his name?
- 3 Must I be carried to the skies  
 On flowery beds of ease,  
 While others fought to win the prize,  
 And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
 Must I not stem the flood?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
 To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;  
 Increase my courage, Lord!  
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
 Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
 Shall conquer, though they die;

L

- They see the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine,  
In robes of victory, through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.
- 

## 6. C. M.

*Parental submission on the loss of a child*

- AND is thy lovely shadow fled?  
Yet stop those fruitless tears;  
He from a thousand pangs is freed,  
You from ten thousand fears.
- 2 Though lost, he's lost to earth alone;  
Above he will be found  
Amidst the stars, and near the throne,  
Which babes like him surround.
- 3 Look upward, and your child you'll see  
Fix'd in his blest abode;  
What parent would not childless be  
To give a child to God?
- 

## 7.

- AND let this feeble body fail,  
And let it faint or die;  
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,  
And soar to worlds on high;  
Shall join the disembodied saints,  
And find its long-sought rest,  
That only bliss for which it pants,  
In the Redeemer's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,  
I now the cross sustain,  
And gladly wander up and down,  
And smile at toil and pain:

- I suffer on my threescore years,  
Till my deliv'rer come,  
And wipe away his servant's tears,  
And take his exile home.
- 3 O, what has Jesus done for me?  
Before my ravish'd eyes,  
Rivers of life divine I see,  
And trees of paradise;  
I see a world of spirits bright,  
Who taste the pleasures there;  
They all are rob'd in spotless white,  
And conq'ring palms they bear.
- 4 O, what are all my suff'rings here,  
If, Lord, thou count me meet  
With that enraptur'd host t' appear,  
And worship at thy feet?  
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain;  
Take life or friends away;  
But let me find them all again  
In that eternal day.

---

8. 6, 8.

- A**RISE my soul, arise,  
Shake off thy guilty fears,  
The bleeding sacrifice  
In my behalf appears;  
Before the throne my surety stands,  
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
Received on Calvary;  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly plead for me:  
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry  
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.
- 3 The father hears him pray  
His dear anointed one,

He cannot turn away  
 The presence of his son,  
 His Spirit answers to the blood,  
 And tells me I am born of God.

- 4 My God is reconcil'd,  
 His pard'ning voice I hear;  
 He owns me for a child,  
 I can no longer fear;  
 With confidence I now draw nigh,  
 And Father, Abba Father, cry.
- 

DR. S. STENNETT.] 9. C. M.

*The converted Thief.* Luke xxiii. 42.

AS on the cross the Saviour hung,  
 And wept, and bled, and died,  
 He pour'd salvation on a wretch,  
 That languish'd at his side.

- 2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,  
 The penitent confess'd;  
 Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,  
 And thus his pray'r address'd:
- 3 'JESUS, thou Son and Heir of heaven,  
 Thou spotless Lamb of God,  
 I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears;  
 And welt'ring in thy blood;
- 4 'Yet quickly from these scenes of woe,  
 In triumph thou shalt rise,  
 Burst through the gloomy shades of death,  
 And shine above the skies.
- 5 'Amid the glories of that world,  
 Dear Saviour, think on me;  
 And in the victories of thy death,  
 Let me a sharer be.'

- 6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,  
And instantly replies,  
'To-day thy parting soul shall be  
With me in Paradise.'
- 

## 10. 8, 8, 6.

- A**WAKED by Sinai's awful sound,  
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,  
And knew not where to go ;  
O'erwhelm'd in sin, with anguish slain,  
'The sinner must be born again,'  
Or sink in endless woe.
- 2 A naz'd I stood, but could not tell  
Which way to shun the gates of hell ;  
For death and hell drew near ;  
I strove indeed, but strove in vain  
'The sinner must be born again,'  
Still sounded in my ear.
- 3 When to the law I trembling fled,  
It pour'd its curses on my head ;  
I no relief could find.  
This fearful truth increased my pain ;  
'The sinner must be born again,'  
O'erwhelm'd my tortur'd mind.
- 4 Again did Sinai's thunder roll,  
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,  
A vast, unwieldy load ;  
Alas ! I read, and saw it plain,  
'The sinner must be born again,'  
Or drink the wrath of God.
- 5 The saints I heard with rapture tell,  
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,  
And broke the fowler's snare ;  
Yet when I found this truth remain,  
'The sinner must be born again,'  
I sink in deep despair.

- 6 But while I thus in anguish lay,  
 Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd that way,  
 And felt his pity move;  
 The sinner by his *justice* slain,  
 Now by his *grace* 'is born again,'  
 And sings redeeming love.
- 7 To heaven the joyful tidings flew;  
 The angels tuned their harps anew,  
 And lofty notes did raise;  
 All hail, the Lamb that once was slain,  
 Unnumber'd millions 'born again,'  
 Shall shout thine endless praise.
- 

## BIGGS' COLLECTION.] 11.

- A**WAY, my doubts, begone, my fears,  
 The wonders of the Lord appears;  
 The wonders that my Saviour wrought,  
 O how delightful is the thought!  
 The wonders of redeeming love,  
 When first my heart was drawn above,  
 When first I saw my Saviour's face,  
 And triumph'd in redeeming grace.
- 2 Pursue, my thoughts, the pleasing theme;  
 'Twas not a fancy, nor a dream;  
 'Twas grace descending from the skies,  
 And shall be marv'lous in my eyes.  
 Long had I mourn'd, like one forgot;  
 Long had my soul for comfort sought;  
 Jesus was witness to my tears,  
 And Jesus sweetly calm'd my fears.
- 3 He cleans'd my soul, he chang'd my dress,  
 And cloth'd me with his righteousness;  
 He spake at once my sins forgiven,  
 And I rejoiced, as if in heaven.  
 How was I struck with sweet surprise,  
 While glory shone before mine eyes!



- How did I sing, from day to day,  
And wish'd to sing my soul away !
- 4 The world, with all its pomp, withdrew,  
'Twas less than nothing in my view ;  
Redeeming love was all my theme,  
And life appear'd an idle dream.  
I gloried in my Saviour's grace ;  
I sang my great Redeemer's praise ;  
My soul then long'd to soar away,  
And leave her tenement of clay.
- 5 The powers of hell in vain combine,  
To tempt or interrupt my mind ;  
I saw, and sang in joyful strains,  
The monster, Satan, bound in chains.  
These are the wonders I record,  
The marv'ulous goodness of the Lord ;  
O, for a tongue to speak his praise !  
To tell the triumphs of his grace !

---

12. L. M.

*Trust and confidence.* Hab. iii. 17, 18.

- A**WAY, my unbelieving fear !  
Let fear in me no more take place :  
My Saviour doth not yet appear,  
He hides the brightness of his face ;  
But shall I therefore let him go,  
And basely to the tempter yield ?  
No ; in the strength of Jesus, no !  
I never will give up my shield.
- 2 Although the vine its fruit deny ;  
Although the olive yield no oil ;  
The with'ring fig-tree droop and die ;  
The field elude the tiller's toil ;  
The empty stall no herd afford,  
And perish all the bleating race ;  
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,  
The God of my salvation praise.

- 3 Away, each unbelieving fear !  
Let fear to cheering hope give place ;  
My Saviour will at length appear,  
And show the brightness of his face.  
Though now my prospects all be cross'd  
My blooming hopes cut off I see,  
Still will I in my Jesus trust,  
Whose boundless love can reach to me
- 4 In hope, believing against hope,  
His promis'd mercy will I claim,  
His gracious word shall bear me up,  
To seek salvation in his name.  
Soon, my dear Saviour, bring it nigh ;  
My soul shall then outstrip the wind,  
On wings of love mount up on high,  
And leave the world and sin behind.
- 

## 13. C. M.

- B**ACKSLIDERS, who your miseries feel,  
Attend your Saviour's call :  
Return, he'll your backslidings heal ;  
O crown him LORD of ALL.
- 2 Though crimson sin increase your guilt,  
And painful is your thrall ;  
For broken hearts his blood was spilt ;  
O crown him Lord of All.
- 3 Take with your words, approach his throne,  
And low before him fall ;  
He understands the spirit's groan ;  
O crown him Lord of All.
- 4 Whoever comes, he'll not cast out,  
Although your faith be small ;  
His faithfulness you cannot doubt ;  
O crown him Lord of All.

NEWTON.] 14. 10, 10, 11, 11.

*I will trust and not be afraid.* Isa. xii. 2.

**B**EGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near,  
And for my relief will surely appear;  
By prayer let me wrestle and he will per-  
form;

With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the  
storm.

- 2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide  
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide:  
Though systems be broken, and creatures  
all fail,  
The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love in times past forbids me to think  
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;  
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review  
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite  
through.
- 4 Determin'd to save, he watch'd o'er my path,  
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with  
death;  
And can he have taught me to trust in his  
name,  
And thus far have brought me to put me  
to shame?
- 5 Why should I complain of want or distress,  
Temptation or pain? he told me no less;  
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,  
Through much tribulation must follow the  
Lord.
- 6 How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive,  
Which he drank quite up that sinners might  
live!  
His way was much rougher and darker than  
mine;  
Did Jesus thus suffer? and shall I repine?

7 Since all that I meet shall work for my  
     good,  
 The bitter is sweet, the medicine food;  
 Though painful at present, 'twill cease be-  
     fore long,  
 And then, O, how pleasant the conqueror's  
     song.

---

15. L. M.

**B**EHOLD the love, the grace of God,  
 Display'd in Jesus' precious blood!  
 My soul's on fire, it pants to prove  
 The fullness of redeeming love.

- 2 Our God is love; leap, O my soul!  
 Let loud hosannas gently roll;  
 Love gave his son to save our race,  
 And Jesus died, O sovereign grace!
- 3 What love has done, O! sing around;  
 Angels, proclaim the eternal sound;  
 Lord Jesus bleeding on the tree—  
 There, there, the Love of God I see.
- 4 O look, and gaze! my rebel heart  
 Feels its own hardness to depart;  
 Repentance now begins to roll,  
 And love in streams runs through my soul.
- 5 The cross I view, O wondrous love!  
 My fears expire, my guilt remove,  
 My native enmity is slain;  
 I'm reconcil'd and born again.
- 6 By faith in Jesus' bloody cross,  
 The devil's kingdom suffers loss;  
 Crowds on their way from sin to God,  
 Have overcome through Jesus' blood.
- 7 O, that the world would turn their eyes,  
 And view the bleeding sacrifice;

- Th' almighty love that's there display'd,  
Would bruise and crush the serpent's head.
- 8 O, how I long to see that hour,  
When sin and death shall lose their power;  
When all the world, both great and small,  
Shall own him SOVEREIGN LORD OF ALL.
- 9 Thou bleeding Lamb, thou mighty God,  
O, spread thy conquest far abroad;  
Thy kingdom come, thou great I AM,  
Let every knee bow to thy name.
- 10 Shout, Christians, shout, the Lord has come;  
Prepare, prepare, to make him room;  
On earth he reigns, we feel him near,  
The signs of glory now appear.
- 

FAWCETT.] 16. L. M.

*The Lamb of God.* John i. 29.

- B**EHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,  
With wonder, gratitude and love;  
To take away our guilt and shame,  
See him descending from above.
- 2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid;  
He meekly bore the mighty load;  
Our ransom price he fully paid  
In groans, and tears, and sweat, and blood.
- 3 To save a guilty world he dies;  
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb;  
To him lift up your longing eyes,  
And hope for mercy in his name.
- 4 Pardon and peace through him abound;  
He can the richest blessings give;  
Salvation in his name is found,  
He bids the dying sinner live.

- 5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee;  
Where else can helpless sinners go?  
Thy boundless love shall set me free  
From all my wretchedness and woe.
- 

17. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

*The Jubilee.*

- B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow  
The gladly solemn sound!  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,  
The sin-atoning Lamb;  
Redemption by his blood  
Through all the world proclaim.  
The year, &c.
- 3 [Ye, who have sold for naught  
The heritage above,  
Shall have it back unbought,  
The gift of Jesus' love.  
The year, &c.]
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive:  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blest in Jesus live.  
The year, &c.
- 5 The gospel-trumpet hear,  
The news of pard'ning grace;  
Ye happy souls, draw near,  
Behold your Saviour's face.  
The year, &c

- 6 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Has full atonement made;  
Ye weary spirits, rest;  
Ye mournful souls, be glad!  
The year, &c.
- 

## 18. C. M.

- B**RETHREN, farewell, I do you tell,  
Since you and I must part;  
I go away and here you stay;  
But still we join in heart.
- 2 Your love to me has run most free,  
Your conversation sweet;  
How can I bear to journey where  
With you I cannot meet.
- 3 Yet I do find my heart inclin'd  
To do my work below;  
When Christ doth call, I trust I shall  
Be ready for to go.
- 4 I leave you all, both great and small,  
In Christ's encircling arms;  
Who can you save, from death and grave.  
And shield you from all harms.
- 5 I trust you'll pray, both night and day,  
(And keep your garments white,)  
For you and me, that we may be  
The children of the light.
- 6 If you die first, amen, you must;  
The will of God be done;  
I hope the Lord will you reward,  
With an immortal crown.
- 7 If I'm call'd home, while I am gone,  
Indulge no tears for me;  
hope to sing and praise my King,  
Through all eternity.



- 8 Millions of years over the spheres  
Shall pass in sweet repose,  
While beauties bright unto my sight  
Their sacred sweets disclose.
- 9 I long to go, then farewell woe,  
My soul will be at rest;  
No more shall I complain or sigh,  
But taste the heavenly feast.
- 

## 19. 7s.

- B**RETHREN, we have met again,  
Let us join to pray and sing;  
Joseph lives and Jesus reigns,  
Praise him in the highest strains.
- 2 Many days and weeks are past,  
Since we met before, the last;  
Yet our lives do still remain,  
Here on earth we meet again.
- 3 Many of our friends are gone  
To their long eternal home;  
They have left us here below;  
Soon we after them shall go.
- 4 Brethren, tell me how you do;  
Does your love continue true?  
Are you waiting for your King,  
When he shall return again?
- 5 If you wish to know of me,  
How I do, or what I be,  
Here I am, behold who will,  
Surely I'm imperfect still.
- 6 Weak and helpless, blind and lame,  
All unholy, all unclean,  
Much as ever, all may see;  
Yet the Lord remembers me



- 7 Gracious is the Lord, indeed,  
To my soul, in time of need;  
Surely he hath won my heart,  
May I choose him for my part.
- 8 Jesus is our glorious King,  
May our hearts be tun'd to sing;  
Praise him, love him evermore,  
He is the God whom we adore.
- 

## 20. 7s. DOUBLE.

- B**RETHREN, while we sojourn here,  
Fight we must, but should not fear,  
Foes we have, but we've a friend,  
One that loves us to the end.  
Forward then with courage go;  
Long we shall not dwell below;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
'Child, your Father calls—come home!
- 2 In the way a thousand snares  
Lie to take us unawares;  
Satan, with malicious art,  
Watches each unguarded part;  
But from Satan's malice free  
Saints shall soon victorious be;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
'Child, your Father calls—come home!
- 3 But of all the foes we meet,  
None so oft mislead our feet,  
None betray us into sin,  
Like the foes that dwell within:  
But let nothing spoil your peace  
Christ will also conquer these;  
Then the joyful news will come,  
'Child, your Father calls—come home!

JONES.] 21. 8, 7.

*The antepast of heaven.*

- B**RIGHT scenes of glory strike my sense  
 And all my passions capture;  
 Eternal beauties round me shine,  
 Infusing warmest rapture;  
 I dive in pleasures deep and full,  
 In swelling waves of glory,  
 And feel my Saviour in my soul,  
 And groan to tell my story.
- 2 I feast on honey, milk and wine;  
 I drink perpetual sweetness;  
 Mount Zion's glories through me shine  
 While Christ unfolds his greatness.  
 No mortal tongue can show my joys,  
 Nor can an angel tell them,  
 Ten thousand times surpassing all  
 Terrestrial worlds or emblems.
- 3 My captivated spirits fly  
 Through shining worlds of beauty  
 Dissolv'd in blushes, loud I cry,  
 In praises sweet and mighty:  
 And here I'll sing and swell the strain  
 Of harmony delighted,  
 And with the millions, learn the notes  
 Of saints in Christ united.
- 4 The bliss that rolls through those above  
 Through those in glory seated,  
 Which causes them loud songs to sing,  
 Ten thousand times repeated,  
 Darts through my soul with radiant beams,  
 Constraining loudest praises,  
 O'erwhelming all my powers with joy,  
 While all within me blazes.
- 5 When earth and seas shall be no more,  
 And all their glory perish.

When sun and moon shall cease to shine,  
And stars at midnight languish;  
My joys refin'd shall brighter shine,  
Mount heaven's radiant glory,  
And tell, through one eternal day,  
Love's all-immortal story.

---

## 22. 7, 6.

**B**URST, ye emerald gates, and bring  
To my raptur'd vision  
All th' extatic joys that spring  
Round the bright elysium:  
Lo! we lift our longing eyes;  
Break, ye intervening skies;  
Son of righteousness, arise!  
Open the gates of paradise!

2 Floods of everlasting light  
Freely flash before him;  
Myriads, with supreme delight,  
Instantly adore him;  
Trumps angelic sound his fame;  
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim  
All the music of his name;  
Heaven shall echo with the theme.

3 Four and twenty elders rise  
From their princely station,  
Shout his glorious victories,  
Sing the great salvation,  
Cast their crowns before his throne,  
Cry, in reverential tone,  
Glory be to God alone,  
Holy, Holy, Holy One!

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies  
Seem, methinks, to seize us;  
Join we too the holy lays,  
Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!

Sweetest sound in Seraph's song,  
 Sweetest notes on mortal tongue,  
 Sweetest carol ever sung,  
 Jesus ! Jesus !—flows along.

---

23. 7s.

**C**HILDREN of the heavenly King  
 As ye journey, sweetly sing ;  
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
 Glorious in his works and ways.

- 2 Ye are travelling home to God,  
 In the way the fathers trod ;  
 They are happy now, and ye  
 Soon their happiness shall see.
  - 3 O, ye banish'd seed, be glad,  
 Christ our advocate is made ;  
 Us to save our flesh assumes,  
 Brother to our souls becomes.
  - 4 Shout, ye little flock and blest,  
 You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;  
 There your seat is now prepar'd,  
 There your kingdom and reward.
  - 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
 On the borders of your land ;  
 Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
 Bids you undismay'd go on.
  - 6 Lord ! submissive make us go,  
 Gladly leaving all below ;  
 Only thou our leader be,  
 And we still will follow thee.
- 

24. L. M.

**C**OME, all ye saints and sinners, near,  
 Come, listen a while and you shall hear  
 The wonders of Almighty Grace,  
 Who set me free to sing his praise.

- 2 One glorious Jesus, from the sky,  
He said to me, as he pass'd by,  
'Awake, arise, depart and fly,  
Go hence, or you will surely die.'
- 3 Mine eyes he open'd to behold  
The wonders I have never told;  
Heaven and hell I thought I saw,  
And my poor soul in ruin lay!
- 4 I heard of Jesus, many say,  
Could move a sinner's sins away;  
Where to find him I did not know,  
Nor how to meet with him below.
- 5 My flesh did war against my soul;  
Temptations did me much control;  
The weeping saints I could not slight,  
Who sought their Jesus day and night.
- 6 The scandal of his cross I see;  
That scandal it would fall on me;  
But still I thought I did behold,  
I wanted Jesus more than gold.
- 7 I laid me down to take my rest,  
Bemoaning of my dreadful case;  
I thought I would for mercy wait,  
But then I fear'd I'd come too late.
- 8 I little thought he'd been so nigh;  
His speaking made me laugh and cry.  
He said, 'I'm come to thee my love,  
I have a place for you above.'
- 9 This glorious news I did believe;  
My sins and sorrows did me leave;  
My soul enraptured in his love,  
In hopes to go with him above;
- 10 There for to sit, and sing, and tell  
The wonders of Immanuel;  
Whilst we shall join in songs divine,  
To praise him all his saints comine.

## 25.

- C**OME, all ye weary pilgrims, who see  
your need of Christ,  
Surrounded by temptations, and by the world  
despis'd,  
Attend to what I tell you, my exercise I'll  
show,  
And then you may inform me if it be so  
with you.
- 2** Long time I liv'd in darkness, nor saw  
my dangerous state,  
And when I was awaken'd, I thought it  
was too late;  
A lost and helpless sinner, myself I plainly  
saw,  
Exposed to God's displeasure, condemned by  
his law.
- 3** I thought the brute creation were better  
off than me;  
I spent my days in anguish, no pleasure  
could I see;  
'Thro' deep distress and sorrow my Saviour  
led me on,  
Reveal'd to me his love, when my hope  
were almost gone.
- 4** When first I was deliver'd, I scarcely could  
believe  
That I, so vile a sinner, such favours should  
receive;  
Although his solemn praises were flowing  
from my tongue,  
Yet fears were oft injected, that still I  
might be wrong.
- 5** But soon those fears were banish'd, and  
tears began to flow,  
To think so vile a sinner should be be  
loved so!

I thought my trials over, and all my troubles  
gone ;

That joy, and peace, and pleasure, should  
be my lot alone.

6 But now I find a warfare, which often  
brings me low,

The world, the flesh, and Satan, they do  
beset me so,

Can one, who is a Christian, have such a  
heart as mine ?

I fear I never felt the effects of love divine

7 When I behold young converts, how swift  
they travel on ;

How shining their examples, their witness  
like the sun,

How bold they speak for Jesus, how dear  
they love his name ;

Though they are my delight, yet they fill  
my soul with shame.

8 I often find I am backward to do my Mas-  
ter's will,

Or else I want the glory of what I do fulfil ;

In duty I am weak, and alas ! I often find

A hard, deceitful heart, and a wretched  
wandering mind.

9 Sure others do not feel what is often felt  
by me ;

Such trials and temptations perhaps they  
never see ;

For I'm the chief of sinners, I freely own  
with Paul,

Or if I am a saint, I am the least of all.

10 And now I have related what trials I have  
seen,

Perhaps my brethren know what such sore  
temptations mean ;



I've told you of my conflicts, believe, my  
 friend, 'tis true,  
 And now you may inform me, if it be thus  
 with you.

---

## 26.

COME, all you who ever have mercy  
 obtain'd,  
 The hopes of salvation and pardon regain'd ;  
 Come, and join in an anthem, let praises  
 resound,  
 And tell all around you, what treasures  
 you've found.

- 2 When sin, like a mountain of guilt and of  
 weight,  
 My soul fill'd with horror, to view her sad  
 state ;  
 On the banks of destruction, bewailing my  
 case,  
 No hopes of obtaining the favours of grace :
- 3 Alone in the valley I roll'd in despair,  
 Where no mortal being my sorrows could  
 hear ;  
 Like a wretch in destruction, to horror con-  
 sign'd,  
 No hopes that I ever my Saviour could find :
- 4 When deeply bewailing, quite lost and un-  
 done,  
 To think what a distance from God I had run,  
 Whose mercy preserv'd me, and kept me  
 from hell,  
 Behold, what a wonder no mortal can tell !
- 5 When crying for mercy, all prostrate in dust  
 If damn'd, I must own that the sentence is  
 just,



- Till a voice bids me hearken, my sorrows  
to cease,  
'Thy sins are forgiven; arise, go in peace.'
- 6 Like a captive deliver'd from bondage and  
pain,  
Who long in a dungeon of darkness had lain;  
Whilst the woods and the valleys with praises  
did ring,  
All glory to Jesus, my Priest and my King.
- 7 Adieu to the world and its foolish delights;  
No longer your pleasure my passion invites;  
No, I'll follow my Jesus, who freedom can  
give;  
I am bound for to praise him as long as I  
live.
- 8 When time rolls around, and eternity's near;  
When Gabriel's loud voice like a trumpet  
you hear;  
When the saints and the angels all join for  
to sing,  
With loud hallelujahs we'll make heaven ring.
- 

## 27.

- COME all ye people, of every nation,  
Come listen awhile and I'll relate  
The wonders of my sad condition,  
And how I travell'd from that state.
- 2 I was born blind, to sin inclin'd,  
As all the race of Adam were;  
Full sixteen years I was much delighted  
In civil mirth, and void of fear.
- 3 One time, unthoughted, I went to meeting  
And heard a woman relating there,  
Her travel from her dreadful station,  
And how she came the Lord to fear.

- 4 I saw while she was thus relating,  
The awful state that I was in;  
I saw my soul was unconverted,  
And always had been dead in sin.
- 5 Then I began to think of praying,  
And trying for to seek the Lord;  
But still my soul was much distressed  
Before I unto Jesus cried.
- 6 Then I began to seek for pardon,  
And cry to God my soul to save,  
I left my ways of light diversion  
And then God's mercy I did crave.
- 7 My sins began like pointed mountains,  
To stand against me every day;  
My sins I often was recounting,  
But all in vain my grief to allay.
- 8 One night, while thinking on the Saviour,  
And what he'd done for sinful man,  
I thought myself was out of favour,  
And ne'er his goodness should obtain.
- 9 Mount Sinai's thunder roar'd against me,  
Not only for my outward sin,  
But in my heart I saw a fountain,  
Which made my actions all unclean
- 10 I saw myself justly condemn'd,  
And thought my soul to hell must go;  
But still I cried thy mercy extend,  
And make my soul thy goodness know
- 11 While I was thus desiring a fountain,  
Those words with power did run through  
me;  
Well Christ remembers Calvary's mountain,  
Nor lets his saints forgetful be.
- 12 On then by faith I thought I view'd him,  
As hanging on the accursed tree;

Oh then my soul was much uplifted;  
 I then believed he died for me.

- 13 Come, Christians, join with me in praising  
 The blessed Lamb of Calvary;  
 I hope to praise him while I'm living,  
 And after death eternally.

---

28.

COME, all ye mourning souls,  
 Who rest in Jesus' love,  
 Who set your whole affections  
 On things that are above;  
 Come let us join together,  
 And hand in hand go on,  
 Until we come to Canaan,  
 Where we no more shall mourn.

- 2 Behold how Satan rages,  
 Temptations do abound,  
 The strongest persecutions  
 Beset us all around;  
 Our friends they all forsake us,  
 They count us base and mean,  
 Because we love the name of  
 The despised Nazarene.
- 3 To all created comforts,  
 We freely bid farewell;  
 By faith we view the mansion  
 Where we shall shortly dwell.  
 Our Saviour he invites us,  
 And reaches out a crown;  
 To guard and to protect us,  
 The angels wait around.
- 4 A few more days of sorrow,  
 And Christ will call us home  
 To walk the golden streets of  
 The New Jerusalem.

Until that glorious hour,  
Let's patiently endure;  
If we continue faithful,  
We know the prize is sure.

- 5 Adieu to old companions;  
We disregard your frowns;  
On all your sinful courses,  
With pity we look round;  
Fain would we take you with us;  
But if you won't comply,  
We leave you all to Jesus,  
And to his bosom fly.

---

29. 7s.

- COME and taste, along with me,  
Consolation running free,  
From our Father's gracious throne,  
Sweeter than the honey-comb.
- 2 Wherefore should I feast alone?  
Mourning souls there yet is room;  
Converts ever coming will  
Make the banquet sweeter still
- 3 Now I go to heaven's door  
Asking for a little more;  
Jesus gives a double share;  
Still I am a gleaner there.
- 4 My old nature doth its best  
To deprive my soul of rest;  
But I've treasures coming in,  
Which are opposite to sin.
- 5 Sinful nature, prone to vice,  
Cannot stop the force of grace  
While there is a God to give,  
And poor sinners to receive.
- 6 Goodness, running like a stream  
Through the new Jerusalem.

Doth, by constant breaking forth,  
Sweeten earth and heaven both.

- 7 Saints in glory sing aloud  
In the praises of their God ;  
We, who sing in faith below,  
Soon to glory too shall go.
- 8 Heaven's here, and heaven's there,  
Comforts flowing everywhere ;  
From our Father's gracious throne  
Through the merits of his Son.
- 9 Now I go rejoicing home,  
From the banquet of perfume ;  
Finding manna on the road,  
Dropping from the mount of God.

---

### 30.

**C**OME away to the skies,  
My beloved arise,  
And rejoice in the day thou wast born ;  
On this festival day,  
Come exulting away,  
And with singing to Zion return.

- 2 We have laid up our love,  
And treasure above,  
Though our bodies continue below ;  
The redeem'd of the Lord,  
We remember his word,  
And with singing to Paradise go.

- 3 For thy glory, we are  
Created to share,  
Both the nature and kingdom divine ;  
Created again,  
That our souls may remain,  
In time and eternity, thine.

- 4 With thanks we approve  
The design of thy love,  
Which hath join'd us in Jesus's name;  
So united in heart,  
That we never can part,  
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.
- 5 There, there at his feet,  
We shall joyfully meet,  
And be parted in body no more;  
We shall sing to our lyres,  
With the heavenly choirs,  
And our Saviour in glory adore.
- 6 Hallelujah we sing,  
To our Father and King,  
And his rapturous praises repeat;  
To the Lamb that was slain,  
Hallelujah again;  
Sing, all heaven, and fall at his feet.
- 7 In assurance I hope,  
We to Jesus look up,  
Till his banner, unfurl'd in the air,  
From our graves we shall see,  
And cry out, 'it is he,'  
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

---

### 31.

- COME, brethren, and sisters, that love  
my dear Lord,  
I pray give attention and ear to my word;  
What a wonder of mercy! behold now, and  
see  
What a tender, kind Saviour has done for  
poor me.
- 2 I was led by the devil, till lost and distress'd,  
I thought that in torment I soon should be  
cast;

No peace to the wicked, but all misery,  
Till by faith I saw Jesus hang bleeding  
for me.

- 3 'O sinners,' said Jesus, 'for you I have died;  
All glory to Jesus, my soul then replied;  
The guilt was remov'd, my soul did rejoice,  
The blood was applied, the witnessing voice.
- 4 On my bended knees, before God I did fall;  
All glory to Jesus, for he's all in all!  
The heart of this rebel was bursted in twain,  
To see my dear Jesus on Calvary slain.
- 5 There was peace now in heaven, and peace  
upon earth;  
The angels rejoice at a poor sinner's birth:  
'Your sins are forgiven,' my Saviour did say,  
O, witness, kind heaven, on this my birth  
day.
- 6 My soul, it was humbled, I fell to the ground;  
The time of refreshing, at length I have  
found:  
O Lord, thou hast ravish'd my soul with  
thy charms;  
Let me die, like old Simeon, with Christ in  
my arms.

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32. 12, 8, 12, 8.

**C**OME, brethren and sisters, that love one  
another,

And have done for years past and gone,  
How oft have we met in that sweet heavenly  
union,

That has open'd the way to God's throne!  
With joy and thanksgiving we'll praise him  
who lov'd us,

While we're on the bright shining way.



Though we here part in body, we're bound  
for one glory,  
And bound for each other to pray.

2 There's Jesse and Joseph, Elias and Moses,  
And Solomon, Stephen, and John,  
And Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and David,  
Who pray'd as they journey'd along;  
There's Simeon and Anna, I don't know  
how many,  
Who pray'd, and God heard from his  
throne;

Some cast among lions, some bound in  
rough irons;  
Yet praises and glory they sung.

3 And three of the Hebrews, most valiant and  
faithful,  
With courage went into the flame;  
With praying and praising they enter'd the  
furnace,  
Who trusted in Jesus' name.

As Sampson was dying, he was heard of  
God crying,

And Saul, when he fell by the way;  
See Gideon a marching;—for truth I am  
searching,

So then to my God I will pray.

4 Some tell us that praying, and also that  
praising,

Is labour that's all spent in vain;  
But we have the witness that God's of such  
goodness,

From praying we will not refrain.  
There's old father Noah, and ten thousand  
others,

Can witness that God heard them pray;  
There's Simeon and Hannah, Paul, Silas  
and Peter,

And Daniel and Jonah will say,



- 5 That God, by his spirit, and angels did visit  
Their souls, when to him they did pray;  
While we go on praying, and they go on  
praising,  
And glorify God on the way.  
God grant us t' inherit that same praying  
spirit,  
While we are here toiling below,  
And when we're done praying we shall not  
cease praising,  
But round God's bright throne we shall  
bow.
- 6 And when we assemble, our Jesus resemble,  
And rise to enjoy him above,  
To see God who lov'd us, his son who re-  
deem'd us,  
And purified us with his blood,  
The spirits unite us and angels convey us  
Away to the heavenly land;  
And then solemn praises eternally raise,  
Glory be to God and the Lamb.
- 

## 33.

- C**OME children of heaven, and help us  
to sing  
Loud anthems and praises, to Jesus our  
King;  
His life, it was given, our souls to redeem,  
And bring us to heaven to dwell there with  
him.
- 2 Not angels in glory, nor cherubs above,  
Can fathom the fountain of infinite love;  
Their wisdom can't search it, they cannot  
tell why  
The sovereign of angels for sinners should  
die.

3 In the regions of darkness, death, sorrow,  
and pains,

We all lay in ruin, in prison, and chains;  
But Jesus has bought us with his precious  
blood,

'Tis a ransom provided to bring us to God.

4 Why, then, should we wish to stay here  
below,

When rivers of pleasure in Paradise flow,  
Eternally streaming in exquisite bliss,  
And still we are feeling our joy to increase?

5 Then come, my dear brethen, count all  
things but loss;

Your treasure's in heaven, don't shrink from  
the cross:

Ye fav'rites of heaven, dear lambs of the fold,  
Tho' devils surround you, be faithful and  
bold.

6 Consider the dangers that lie in your way,  
What snares and temptations in this evil  
day;

But this we must suffer, and patient endure,  
Till Jesus shall take us where dangers are  
o'er.

7 Then with him in glory we shortly shall  
reign,

Deliver'd from sorrows, temptation and pain;  
To join with the angels and spirits divine,  
In Jesus' image eternally shine.

8 These thoughts make me happy, his grace  
makes me sing,

All glory to Jesus, my Saviour and King;  
All glory, all glory to Jesus on high,  
All glory, all glory, let all the saints cry,

## 34.

**C**OME, friends and relations, let's join  
heart and hand,  
The voice of the turtle is heard in our land;  
Let's all walk together and follow the sound,  
And march to the place where redemption  
is found.

2 The place it is hidden, the place is conceal'd,  
The place it is hidden, until 'tis reveal'd;  
The place is in Jesus, to Jesus we'll go,  
And there find redemption from sorrow and  
woe.

3 The place it is hidden, by reason of sin,  
Alas, you can't see the sad state you are in;  
You're blinded, polluted, in prison and pain,  
O, how can such rebels redemption obtain!

4 And as you are wounded and bruised by the  
fall,  
'Arise and depart ye,' for you he doth call;  
And if you are tempted to doubt or despair,  
Then come home to Jesus, redemption is  
there.

5 And you my dear brethren, that love my  
dear Lord,  
Who've witness'd free pardon by faith in his  
word,  
Let patience attend you, wherever you be;  
Your Saviour has purchas'd redemption for  
thee.

6 And when the archangel the trumpet shall  
sound,  
And wake all the dead that sleep under the  
ground,  
The sound of that trumpet will bid you  
arise,  
To meet your redemption with love and  
surprise.

7 O! then loving Jesus our souls will receive,  
 From bonds of corruption our bodies relieve.  
 Then we shall be perfect, and we shall be  
 free;

We'll sing of redemption wherever we be.

8 Redeemed from sin, and redeemed from  
 death,

Redeem'd from corruption, redeem'd from  
 the earth,

Redeem'd from damnation, redeem'd from  
 all woe,

We'll sing of redemption wherever we go.

9 Redeemed from sin, and redeem'd from dis-  
 distress,

The fruits of redemption no tongue can  
 express:

Redemption be ascribed to Jesus's love;

We'll sing of redemption in the heavens  
 above.

---

### 35.

COME, Lord, and help us to rejoice,  
 In hope that we shall hear thy voice,  
 Shall one day see our God,  
 Shall cease from all our painful strife,  
 Handle and taste the Word of Life,  
 And feel the sprinkled blood.

2 Let us not always make our moan,  
 Nor worship thee a God unknown;

But let us live to prove

Thy people's rest, thy saints' delight,  
 The length, and breadth, and depth, and  
 height,

Of thy redeeming love.

Rejoicing now in earnest hope,

We stand, and from the mountain top

See all the land below:

Rivers of milk and honey rise,  
And all the fruits of Paradise  
In endless plenty grow.

- 4 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,  
Favor'd with God's peculiar smile,  
With every blessing blest;  
There dwells the Lord, our righteousness,  
And keeps his own in perfect peace  
And everlasting rest.
- 5 O, when shall we at once go up,  
Nor this side Jordan longer stop,  
But the good land possess?  
When shall we end our legal years,  
Our sorrows, sins, and doubts, and fears,  
A howling wilderness?
- 6 O, dearest Joshua! bring us in:  
Display thy grace, forgive our sin,  
Our unbelief remove;  
The heavenly Canaan, Lord, divide,  
And O, with all the sanctified,  
Give us a lot above.

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NEWTON.] 36. 7's.

*Ask what I shall give thee.* 1 Kings iii. 5

- COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
Jesus loves to answer prayer;  
He himself has bid thee pray,  
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King,  
Large petitions with thee bring;  
For his grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin;  
Lord, remove this load of sin;  
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.

- 4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,  
Take possession of my breast;  
There thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.
- 5 As the image in the glass,  
Answers the beholder's face;  
Thus unto my heart appear,  
Print thine own resemblance there.
- While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let thy love my spirit cheer;  
As my guide, my guard, my friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 7 Show me what I have to do,  
Every hour my strength renew;  
Let me live a life of faith,  
Let me live thy people's death.
- 

## 37. C. M.

- C**OME my dear friends, and mourn with  
me,  
In my afflicted state;  
I am bereav'd, as you may see,  
Of my dear loving mate.
- 2 Her heart was bound with mine in love,  
Good works for to maintain;  
But she is gone to Christ above,  
For ever there to reign.
- 3 Why do you mourn, (perhaps you'll say)  
Since God hath thought it best  
To take her soul from earth away,  
To its eternal rest?
- 4 'Tis for my loss that I complain;  
But I will mourn no more,  
Since my great loss is but her gain—  
She's found the heavenly shore.

- 5 My loss is great, to lose my mate;  
 I'm like the lonesome dove;  
 I'll go alone, and sigh, and mourn  
 My dear, my absent love.
- 6 My children cry, no mother by,  
 To dandle on the knee;  
 The breach is great, it doth create  
 Much grief, as all may see.
- 7 But I do find my heart inclin'd  
 To lean upon the Lord,  
 Who doth me bless in my distress,  
 And doth his help afford.
- 8 His presence sure, makes me endure  
 Severest trials now;  
 God sends the cross, a heavy loss,  
 My stubborn will to bow.
- 9 Since it is so, let sorrows go;  
 My God hath sent his rod;  
 He doth his will, I must be still,  
 And know that he is God.

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HART.] 38.

*A dialogue between a believer and his soul*

BELIEVER.

COME, my soul, and let us try,  
 For a little season,  
 Every burden to lay by;  
 Come, and let us reason.

What is this that casts thee down?

Who are those that grieve thee?

Speak, and let the worst be known;

Speaking may relieve thee.

SOUL.

Oh! I sink beneath the load

Of my nature's evil;



Full of enmity towards God,  
 Captiv'd by the devil,  
 Restless as the troubled seas,  
 Feeble, faint, and fearful,  
 Plagu'd with ev'ry sore disease,  
 How can I be cheerful?

BELIEVER.

- 3 Think on what thy Saviour bore  
 In the gloomy garden,  
 Sweating blood at ev'ry pore,  
 To procure thy pardon.  
 See him stretch'd upon the wood,  
 Bleeding, grieving, crying,  
 Suff'ring all the wrath of God,  
 Groaning, gasping, dying!

SOUL.

- 4 This, by faith, I sometimes view,  
 And those views relieve me;  
 But my sins return anew;  
 These are they that grieve me.  
 Oh! I'm leprous, filthy, foul,  
 Quite throughout infected;  
 Have not I, if any soul,  
 Cause to be dejected?

BELIEVER.

- 5 Think how loud thy dying Lord  
 Cried out, 'It is finish'd!'—  
 Treasure up that sacred word  
 Whole and undiminish'd:  
 Doubt not he will carry on,  
 To its full perfection,  
 That good work he has begun;  
 Why, then, this dejection?

SOUL.

- 6 Faith, when void of works, is dead  
 This the Scriptures witness;



And what works have I to plead,  
Who am all unfitness?  
All my pow'rs are deprav'd,  
Blind, perverse, and filthy;  
If from death I'm fully sav'd,  
Why am I not healthy?

BELIEVER.

7 Pore not on thyself too long,  
Lest it sink thee lower;  
Look to Jesus, kind as strong,  
Mercy join'd with power,  
Ev'ry work that thou must do,  
Will thy gracious Saviour  
For thee work, and in thee too,  
Of his special favour.

SOUL.

8 Jesus' precious blood once spilt,  
I depend on solely  
To release and clear my guilt;  
But I would be holy.

BELIEVER.

He that bought thee on the cross,  
Can control thy nature,  
Fully purge away thy dross,  
Make thee a new creature.

SOUL.

9 That he can, I nothing doubt,  
Be it but his pleasure.

BELIEVER.

Though it be not done throughout,  
May it not in measure?

SOUL.

When that measure, far from great,  
Still shall seem decreasing?

BELIEVER.

Faint not then, but pray and wait,  
Never, never ceasing.

SOUL.

10 What! when prayer meets no regard?

BELIEVER.

Still repeat it often.

SOUL.

But I feel myself so hard.

BELIEVER.

Jesus will thee soften.

SOUL.

But my enemies make head.

BELIEVER.

Let them closer drive thee.

SOUL.

But I'm cold, I'm dark, I'm dead.

BELIEVER.

Jesus will revive thee.

VARDEMAN.] 39.

COME, now my dear brethren, and help  
me to sing,

The wonderful goodness of Jesus, our King;  
We'll sing of his mercy, rejoice in his grace,  
In saving poor sinners of Adam's lost race

2 In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred  
and ten,

When darkness and folly reign'd much in  
our land,

It pleas'd the good Shepherd to visit his fold,  
And cause his dear saints in his name to  
grow bold.

- 3 With joy mix'd with sorrow, O! then we  
did see  
Our neighbours and children a-bowing the  
knee,  
And pleading for mercy, to God and the  
Lamb,  
While saints were engaged in imploring the  
same.
- 4 But Jesus, the Saviour, soon gave them to  
see  
His tragical suff'rings for them on the tree,  
Which purchas'd their pardon, redeem'd  
them from woe,  
That they, through his merits, to heaven  
might go.
- 5 With singing, to Zion they then did repair,  
With hearts full of joy, the good news to  
declare ;  
The saints were delighted to hear the glad  
sound,  
That poor guilty sinners their Saviour had  
found.
- 6 And being instructed in God's holy word,  
They humbly now take up the cross of their  
Lord ;  
And parents and children now join hand  
and heart,  
To serve God together—O! may we ne'er  
part.
- 7 Let us love one another as brethren, below,  
And when Jesus calls us, to heaven we'll go,  
And join the bright armies of saints round  
the throne,  
To praise the dear Saviour for all he has  
done.

8 And now, O! dear sinners, to you I do call,  
With tears, pain, and sorrow, I view your  
sad fall;

Your arms of rebellion lay down at his call,  
He'll pardon and bless you, and save you  
withal.

9 And you, poor dear mourners, who see your  
lost state,

With hearts almost broken, lament your sad  
fate;

Look up to the Saviour, and in him believe;  
He is able and willing your souls to receive.

10 O, tarry no longer, yourselves to prepare;  
Come guilty and filthy, come just as you are;  
His blood it has virtue, your guilt to atone;  
To the vilest of sinners, he says there is  
room.

---

40.

COME, now, my dear brethren, I bid you  
farewell,

I'm going to travel to preach the gospel;  
I'm going to travel the wilderness through,  
Therefore, my dear brethren, I bid you  
adieu.

2 To think of our parting doth cause me to  
grieve,

So well I do love you, yet you I must  
leave;

My Jesus commands me, and I must obey,  
Therefore my dear brethren, don't grieve  
after me.

8 May heaven protect you, be Jesus your  
guide;

In the way of our Zion, may you all abide;

- Though we live at a distance, and you I  
ne'er see,  
On the banks of sweet Canaan acquainted  
we'll be.
- 4 There all things are plenty, the leaves  
growing green,  
And the parting of Christians no more will  
be seen;  
No troubles nor trials shall enter that place,  
But there we shall join in a song of free  
grace.
- 5 Farewell to all sorrow, temptation and pain,  
I'm going where Jesus for ever doth reign;  
I'm going to Jesus, 'tis him I adore,  
With saints and bright angels to dwell  
evermore.
- 6 And when we meet Jesus in the mansions  
above,  
Where angels in glory are fill'd with his love,  
O, then I shall look for these mourners  
that's here;  
How glad we shall be, to meet each other  
there!
- 

## 41.

- C**OME on, my partners in distress,  
My comrades in the wilderness,  
Who still your bodies feel;  
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,  
And look beyond this vale of tears,  
To that celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,  
Look forward to that heavenly place,  
The saints' secure abode;  
On faith's strong, eagle pinions rise,  
And force your passage to the skies,  
And scale the mount of God.

- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,  
 We shall before his face appear,  
 And by his side sit down;  
 To patient faith the prize is sure,  
 And all who to the end endure  
 The cross, shall wear the crown
- 4 Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope,  
 It lifts the fainting spirits up,  
 It brings to life the dead;  
 Our conflicts here will soon be past,  
 And you and I ascend at last,  
 Triumphant with our head.
- 5 The Father shining on his throne,  
 The glorious co-eternal Son,  
 The Spirit, Three in One,  
 Conspire our raptures to complete;  
 And lo! we fall before his feet,  
 And silence heightens heaven.
- 6 In hope of that ecstatic pause,  
 Jesus, we now sustain thy cross,  
 And at thy footstool fall;  
 Till thou our hidden life reveal,  
 Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,  
 And God is ALL in ALL.
- 7 That great, mysterious Deity,  
 We soon with open face shall see  
 The beatific sight;  
 Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,  
 And wide diffuse the golden blaze  
 Of everlasting light.

---

 42.

COME, saints and sinners, hear me tell  
 The wonders of IMMANUEL;  
 Who saved me from a burning hell,  
 And brought my soul with him to dwell,  
 And gave me heavenly union.

- 2 When Jesus from his throne on high,  
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,  
He look'd on me with pitying eye,  
And said to me as he pass'd by,  
With God you have no union.
- 3 Then I began to weep and cry;  
I look'd this way and that, to fly;  
It griev'd me sore that I must die;  
I strove salvation for to buy;  
But still I had no union.
- 4 But when I hated all my sins,  
My dear Redeemer took me in;  
And with his blood he wash'd me clean,  
And O, what seasons have I seen,  
Oft, since I felt this union!
- 5 I praised the Lord, both night and day,  
And went from house to house to pray,  
And if I met one on the way,  
I found I'd always something to say,  
About this heavenly union.
- 6 I wonder why the saints don't sing,  
And praise the Lord upon the wing,  
And make the heavenly arches ring,  
With loud hosannas to their King,  
Who brought them to this union.
- 7 Come, O backsliders! come away,  
And mind to do, as well as say,  
And learn to watch, as well as pray,  
And bear your cross, from day to day,  
And then you'll feel this union.
- 8 We soon shall quit all things below,  
And leave these climes of pain and woe;  
And then we will to glory go,  
And there we'll see, and hear, and know,  
And feel this perfect union.



- 9 Come, heaven and earth, unite your lays,  
And give to Jesus endless praise;  
And, O my soul, look on and gaze,  
He bleeds, he dies, your debt he pays,  
And gives you heavenly union.
- 10 O, could I, like an angel, sound  
Salvation through the earth around,  
The devil's kingdom to confound,  
I'd triumph on Immanuel's ground,  
And spread this heavenly union.
- 11 Help us, O Lord, thy name t' adore  
And publish round Columbia's shore,  
The hills and valleys to explore,  
Till nations, tongues and kindred o'er,  
Join in this blessed union.

---

### 43.

- COME, soldiers of Jesus, awake from  
your sleep;  
The trav'lers to Zion, how slowly they  
creep!  
The wicked outrun us, in their sinful way,  
Who serve the worst master, and hell is  
their pay.
- 2 Our Jesus invites us, in mercy's sweet voice;  
'Tis music so charming, we all should re-  
joice,  
And leave all behind us, and fly to his arms,  
Though sinners reject him, for stores and  
for farms.
- 3 Remember you're passing from life unto  
death,  
A few scenes remaining, will finish your  
breath;



Your friends will desert you, in your dusty  
bed,  
And pass by your dwelling with a solemn  
dread.

4 How blest are the spirits, whom angels  
convey

To regions of glory, where always 'tis day,  
To dwell with sweet Jesus, bright angels  
and saints,

Where all are so happy, they have no com-  
plaints!

5 With gladness they leave all things here  
below,

For heavenly treasure, which they there  
enjoy;

Their bodies may moulder and crumble to  
dust,

Till the resurrection of just and unjust.

6 But when Gabriel sounds the dread, shrill  
alarm,

He'll call all the righteous to Jesus's arm;

With shouts all triumphing, their bodies  
shall rise,

And fly to meet Jesus, our Lord, in the skies.

---

HART.] 44. 8, 7.

COME, ye Christians, sing the praises  
Of your condescending God;

Come, and hymn the blessed Jesus,  
Who hath wash'd us in his blood.

We are poor, and weak, and silly,  
And to every evil prone;

Yet our Jesus loves us freely,  
And receives us for his own.

2 Though we're mean in man's opinion,  
He hath made us priests and kings;

Power, and glory, and dominion,  
 To the Lamb, the sinner sings.  
 Leprous souls, unsound and filthy,  
 Come before him as you are;  
 'Tis the sick man, not the healthy,  
 Needs the good Physician's care.

3 Hear the terms that never vary:  
 'To repent and to believe,'  
 Both of these are necessary;  
 Both from Jesus we receive.  
 Would-be Christian, duly ponder  
 These in thine impartial mind;  
 And let no man put asunder,  
 What the Lord has wisely join'd.

4 O! beware of fondly thinking  
 God accepts thee for thy tears;  
 Are the shipwreck'd sav'd by sinking  
 Can the ruin'd rise by fears?  
 O! beware of trust ill-grounded;  
 'Tis but fancied faith at most,  
 To be cur'd and not be wounded;  
 To be sav'd before you're lost.

5 No big words of ready talkers,  
 No dry doctrine will suffice;  
 Broken hearts, and humble walkers,  
 These are dear in Jesus' eyes.  
 Tinkling sounds of disputation,  
 Naked knowledge, all are vain;  
 Every soul that gains salvation,  
 Must and shall be born again.

---

HART.] 45.

*Come and welcome to Jesus Christ.*

**C**OME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,

Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity join'd with power;  
He is able, he is able,  
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief, and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings us nigh,  
Without money, without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness he requireth,  
Is to feel your need of him;  
This he gives you, this he gives you,  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;  
If ye tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all,  
Not the righteous, not the righteous,  
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 View him grov'ling in the garden;  
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;  
On the bloody tree behold him,  
Hear him cry before he dies,  
'It is finish'd, it is finish'd!'  
Sinner, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,  
Pleads the merit of his blood:  
Venture on him, venture wholly—  
Let no other trust intrude;  
None but Jesus, none but Jesus,  
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb,

While the blissful seats of heaven,  
 Sweetly echo with his name!  
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
 Sinners here may sing the same.

---

#### 46. L. M.

COME ye that know the Lord indeed,  
 Who are from sin and bondage freed,  
 Submit to all the ways of God,  
 And walk the narrow, happy road.

- 2 Great tribulations you shall meet,  
 But soon shall walk the golden street  
 Though hell may rage and vent her spite,  
 Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.
- 3 The happy day will soon appear,  
 When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear  
 Sound through the earth, yea, down to hell,  
 To call the nations great and small.
- 4 Behold the earth in burning flames!  
 The judge the sentence now proclaims,  
 On sinners, who are doom'd to hell,  
 In everlasting pain to dwell.
- 5 Behold the righteous marching home,  
 And all the angels bid them come,  
 Whilst Christ, the Judge, with joy proclaims,  
 'Here come my saints, I own their names.'
- 6 Ye everlasting doors, fly wide!  
 Make room for to receive my bride;  
 Ye harps in heaven sound aloud,  
 Here comes the purchase of my blood.'
- 7 In grandeur, see the royal line,  
 In glitt'ring robes, the sun outshine!  
 See saints and angels join in one,  
 And march in splendour to the throne!

- 8 They stand with wonder and look on,  
They join in one eternal song,  
Their great Redeemer to admire,  
While raptures set their souls on fire.
- 

## 47. 8, 7.

- D**ARK and thorny is the desert,  
Through which pilgrims make their way  
But beyond this vale of sorrow,  
See the realms of endless day.  
Dear young soldiers, do not murmur  
At the troubles of the way;  
Meet the tempest; fight with courage;  
Never faint; you'll win the day.
- 2 He, whose thunder shakes creation;  
He that made the planets roll;  
He that rides upon the tempest,  
And whose sceptre sways the whole;  
Jesus, Jesus will defend you;  
Trust in him, and him alone;  
He has shed his blood to save you,  
And will bring you to his throne.
- 3 There, on flow'ry fields of pleasure,  
And the hills of endless rest,  
Joy, and peace, and love shall ever  
Reign and triumph in your breast:  
There a million flaming seraphs  
Fly across the heavenly plain;  
There they sing immortal praises;  
Glory, glory is their theme.
- 4 But, methinks, a sweeter concert  
Makes the crystal arches ring;  
And a song is heard in Zion,  
Which the angels cannot sing.  
Who can paint those sons of glory,  
Ransom'd souls that dwell on high,

- Who, with golden harps, for ever  
Sound redemption through the sky.
- 5 See the heavenly hosts, in rapture,  
Gazing on this shining band,  
Wond'ring at their costly garments,  
And the laurels in their hand:  
There, upon the golden pavement,  
See the ransom'd march along,  
While the splendid courts of glory  
Sweetly echo with their song.
- 6 Here I see the under-shepherds,  
And their flocks they fed below;  
Here, with joy they dwell together;  
Jesus is their shepherd now.  
Hail! ye happy, happy spirits!  
Welcome to the blissful plain!  
Glory, honour, and salvation!  
Reign, sweet Shepherd, ever reign.
- 

NEWTON.] 48.

*The Day of Judgment.*

- D**AY of judgment, day of wonders!  
Hark the trumpet's awful sound,  
Louder than a thousand thunders,  
Shakes the vast creation round;  
How the summons  
Will the sinner's heart confound!
- 2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,  
Cloth'd in majesty divine!  
You who long for this appearing,  
Then shall say 'this God is mine';  
Gracious Saviour,  
Own me in that day for thine.
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,  
Rise to life from earth and sea;

All the powers of nature, shaken  
By his looks, prepare to flee ;  
Careless sinner,  
What will then become of thee ?

4 Horrors, past imagination,  
Will surprise your trembling heart,  
When you hear your condemnation,  
Hence, accursed wretch, depart !  
Thou, with Satan  
And his angels have thy part.'

5 Satan who now tries to please you,  
Lest you timely warning take,  
When that word is past, will seize you,  
Plunge you in the burning lake ;  
Think, poor sinner,  
Thy eternal all's at stake.

6 But to those who have confessed,  
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord, below,  
He will say, 'Come near, ye blessed,  
See the kingdom I bestow ;  
You for ever  
Shall my love and glory know.'

7 Under sorrows and reproaches,  
May this thought our courage raise ;  
Swiftly God's great day approaches,  
Sighs shall then be changed to praise ;  
May we triumph,  
When the world is in a blaze.

---

#### 49.

*A dying Saint's farewell.*

**D**EAR friends, farewell, I go to dwell  
With Jesus Christ on high ;  
There for to sing praise to my King,  
To all eternity.

- 2 While I've been here, you have been dear,  
I've always found you kind;  
But now, through grace, I quit this place,  
And leave you all behind.
- 3 Weep not for me, for here you see  
My trials have been great;  
But now, 'tis true, I bid adieu,  
And change my mournful state.
- 4 'Twill not be long, before the throng  
Will all together be;  
And you that know the Lord below,  
Shall then our Saviour see.
- 5 There we shall join in songs divine,  
God's holy name shall praise;  
And view Christ's smiles, forget the toils,  
Of these few evil days.
- 6 There we shall stand at God's right hand,  
And in his presence dwell,  
And him adore, for evermore;  
So, brethren, now farewell.
- 

## 50.

- D**EATH, he is the king of terror,  
And a terror unto kings;  
Oft he fills our minds with horror,  
Telling us of frightful things;  
Lands of darkness, shades of silence,  
Gloomy vaults, where pris'ners lie;  
How many thousands have been conquer'd;  
You, alas! must surely die.
- 2 'Don't you see, how unexpected  
In my chariot I do ride?  
Convulsive fits, and pains, and sickness,  
Are the weapons by my side;  
Deaf I am, to all entreaties;  
When commission'd I must go;



- With mortal paleness in my features,  
Thus I give the fatal blow.
- 3 ' You ne'er heard I spared any,  
Children, husbands, or their wives ;  
Never was I brib'd by money ;  
Physic could not save their lives.  
Kingdoms, countries, nor their cities,  
Kings, their councils, nor their slaves ;  
There's none of them I ever pitied,  
Soon I bring them to their graves.
- 4 ' There they lie without distinction,  
Thus I boast my thousands slain ;  
Nor can you without permission,  
Ever hope to rise again.'  
*Stop, O death !* don't boast of vict'ry ;  
Methinks I hear what faith can say,  
About one Jesus, on Mount Calv'ry,  
Who died, and in the grave did lay.
- 5 View him rising, hear him saying,  
' I, O death ! have conquer'd you ;  
Though your looks are so dismaying,  
Yet, my saints, I'll bring them through.'  
Thus, the souls that are believing,  
May rejoice in Christ, their King ;  
Death's no more than a black curtain,  
Drawn to let the saints go in.
- 6 There the wicked cease from troubling,  
There the weary are at rest ;  
There the saints will cease from crying,  
There they are divinely blest ;  
Free from sickness, free from sorrow,  
Free from anguish, care and pain,  
No dreadful thoughts nor gloomy horror,  
E'er shall frighten them again.  
There the saints sing hallelujah,  
Are complete in Christ, their King ;

Ask the grave where is thy vict'ry,  
 Where's the boasting monster's sting.  
 If sin be pardon'd through the Saviour,  
 Though the grave may you annoy,  
 Death is the gate to endless pleasure,  
 The road to everlasting joy.

---

51. 7, 6.

- D**ROOPING souls no longer grieve;  
 Heaven is propitious;  
 If on Christ you do believe,  
 You will find him precious.
- 2 Now the Saviour passing by,  
 Calls the mourner to him:  
 He has died for you and me;  
 Now look up and view him.
- 3 From his hands, his feet, his side,  
 Runs a healing fountain  
 See the consoling tide,  
 Boundless as the ocean.
- 4 See the living waters move  
 For the sick and dying;  
 Now resolve to know his love,  
 Or to perish trying.
- 5 The store of grace is always free  
 Drooping souls to gladden;  
 Jesus calls, 'Come unto me,  
 'Weary, heavy-laden.'
- 6 Though your sins, like mountains high,  
 Rise and reach to heaven;  
 Soon as you on him rely,  
 All shall be forgiven.
- 7 Now, methinks, I hear one say,  
 I will go unto him;

- May he wash my sins away ;  
Oh ! that I could love him.
- 8 Streaming mercy, how it flows !  
Now I know ; I feel it ;  
Half has never yet been told,  
Yet I want to tell it.
- 9 Jesus' blood has heal'd my wounds ;  
Oh ! the wondrous story !  
I was lost, but now I'm found ;  
Glory ! glory ! glory !
- 10 Glory to my Saviour's name !  
Saints are bound to love him .  
Mourners, you may do the same ,  
Only come and prove him.
- 

## 52. C. M.

- E**ARTH has engross'd my love too long  
'Tis time I lift mine eyes  
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,  
And to my native skies.
- 2 There the blest MAN, my Saviour, sits,  
The God ; how bright he shines !  
And scatters infinite delights  
On all the happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,  
Circle the throne around,  
And move, and charm the starry plains  
With an immortal sound.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs ;  
Jesus, my love, they sing ;  
Jesus, the life of all our joys,  
Sounds sweet from every string.
- 5 [Hark ! how beyond the narrow bounds  
Of time and space they run,

- And echo, in majestic sounds,  
The Godhead of the Son.
- 6 And now they sink the lofty tune,  
And gentler notes they play;  
And bring the Father's equal down  
To dwell in humble clay.
- 7 O, sacred beauties of the Man!  
(The God resides within;)  
His flesh all pure, without a stain,  
His soul without a sin.
- 8 But when to Calvary they turn,  
Silent their harps abide;  
Suspended songs a moment mourn  
The God that liv'd and died.
- 9 Then all at once, to living strains  
They summon ev'ry chord;  
Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,  
And chant the rising Lord.]
- 10 Now let me mount and join their song,  
And be an angel too;  
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue  
Here's joyful work for you.
- 11 I would begin the music here;  
And to my soul should rise,  
O, for some heavenly notes to bear  
My passions to the skies!
- 12 There ye, that love my Saviour, sit;  
There I would fain have place,  
Among your thrones, or at your feet,  
So I might see his face.

---

53. 8s.

**E**NCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,  
Just ready all hope to resign,  
I pant for the light of thy face,  
And fear it will never be mine;

Dishearten'd with waiting so long,  
 I sink at thy feet with my load;  
 All plaintive, I pour out my song,  
 And stretch forth my hands unto God.

2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease,  
 The blood of atonement apply;  
 And lead me to Jesus for peace,  
 The rock that is higher than I.  
 Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy voice;  
 Thy presence is fair to behold;  
 Attend to my sorrows and sighs,  
 My groanings that cannot be told.

3 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,  
 My hold of thy promise to keep,  
 The billows more fiercely return,  
 And plunge me again in the deep.  
 While harrass'd and cast from thy sight,  
 The tempter suggests with a roar,  
 'The Lord has forsaken thee quite;  
 Thy God will be gracious no more.'

4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath design'd  
 No covenant blessing for me,  
 Ah, tell me, how is it I find  
 Some pleasure in waiting for thee?  
 Almighty to rescue thou art;  
 Thy grace is my shield and my tower;  
 Come, succour and gladden my heart;  
 Let this be the day of thy power.

---

NEWTON.] 54.

*The Beggar.* Matt. vii. 7, 8.

**E**NCOURAG'D by thy word  
 Of promise to the poor,  
 Behold a beggar, Lord,  
 Waits at thy mercy's door  
 No hand, no heart, O Lord! but ~~mine~~,  
 Can help or pity wants like mine.

- 2 The beggar's usual plea,  
Relief from men to gain,  
If offer'd unto thee,  
I know thou wouldst disdain;  
And pleas which move thy gracious ear  
Are such as men would scorn to hear.
- 3 I have no right to say,  
That though I now am poor,  
Yet once there was a day,  
When I possessed more;  
Thou know'st that from my very birth,  
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.
- 4 Nor can I dare profess,  
As beggars often do,  
Though great is my distress,  
My wants have been but few;  
If thou should'st leave my soul to starve  
It would be what I well deserve.
- 5 'Twere folly to pretend,  
I never begg'd before;  
Or, if thou now befriend,  
I'll trouble thee no more;  
Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,  
And often I must come again.
- 6 Though crumbs are much too good  
For such a dog as I,  
No less than children's food  
My soul can satisfy;  
O, do not frown, and bid me go,  
I must have all thou canst bestow.
- 7 Nor can I willing be,  
Thy bounty to conceal  
From others, who, like me,  
Their wants and hunger feel;  
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,  
And try to send a thousand more.

- 8 Thy thoughts, thou Only Wise!  
 Our thoughts and ways transcend,  
 Far as the arched skies,  
 Above the earth extend: \*  
 Such pleas as mine, men would not bear,  
 But God receives a beggar's prayer.

C. WESLEY.] 55. 8, 7.

- E**NLISTED in the cause of sin,  
 Why should a good be evil?  
 Music, alas! too long has been  
 Press'd to obey the devil:  
 Drunken, or lewd, or light, the lay  
 Flows to the soul's undoing,  
 Widens, and strews with flowers the way  
 Down to eternal ruin.
- 2 Who, on the part of God, will rise,  
 Innocent mirth recover,  
 Fly on the prey, and take the prize,  
 Plunder the carnal lover,  
 Strip him of every moving strain,  
 Of every melting measure,  
 Music in virtue's cause regain,  
 Revive the holy pleasure.
- 3 Come let us try if Jesus' love  
 Will not as well inspire us;  
 This is the theme of those above,  
 This upon earth should fire us.  
 Say, are your hearts in tune to sing?  
 Is there a subject greater?  
 Melody all her strains may bring,  
 Jesus' name is sweeter.
- 4 Jesus the soul of music is;  
 His is the noblest passion;  
 Jesus' name gives life and peace,  
 Happiness and salvation.

Jesus' name the dead can raise,  
And show our sins forgiven,  
Fill us with all the life of grace,  
And bear us up to heaven.

- 5 Who has a right like us to sing,  
Us whom his mercy raises?  
Glad be our hearts, for Christ is King,  
And merry all our voices  
Who of his love does once partake,  
He in his God rejoices;  
Melody in our hearts we make,  
Melody with our voices.

- 6 He that a sprinkled conscience hath,  
He that in God is merry,  
Let him sing psalms, the spirit saith,  
Joyful, and never weary;  
Offer the sacrifice of praise,  
Hearty and never ceasing,  
Spiritual songs and anthems raise,  
Worship and thanks, and blessing.

- 7 Come, let us in his praises join,  
Triumph in his salvation,  
Glory ascribe to love divine,  
Worship and adoration.  
Heaven already is begun,  
Open'd in each believer;  
Only believe, and then sing on;  
Heaven is ours for ever.

---

56.

**F**AREWELL, loving Christians, the time  
is at hand,  
When we must be parted from this social  
band;  
Our several engagements do call us away.  
Separation is needful, and we must obey



- 2** Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for a while,  
We'll soon meet again, if kind Providence smile ;  
But when we are parted and scatter'd abroad,  
We'll pray for each other, when wrestling with God.
- 2** Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be discharg'd ;  
The war's almost over, the crown is enlarg'd ;  
With singing and shouting, though Jordan may roar,  
You'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the shore.
- 4** Farewell, ye young converts, who've listed for war ;  
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near ;  
Although you must travel this dark wilderness,  
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to rest.
- 5** The world, and the devil, and hell, all unite,  
And bold persecutors may try to affright ;  
But Michael fights for you, he's stronger than they ;  
Let this animate you to march on your way.
- 6** Farewell, seeking mourners, ye broken in heart ;  
Go to the Saviour, and choose the good part,  
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save ;  
His arms are extended, your souls he'll receive.
- 7** Farewell, careless sinners, for you I do mourn,  
To think of your danger and great unconcern ;

- You've heard of the judgment where all  
must appear,  
*There, there* you'll stand trembling with  
tormenting fear.
- 8 Your frolics and pastimes, in which you  
delight,  
Will serve to torment you in that dread  
affright;  
You'll think of the sermons that you've  
heard in vain,  
When hope's gone for ever, of hearing again.
- 9 Farewell, fellow trav'lers; farewell, all around;  
Should we never meet, till we wake under  
ground,  
To meet you in glory, I give you my hand,  
The Saviour to praise, in a pure, social band.
- 10 Glory, O glory, O glory to the Lamb!  
Redemption through Jesus! O wonderful  
theme!  
I long to be going, to praise him above,  
To gaze on his glory, and sing of his love.

---

### 57.

**F**AREWELL, my brethren in the Lord,  
The Gospel sounds a jubilee;  
My stamm'ring tongue shall sound aloud,  
From land to land, from sea to sea;  
And as I preach from place to place,  
I'll trust alone in God's free grace.

- 2 Farewell, in bonds, and union dear,  
Like strings, you twine about my heart  
I only ask your earnest prayer,  
Till we shall meet, no more to part;  
Till we shall meet in worlds above,  
Encircled in eternal love.

- 3 Farewell, my earthly friends below,  
Though all so kind and dear to me  
My Jesus calls, and I must go,  
To sound the Gospel jubilee.  
To sound the joys and bear the news,  
To Gentile worlds and royal Jews.
- 4 Farewell, young people, one and all  
While God shall grant me breath to breathe;  
I'll pray to the eternal All,  
That your dear souls in Christ may live;  
That your dear souls prepar'd may be,  
To reign in bliss eternally.
- 5 Farewell to all below the sun;  
And as I pass in tears below,  
The path is straight, my feet shall run,  
And God will keep me as I go;  
And God will keep me in his hand,  
And bring me to the promis'd land.
- 6 Farewell, farewell, I look above;  
Jesus, my guide, to thee I call;  
My joy, my crown, and only love,  
My safe-guard here, my heavenly all;  
My theme to preach, my song to sing,  
My only joy in death—Amen.

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58.

- F**AREWELL, vain world, I'm going  
home, hallelujah,  
My Saviour smiles and bids me come, ha-  
lallelujah,  
Bright angels beckon me away, hallelujah,  
To sing God's praise in endless day, halle-  
lujah.
- 2 I'm glad that I am born to die,  
From grief and woe my soul shall fly,  
Bright angels shall convey me home,  
Away to New Jerusalem.

- 3 And when to that new world I rise,  
And join the anthems in the skies,  
This note above the rest shall swell,  
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 4 I hope to meet my brethren there,  
Who once did join with me in prayer  
Our time of mourning will be o'er,  
When we do reach that happy shore.
- 5 Complete in holiness, ere long,  
Our souls shall join the heavenly throng  
The blessed angels round the throne,  
Are looking out for us to come.
- 6 I'll praise my God while I have breath,  
I hope to praise him after death,  
I hope to praise him when I die,  
And shout salvation as I fly.
- 7 We soon shall hear the solemn sound,  
Awake, ye nations under ground;  
Arise, and drop your dusty shrouds,  
And meet King Jesus in the clouds.
- 8 There shall I see my glorious God,  
And praise him in his high abode;  
My theme, through all eternity,  
Shall glory, glory, glory, be.

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59. C. M.

**F**ROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,  
And from this earthly clod,  
Arise, my soul, and strive to gain  
Sweet fellowship with God.

- 2 Say, what is there beneath the skies,  
In all the paths thou'st trod,  
Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,  
Like fellowship with God?  
Not life, nor all the toys of art,  
Nor pleasure's flow'ry road

- Can to my soul such bliss impart,  
As fellowship with God.
- 4 Not health nor friendship here below,  
Nor wealth, that golden load,  
Can such delight or comfort show,  
As fellowship with God.
- 5 When I am made in love to bear  
Affliction's needful rod,  
Light, sweet and kind the stripes appear  
Through fellowship with God.
- 6 In fierce temptation's fiery blast,  
Or dark desertion's road,  
I'm happy if I can but taste  
Some fellowship with God.
- 7 And when the icy hand of death  
Shall chill my flowing blood,  
With joy I'll yield my latest breath  
In fellowship with God.
- 8 When I at last to heaven ascend  
And gain my blest abode,  
Then an eternity I'll spend  
In fellowship with God.
- 

## 60.

**F**ROM the regions of love, lo! an angel  
descended,  
And told the strange news, how the Babe  
was attended;  
'Go, shepherds, and visit this wonderful  
stranger;  
See yonder bright star, there's your Lord  
in a manger.'  
Hallelujah to the Lord, who has purchas'd  
our pardon:  
We will praise him again, when we pass  
-er Jordan.

2 'Glad tidings I bring unto you and each  
nation,  
Glad tidings of joy, now behold your salva-  
tion !'

Then suddenly multitudes raise their glad  
voices,  
And shout the Redeemer, while heaven re-  
joices.

Hallelujah, &c.

3 Now glory to God in the highest is given,  
Now glory to God is re-echo'd thro' heaven ;  
Around the whole world let us tell the glad  
story,

And sing of his love, his salvation, and glory.

Hallelujah, &c.

4 Enraptur'd, I burn with delight and desire ;  
Such love, so divine, sets my soul all on fire .  
Around the bright throne hosannas are ring-  
ing,

O, when shall I join them, and ever be  
singing ?

Hallelujah, &c.

5 Triumphantly ride in thy chariot victorious  
And conquer with love, O Jesus ! all glorious ;  
Thy banners unfurl, let the nations surrender,  
And own thee their Saviour, their God and  
defender.

Hallelujah, &c.

---

### 61. 8, 7.

**G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken.  
Zion, city of our God !

He whose word cannot be broken,

Form'd thee for his own abode :

On the Rock of Ages founded,

What can shake thy sure repose ?

With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

- 2 [See the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Will supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove.  
Who can faint, while such a river  
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?  
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,  
Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hov'ring,  
See the cloud and fire appear,  
For a glory and a cov'ring,  
Showing that the Lord is near:  
Thus, deriving from their banner  
Light by night and shade by day,  
Safe they feed upon the manna,  
Which he gives them when they pray.]
- 4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!  
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,  
Makes them kings and priests to God  
'Tis his love his people raises  
Over self to reign as kings;  
And as priests his solemn praises  
Each for a thank-offering brings
- 5 Saviour, if of Zion's city  
I, through grace, a member am,  
Let the world deride or pity,  
I will glory in thy name.  
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
All his boasted pomp and show  
Solid joys and lasting treasure  
None but Zion's children know.

## 62.

**G**OD of my salvation, hear,  
And help me to believe;  
Simply do I now draw near,  
Thy blessing to receive.  
Full of guilt, alas! I am,  
But to thy wounds for refuge flee;  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Standing now as newly slain,  
To thee I lift mine eye;  
Balm of all my grief and pain,  
Thy blood is always nigh;  
Now, as yesterday, the same,  
Thou art and wilt for ever be.  
Friend of sinners, &c.

3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,  
Nor can thy grace procure;  
Empty send me not away,  
For I, thou know'st, am poor;  
Dust and ashes is my name,  
My all is sin and misery.  
Friend of sinners, &c.

4 No good word, or work, or thought,  
Bring I, to buy thy grace;  
Pardon I accept unbought,  
Thy proffer I embrace;  
Coming as at first I came,  
To take, and not bestow on thee.  
Friend of sinners, &c.

5 Saviour, from thy wounded side  
I never will depart:  
Here will I my spirit hide,  
When I am pure in heart;  
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
Thy blood was shed for me.



## 63. 7s.

- G**RACIOUS LORD, incline thine ear,  
My requests vouchsafe to hear ;  
Hear my never-ceasing cry,  
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 2 Wealth and honour I disdain,  
Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain ;  
These can never satisfy ;  
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,  
Only ease me of my guilt ;  
Suppliant, at thy feet I lie,  
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 4 All unholy and unclean,  
I am nothing else but sin ;  
On thy mercy I rely,  
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 5 Thou dost freely save the lost,  
In thy grace alone I trust ;  
With my earnest suit comply,  
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 6 Thou dost promise to forgive  
All who in thy Son believe ;  
Lord, I know thou canst not lie,  
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 7 Father, dost thou seem to frown ?  
Let me shelter in thy Son ;  
Jesus, to thy arms I fly,  
Come and save me, or I die.
- 

## 64. L. M.

**H**AIL ! sovereign love that first began  
The scheme to rescue fallen man ;  
Hail ! matchless, free, eternal grace,  
Which gave my soul a hiding place.

- 2 Against the God who rules the sky  
I fought with hands uplifted high,  
Despis'd the mention of his grace,  
Too proud to seek a hiding place.
- 3 Enrapt in thick Egyptian night,  
Fonder of darkness than of light,  
Madly I ran the sinful race,  
Scarce without a hiding place.
- 4 But thus eternal counsel ran,  
'Almighty power, arrest the man ;'  
I felt the arrows of distress,  
And found I had no hiding place.
- 5 Indignant justice stood in view ;  
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew ;  
But justice cried with frowning face,  
'This mountain is no resting place.'
- 6 At length a heavenly voice I heard,  
And mercy for my soul appear'd ;  
She led me on, with smiling face,  
To Jesus, as my hiding place.
- 7 A few more rolling scenes at most,  
Will land my soul on Canaan's coast,  
Where I shall sing my song of grace,  
And see my glorious hiding place.

---

### 65.

*Star in the East. Mat. ii. 2.*

**H**AIL the blest morn, when the great  
Mediator

Did from the regions of glory descend ;  
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the  
manger ;

Lo ! for his guard the bright angels attend.  
Brightest and best of the Sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us your  
aid :

- Star in the east, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;  
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall:  
 Angels, adore him in slumber reclining,  
 Maker and monarch and saviour of all.  
 Brightest and best, &c.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
 Odours from Eden, in off'rings divine,  
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine.  
 Brightest and best, &c.
- 4 Vainly we offer each costly oblation;  
 Vainly with gold would his favour secure;  
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;  
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.  
 Brightest and best, &c.

---

66. 8, 7.

- H**AIL! ye sighing sons of sorrow;  
 View with me th' autumnal gloom,  
 Learn from thence your fate to-morrow,  
 Dead! perhaps, laid in the tomb.  
 See all nature fading, dying,  
 Silent; all things seem to mourn;  
 Life, from vegetation flying,  
 Brings to mind my mouldering urn.
- 2 Lo! I hear the air resounding  
 With expiring insects' cries;  
 Ah! their moans, to me how wounding!  
 Emblem of my aged sighs.  
 While the annual frosts are cropping  
 Leaves and tendrils from the trees,

- So our friends are yearly dropping,  
We are like to one of these.
- 3 Hollow winds about are roaring,  
Noisy waters round me rise,  
While I sit, my fate deploring,  
Tears fast streaming from my eyes;  
What to me are autumn's treasures,  
Since I know no earthly joy?  
Long I've lost all youthful pleasures;  
Time will health and youth destroy.
- 4 Former friends, how oft I've sought them  
Just to cheer a troubled mind;  
Now they're gone like leaves of autumn,  
Driv'n before the dreary wind.  
When a few more days are wasted,  
And a few more scenes are o'er,  
When a few more griefs I've tasted,  
I shall fall to bloom no more.
- 5 Fast my sun of life's declining,  
Soon 'twill set in dismal night;  
But my hopes, pure and reviving,  
Rise to fairer worlds of light.  
Cease this trembling, mourning, sighing,  
Death shall burst this sullen gloom;  
Then my spirit, flutt'ring, flying,  
Shall be borne beyond the tomb.

---

### 67.

**H**ARK! brethren, don't you hear the sound;  
The martial trumpets now are blowing,  
Men in orders list'ning round,  
And soldiers to the standards flowing;  
Bounty offer'd, joy and peace;  
To every soldier this is given,  
When from toils of war they cease,  
A mansion bright, prepar'd in heaven.

- 2 Those who long in debt have laid,  
And felt the hand of dire oppression,  
All their debts are freely paid,  
And they endow'd with large possession.  
Those who're sick, or blind, or lame,  
Their maladies are also healed,  
Outlaw'd rebels, when they come,  
Receive a pardon freely sealed.
- 3 The battle is not to the strong,  
'The burden's on our Captain's shoulder ;  
None so aged, or so young,  
But he may list and be a soldier.  
Those who cannot fight or fly,  
Beneath his banner find protection,  
None who on his name rely,  
Shall be reduc'd to base subjection.
- 4 You need not fear, the cause is good,  
Come, who will to the crown aspire ?  
In this cause the martyrs bled,  
Or shouted victory in the fire ;  
In this cause let's follow on,  
And soon we'll tell the pleasing story,  
How by faith we gain'd the crown,  
And fought our way to life and glory.
- 5 The battle, brethren, is begun,  
Behold the army now in motion.  
Some by faith behold the crown,  
And almost grasp their future portion.  
Hark ! the victors singing loud,  
Immanuel's chariot wheels are rumbling ;  
Mourners weeping through the crowd,  
And Satan's kingdom down is tumbling.
- 6 Hark ! ye rebels, come and list,  
'The officers are now recruiting ;  
Why will you in sin persist,  
Or spend your time in vain disputing ?

All your cavil sure is vain;  
For if you do not sue for favour,  
Down you'll sink to endless pain,  
To bear the wrath of God for ever

---

## 68.

**H**ARK! how the Gospel trumpet sounds!  
Through all the world the echo bounds  
And Jesus, by redeeming blood,  
Is bringing sinners home to God;  
And guides them safely, by his word,  
To endless day.

- 2 Hail, all-victorious, conqu'ring Lord,  
By all the heavenly hosts ador'd!  
Who undertook for fallen man,  
And brought salvation through thy name,  
That we with thee might live and reign,  
In endless day.
- 3 Fight on, ye conqu'ring saints, fight on,  
And when the conquest you have won,  
Then palms of victory you shall bear,  
And in his kingdom have a share,  
And crowns of glory you shall wear,  
In endless day.
- 4 Thy blood, dear Jesus, once was spilt,  
To save our souls from sin and guilt;  
And sinners now may come to God,  
And find salvation through thy blood,  
And sail by faith upon that flood,  
To endless day.
- 5 Through storms and calms by faith we steer  
By feeble hope and gloomy fear;  
Till we arrive at Canaan's shore,  
Where sin and sorrow are no more,  
We'll shout, our trials are all o'er,  
To endless day.

- 6 There we shall in sweet chorus join,  
 With saints and angels all combine,  
 To sing of his redeeming love,  
 When rolling years shall cease to move,  
 And this shall be our theme above,  
 In endless day.

---

69.

*Make ready.*

- H**ARK! listen to the trumpeters, they  
 sound for volunteers,  
 O'er Zion's bright and flowery mount behold  
 the officers;  
 Their horses white, their garments bright,  
 with crowns and bows in hand,  
 Enlisting soldiers for the King, to march for  
 Canaan's land.
- 2 It sets my heart all in a flame—a soldier  
 I will be;  
 I will enlist, gird on my arms, and fight for  
 liberty,  
 They want no cowards in their band—they  
 will their colours fly;  
 They call for valiant-hearted men, that's not  
 afraid to die.
- 3 The army is now on parade—how martial  
 they appear!  
 All dress'd and arm'd in uniform, they look  
 like men of war.  
 They follow their great General, the great  
 eternal Lamb;  
 His garments stain'd in his own blood, King  
 Jesus is his name.
- 4 The trumpet sounds, the armies shout, and  
 drive the hosts of hell;  
 How dreadful is our God in arms, the great  
 Immanuel!

- Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ, the eternal  
Son of God,  
And march with us to Canaan's land, beyond  
the swelling flood.
- 5 There, on a green and flowery plain, where  
fruits immortal grow,  
All clothed in white, with angels bright, who  
our Redeemer know,  
We'll shout and sing for evermore, in that  
eternal world,  
While Satan, and his armies too, shall into  
hell be hurl'd.
- 6 Hold up your heads, ye soldiers bold, re-  
demption's drawing nigh;  
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound, to  
shake both earth and sky;  
In flaming chariots we shall fly, and leave  
the world on fire,  
Then bend around the starry throne, and  
tune th' immortal lyre.
- 

## 70. P. M.

- H**ARK! lo, we hear the Turtle Dove,  
The token of redeeming love;  
From hill to hill we hear the sound,  
The neighbouring valleys echo round,  
O Zion, hear the Turtle Dove,  
The token of redeeming love;  
She came the barren lands to cheer,  
And welcome in the Gospel year.
- 2 The spring has come, the summer view,  
All things appear divinely new;  
The winter's past, the rains are o'er,  
We feel the chilling blast no more.  
On Zion's hill the watchmen cry,  
The resurrection's drawing nigh;



- Behold the nations far abroad,  
All pressing to the mount of God.
- 3 The trumpet sounds, both far and nigh,  
O sinners! turn, why will you die?  
How can you slight those inn'cent charms?  
Enlist with Christ, and ground your arms.  
These are the days that were foretold,  
In ancient times, by prophets old;  
They long'd to see this glorious light,  
But all have died without the sight.
- 4 The latter days have now come on,  
And fugitives are marching home;  
See, how they crowd the Gospel road,  
All pressing to the mount of God!  
O, then, I haste to join that band;  
I hear my Captain's great command  
Farewell to Satan's rebel throng,  
I fly! I shout the heavenly song!
- 5 His banner soon will be unfurl'd,  
When he will come to judge the world  
On Zion's mount we then may stand,  
Surrounded by fair Canaan's land;  
The sun and moon shall darken'd be,  
And flames consume the land and sea!  
When worlds on worlds together blaze,  
I'll sing the great Redeemer's praise.

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COWPER.] 71. 7s.

*Lovest thou me?* John xxi. 16.

- H**ARK, my soul, it is the Lord;  
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,  
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?
- 2 'I deliver'd thee when bound,  
And when wounded heal'd thy wound

Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,  
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

- 3 'Can a woman's tender care  
Cease toward the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 'Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath;  
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 'Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of my throne shalt be—  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love thee, and adore;  
O, for grace to love thee more!

---

72. 8, 7.

**H**ARK! the Gospel trumpet's sounding  
Sinners, hear the call, and come;  
Christ, in pard'ning love abounding,  
Now invites the weary home.  
Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation;  
Sound the praise of his dear name;  
Glory! honour! adoration!  
Jesus Christ to save us came.

- 2 Though your crimes have reach'd to heaven  
And of deepest dye appear;  
Ask, and they shall be forgiven,  
Seek, and you shall find him near.
- 3 Cast your load of guilt behind you;  
To the Lord for mercy flee;  
Though the strongest fetters bind you,  
Jesus Christ can set you free.

- Turn, dear sinners, turn to Jesus,  
 Bow your hearts unto his call;  
 See your loving, bleeding Saviour,  
 Waiting to receive you all.
- 4 Free from hell's eternal prison;  
 Unbelief's tormenting chain;  
 Free from endless woe, perdition;  
 Free from everlasting pain!
- 5 Broken hearts, with sin distressed,  
 Come to Jesus, come to-day;  
 Poor and needy, lost and wretched;  
 Come, you need not stay away.
- 6 Hark! ye blind, the Saviour calls you,  
 Wait no longer; there is room;  
 Cast your rags of sin behind you;  
 Rise! the Saviour bids you come.
- 7 Angels, join with saints forgiven;  
 Sound the praise of Jesus' name!  
 Let the world, the church, and heaven,  
 Sweetly echo with the theme.  
 Glory! honour! and salvation!  
 To the Lamb that once was slain!  
 Honour! praise! and adoration!  
 Reign, sweet Jesus! ever reign!
- 

## 73.

- H**ARK! the jubilee is sounding  
 O, the joyful news is come;  
 Free salvation is proclaimed,  
 In and through God's only Son;  
 Now we have an invitation  
 To the meek and lowly Lamb;  
 Glory, honour, and salvation,  
 Christ, the Lord, is come to reign.
- 2 Come, dear friends, and don't neglect it,  
 Come to Jesus in your prime;

Great salvation, don't reject it,  
O, receive it, now's your time;  
Now the Saviour is beginning  
To revive his works again.  
Glory, honour, &c.

3 Now let each one cease from sinning,  
Come and follow Christ, the way;  
We shall all receive a blessing,  
If from him we do not stray.  
Golden moments we've neglected,  
O, the time we've spent in vain!  
Glory, honour, &c.

4 Come, let us run our race with patience,  
Looking unto Christ, the Lord,  
Who doth live and reign for ever,  
With his Father and our God;  
He is worthy to be praised,  
He is our exalted King.  
Glory, honour, &c.

5 Come, dear children, praise your Jesus,  
Praise him, praise him ever more;  
May his great love now constrain us,  
His great name for to adore;  
O, then let us join together,  
Crowns of glory to obtain.  
Glory, honour, &c.

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74.

**H**E comes, he comes, the Judge severe,  
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;  
The lightnings flash, his thunders roll,  
He's welcome to the faithful soul.  
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,  
He's welcome to the faithful soul.

2 From heaven angelic voices sound,  
See the almighty Jesus crown'd,

Girt with omnipotence and grace,  
And glory decks the Saviour's face.  
Glory, glory, &c.

- 3 Descending on his azure throne,  
He claims the kingdom for his own;  
The kingdoms all obey his word,  
And hail him their triumphant Lord.  
Hail him, hail him, &c.
- 4 Shout, all ye people of the sky,  
And all the saints of the Most High;  
Our God, who now his right obtains,  
For ever and for ever, reigns;  
Ever, ever, ever, ever,  
For ever and for ever reigns.
- 5 The Father bless, the Son adore,  
The Spirit praise for evermore;  
Salvation's glorious work is done,  
We welcome the great Three in One;  
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,  
We welcome the great Three in One.

---

WATTS.] 75. L. M.

**H**IE dies! the friend of sinners dies!  
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around  
A solemn darkness veils the skies,  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground:  
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,  
For him who groan'd beneath your load;  
He shed a thousand drops for you,  
A thousand drops of richer blood.

- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree;  
The Lord of glory dies for men;  
But lo! what sudden joys we see,  
Jesus, the dead, revives again!  
The rising God forsakes the tomb,  
Up to his Father's court he flies;

Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome through the skies

- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell  
How high our great Deliverer reigns;  
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,  
And led the monster, Death, in chains;  
Say, 'live for ever, wondrous King,  
Born to redeem, and strong to save;  
Then ask the monster, 'Where's thy sting?  
And where's thy victory, boasting grave?

---

76. 12, 11.

**H**OSANNA to Jesus! I'm fill'd with his  
praises,

Come, O my dear brethren, and help me  
to sing;

No theme is so charming, no love is so  
warming,

It gives joy and gladness, and comfort  
within.

- 2 Hosanna is ringing, O how I love singing!  
There's nothing so sweet as the sound  
of his name;

The angels in glory repeat the glad story,  
Of Jesus's love which is made known to  
men.

- 3 Hosanna to Jesus! he died to redeem us;  
I'll love him and serve him wherever I go  
He's now gone to heaven, the spirit is given,  
To quicken and comfort his children below

- 4 Hosanna for ever! his grace like a river,  
Is running and spreading throughout all  
the land;

His love, that's unbounded, to us is extended,  
And saints love to praise him, all join'd  
in one band.

- 5 Hosanna to Jesus! my soul how it pleases,  
To see sinners turning and coming to God!  
O, how they are raised, while some are  
amazed,  
That they should find pardon through  
Jesus's blood!
- 6 Hosanna is ringing, hark! how they are  
singing  
The praises of Jesus, and tasting his love!  
The sound's gone to heaven, the echo is  
given,  
It runs to my soul from the mansions  
above.
- 7 Hosanna to Jesus! I know he is precious,  
In sweet streams of glory he comes from  
above,  
My heart is now glowing, I feel his love  
flowing,  
He's Jesus, the Saviour and fountain of  
love.
- 8 Hosanna is sounding, free grace is abounding,  
And saints are a-marching in bright royal  
bands;  
Come on, my dear brethren, let us go to  
heaven,  
While Jesus invites us with crowns in his  
hands.
- 9 Hosanna to Jesus! my soul sweetly rises,  
I'll soon be exploring some happier clime,  
Where I shall see Jesus! and dwell on his  
praises,  
And with him in glory eternally shine.

---

77. 11s.

**H**OSANNA to Jesus! my soul, rise and  
sing;  
He's worthy of praises; let all the earth ring

- To rescue lost sinners he left his bright throne,  
And lifts us to glory by free grace alone.
- 2 My heart is enraptur'd, and love turns my  
tongue ;  
Unite, my dear brethren, to swell the sweet  
song ;  
It burst forth in glory, and roll'd down  
the sky,  
To raise helpless sinners to mansions on high
- 3 A band of bright angels descends from above,  
To bear the glad tidings of Jesus' love ;  
The swains, highly favour'd, to Bethlehem  
went,  
And witness'd the truth of this joyful event.
- 4 My soul, stand and wonder ; then bow and  
adore ;  
The owner of all things is turn'd out of  
door !  
The sovereign of angels commands no esteem  
From sinners, the objects he came to redeem.
- 5 Pray, why is this darkness prevailing at  
noon ?  
Or, why doth all nature seem strangely to  
mourn ?  
While rocks cleave asunder, and earth quakes  
aloud,  
My Jesus is dying ! he surely is God.
- 6 Methinks, as he languish'd and died on the  
tree,  
His eyes roll'd in pity and fix'd upon me :  
The look overwhelm'd me, and conquer'd  
my heart,  
And bound me unto him, O ! never to part.
- 7 The tears of contrition in torrents did flow ;  
Will this bleeding Jesus such favours bestow ?  
Unworthy such kindness I am to receive ;—  
Arise ! said the Saviour ; I freely forgive.



- 8 By love I am conquer'd, in tears I rejoice ;  
O ! may I but praise him in action and  
voice ;  
And if up to heaven I'm finally borne,  
The praise of salvation's to Jesus alone
- 

## 78. C. M.

- H**OW glorious is our heavenly King  
Who reigns above the sky !  
How shall a child presume to sing  
His dreadful majesty !
- 2 How great his power is, none can tell,  
Nor think how large his grace ;  
Not men below nor saints that dwell  
On high, before his face ;
- 3 Not angels, that stand round the Lord,  
Can search his secret will ;  
But they perform his heavenly word,  
And sing his praises still.
- 4 Then let me join this holy train,  
And my first off'ring bring ;  
Th' eternal God will not disdain  
To hear an infant sing.
- 5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,  
And angels shall rejoice,  
To hear their mighty Maker's praise  
Sound from a feeble voice.
- 

## 79.

- H**OW happy are they,  
Who their Saviour obey,  
Who have laid up their treasure above !  
Tongue cannot express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love.

- 2 That comfort was mine,  
When the favour divine  
I first found in the blood of the Lamb  
When first I believ'd,  
O, what a joy I receiv'd !  
What a heaven in Jesus's name !
- 3 'Twas a heaven below,  
My Jesus to know ;  
The angels could do nothing more,  
Than to fall at his feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the Saviour of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus, all the day long,  
Was my joy and my song ;  
'O, that all his salvation may see !  
He hath lov'd me,' I cried,  
'He hath suffer'd and died,  
To redeem such a rebel as me.'
- 5 On the wings of his love,  
I was carried above  
All sin and temptation and pain ;  
I could not believe,  
That I ever should grieve,  
That I ever should suffer again.
- 6 But where am I now ?  
When was it, or how,  
That I fell from a sense of his grace ?  
I am brought into thrall,  
As if stript of my all,  
And have lost the sweet smiles of his face.
- 7 Hardly yet do I know  
How I let my Lord go,  
So insensibly starting aside,  
When the tempter came in,  
With his own subtle sin,  
And infected my spirit with pride.

- 8 To the fountain I'll go,  
Which so freely did flow  
From the heart of my Lord when he died,  
O, my Lord and my God,  
Let the water and blood  
Be again to my conscience applied.
- 9 Never more would I stray  
From my Jesus, my Way,  
But follow the Lamb till I die  
Let me take up my cross,  
And count all things but loss,  
Till I meet with my God in the sky.
- 

## SO.

- H**OW happy, how loving, how joyful I feel!  
I want to feel more love, yea, more  
love and zeal;  
I want my love perfect, I want my love pure,  
That all things with patience I may well  
endure.
- 2 I want to be little, more simple and mild,  
More like my blest Master, and more like  
a child;  
More watchful, more prayerful, more lovely  
in mind,  
More humble, more gentle, more loving and  
kind.
- 3 I want to love wisdom that comes from  
above,  
I want to be harmless, and more like a dove;  
I want my light clear, that beholders may see  
How faith and good works in sweet union  
agree.
- 4 My union I want with the Father and Son,  
I want that perfected which now is begun;

- That love and sweet union which soothes  
every care,  
And with my dear brethren all burdens to  
bear.
- 5 My faith and my hope, my love and my zeal,  
I want them recruited, and never to fail,  
Remembering at all times what Jesus did say,  
And set out anew and begin every day.
- 6 My treasure in heaven I want to lay up,  
Where no moth and no rust can ever corrupt;  
Where no thief and no robber will venture  
or dare,  
My heart and my treasure I want to be there.
- 7 O come, my dear brethren, both aged and  
youth,  
And all who are willing to walk in the truth,  
Let's all join together, in union and love,  
And on our blest journey then joyful we'll  
move.
- 8 When time is no more, and from earth we  
remove,  
To dwell in the regions of pure light and love,  
With Jesus our Saviour and all holy men,  
We'll shout hallelujah for ever, amen.
- 

## 81.

**H**OW happy's every child of grace,  
The soul that's fill'd with joy and peace,  
That bears the fruits of righteousness,  
And kept by Jesus' power!  
They antedate the joys of heaven,  
In rapturous lays, shout the praise  
Of Jesus' grace to a lost race  
Of sinners brought to righteousness,  
Through the atoning blood of Jesus.

- 2 Satan may tempt, and hell may rage,  
And all the powers of earth besiege,  
Their united strength at once engage,  
To pluck a soul from Jesus;  
The faithful soul laughs them to scorn,  
He is heaven-bound, he is heaven-bound,  
He'll watch and pray, night and day,  
Fight his way, win the day,  
And all his enemies dismay,  
Through the mighty name of Jesus.
- 3 O, monster, Death, thy sting is drawn;  
O, boasting grave, no trophies won;  
The saints triumph through grace alone,  
And praise the name of Jesus.  
At length he bids the world adieu,  
With all its vanities and show;  
The soul, it flies through the skies  
To Paradise, and joins its voice  
In rapturous lays, loves to praise  
The glorious name of Jesus.
- 4 When Gabriel's awful trump shall sound,  
To rend the rocks, convulse the ground,  
And swear that time is at an end,  
Ye dead, arise to judgment;  
See lightnings flash from pole to pole,  
This world wrapt like a parchment scroll,  
Comets blaze, sinners raise,  
And dread amaze, while horrors seize  
The guilty sons of Adam's race,  
Unsav'd from sin by Jesus.
- 5 The Christian, fill'd with rapturous joy,  
'Midst flaming worlds he mounts on high,  
To meet his Saviour in the sky,  
And see the face of Jesus.  
The soul and body re-unite,  
And fill'd with glory infinite;

Blessed day ! Christians, say,  
Will you pray, that we may  
All join that happy company,  
To praise the name of Jesus ?

---

## 82.

- H**OW happy's every child of grace,  
Who feels his sins forgiven !  
This world, he cries, is not my place,  
I seek a place in heaven ;  
A country far from mortal sight,  
Yet, O ! by faith I see  
The land of rest, the saints' delight,  
A heaven prepar'd for me.
- 2 A stranger in this world below,  
I calmly sojourn here ;  
Nor can its happiness or woe  
Provoke my hope or fear.  
Its evils in a moment end,  
Its joys as soon are past :  
But, O ! the bliss to which I tend,  
Eternally shall last.
- 3 To that Jerusalem above,  
With singing, I'll repair ;  
While in the flesh, by hope and love  
My heart and soul are there.  
There my exalted Saviour stands,  
My merciful High Priest,  
And still extends his wounded hands,  
To take me to his breast.
- 4 What is there here to court my stay,  
And keep me back from home,  
When angels beckon me away,  
And Jesus bids me come ?  
Shall I regret my parted friends,  
Here in this vale confin'd ?

Nay, but whene'er my soul ascends,  
'They will not stay behind.

5 The race we all are running now,  
And if I first attain,  
They too their willing heads shall bow,  
'They too the prize shall gain.  
Now on the brink of death I stand,  
And if I pass before,  
They too shall all escape to land,  
And hail me on that shore.

6 Then let me suddenly remove,  
That hidden life to share;  
I shall not lose my friends above,  
But more enjoy them there.  
There we in Jesus' praise shall join,  
His boundless love proclaim,  
And solemnize, in songs divine,  
'The marriage of the Lamb.

7 O, what a blessed hope is ours,  
While here on earth we stay!  
We more than taste the heavenly powers  
And antedate that day;  
We feel the resurrection near,  
Our life in Christ conceal'd,  
And with his glorious presence here,  
Our earthen vessel's fill'd.

8 O, would he more of heaven bestow,  
Then let this vessel break,  
And let my ransom'd spirit go,  
To grasp the God I seek;  
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,  
Who bought that sight for me,  
And shout, and wonder at his grace,  
Through all eternity.

NEWTON.] 83.

*The good Physician.*

- H**OW lost was my condition,  
Till Jesus made me whole!  
There is but one Physician  
Can cure a sin-sick soul.  
Next door to death he found me,  
And snatched me from the grave,  
To tell to all around me,  
His wondrous power to save.
- 2 The worst of all diseases,  
Is light, compar'd with sin;  
On every part it seizes,  
But rages most within.  
'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,  
And madness all combin'd;  
And none but a believer,  
The least relief can find.
- 3 From men great skill professing  
I thought a cure to gain;  
But this proved more distressing,  
And added to my pain.  
Some said that nothing ail'd me,  
Some gave me up for lost;  
Thus every refuge fail'd me,  
And all my hopes were cross'd.
- 4 At length this great Physician,  
(How matchless is his grace!)  
Beheld my lost condition,  
And undertook my case.  
First gave me sight to view him;  
For sin my eyes had seal'd;  
Then bade me look unto him—  
I look'd, and I was heal'd.
- 5 A dying, risen Jesus,  
Seen by the eye of faith,



At once from danger frees us,  
 And saves the soul from death.  
 Come, then, to this Physician,  
 His help he'll freely give;  
 He makes no hard condition,  
 'Tis only, look and live.

---

84. C. M.

*The inspired word a system of knowledge and joy. Psalms cxix. 105.*

**H**OW precious is the book divine,  
 By inspiration given;  
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,  
 To guide our souls to heaven.

- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,  
 In this dark vale of tears;  
 Life, light and joy it still imparts,  
 And quells our rising fears.
  - 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night  
 Of life, shall guide our way,  
 Till we behold the clearer light  
 Of an eternal day.
- 

NEWTON.] 85. L. M.

*None upon earth I desire beside thee. Ps. lxxiii. 25.*

**H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,  
 When Jesus no longer I see!  
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet  
 flowers,

Have lost all their sweetness with me.  
 The mid-summer sun shines but dim,  
 The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
 But when I am happy in Him,  
 December's as pleasant as May.

- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,  
 And sweeter than music his voice;

- His presence disperses my gloom,  
 And makes all within me rejoice.  
 I should, were he always thus nigh,  
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;  
 Nor mortal so happy as I,  
 My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,  
 My all to his pleasure resign'd,  
 No changes of season or place  
 Would make any change in my mind  
 While bless'd with a sense of his love,  
 A palace a toy would appear,  
 And prisons would palaces prove,  
 If Jesus would dwell with me there
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
 If thou art my sun and my song  
 Say, why do I languish and pine,  
 And why are my winters so long?  
 O, drive these dark clouds from my sky  
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;  
 Or take me unto thee on high,  
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

---

### 86.

- H**OW vain are the pleasures of time!  
 How fond are vain mortals of life;  
 There's naught but the heavens sublime,  
 There's naught but confusion and strife.  
 My wife, the dear bride of my youth,  
 Lies panting and gasping for breath,  
 More pleas'd with the beauties of truth,  
 And blest in th' embraces of death.
- 5 Her struggles are long and severe,  
 While struggling and cooing she smiles  
 Saying, 'Jesus hath made me his care,  
 I soon shall forget all my toils.'

She calls for the chariots of Christ—  
How slowly they move on their way  
How long, my Lord Jesus, she cries,  
How long have I here yet to stay?

3 Still Jesus is faithful to me,  
He pities the pains now I feel;  
I shall not stay out his decree,  
He gives me his love as a seal.  
Farewell, my dear husband, said she;  
Now from your kind bosom I leap,  
With Jesus, my Bridegroom, to be;  
My flesh in the tomb then shall sleep

4 And thus she continued to cry  
For patience to wait for the world,  
Till at length she did leap and did fly,  
For ever to dwell with the Lord.  
Now, like a disconsolate dove,  
I'm left all alone here to mourn;  
O, may the kind powers above,  
Show pity to me while alone.

5 I look through the rooms of my house,  
Each door on its hinges doth mourn;  
In searching I find not my spouse,  
Nor will she to me e'er return.  
How lonesome my table to me!  
How empty the place where she sat!  
What lonesome devotion I pay,  
Where once we so sweetly did meet!

6 But, oh! what still heightens my grief,  
My sons a kind mother have lost;  
They can't go to her for relief;  
O, may they in God put their trust.  
My passion will lead me too far;  
My grief I will leave with the Lord;  
I trust I will shortly go where  
Vain passion can't flee from his word.

## 87. S. M.

- H**OW various and how new,  
Are thy compassions, Lord?  
Each morning shall thy mercy show,  
Each night thy truth record.
- 2 Thy goodness, like the sun,  
Dawn'd on our early days,  
Ere infant reason had begun  
To form our lips to praise.
- 3 Each object we beheld  
Gave pleasure to our eyes;  
And nature all our senses held,  
In bands of sweet surprise.
- 4 But pleasures more refin'd  
Awaited that bless'd day,  
When light arose upon our mind,  
And chas'd our fears away.
- 5 How new thy mercies then!  
How sovereign and how free!  
Our souls that had been dead in sin,  
Were made alive to thee.

PAUSE.

- 6 Now we expect a day  
Still brighter far than this,  
When death shall bear our souls away  
To realms of light and bliss.
- 7 There rapturous scenes of joy,  
Shall burst upon our sight;  
And every pain, and tear, and sigh,  
Be drown'd in endless night.
- 8 Beneath thy balmy wing,  
O, Son of righteousness,  
Our happy souls shall sit and sing  
The wonders of thy grace.

- 9 Nor shall that radiant day  
So joyfully begun,  
In evening shadows die away  
Beneath the setting sun.
- 10 How various and how new  
Are thy compassions, Lord!  
Eternity thy love shall shew,  
And all thy truth record.
- 

## 88.

*Christ ever lives our intercessor.*

- ‘**I** KNOW that my Redeemer lives,  
What comforts this sweet sentence gives!  
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,  
He lives, my ever-living head!
- 2 He lives, triumphantly and brave,  
He lives, eternally to save,  
He lives, all glorious in the sky,  
He lives, exalted far on high!
- 3 He lives, to bless me with his love,  
He lives, to plead my cause above,  
He lives, my hungry soul to feed,  
He lives, to help in time of need.
- 4 He lives, to give me full supplies,  
He lives, to bless me with his eyes,  
He lives, to comfort me when faint,  
He lives, to hear my soul's complaint.
- 5 He lives, to crush the fiends of hell,  
He lives, and doth within me dwell,  
He lives, to heal, and keep me whole,  
He lives, to guide my feeble soul.
- 6 He lives, to banish all my fears,  
He lives, to wipe away my tears,  
He lives, to calm my troubled heart,  
He lives, all blessings to impart.

- 7 He lives, my kind and gracious friend,  
He lives, and loves me to the end;  
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,  
He lives, my Prophet, Priest and King.
- 8 He lives, all glory to his name,  
He lives, my Jesus still the same;  
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,  
'I know that my Redeemer lives.'

---

89.

- I'LL sing my Saviour's grace,  
And his dear name I'll praise,  
While in this land of sorrow I remain;  
My troubles soon will end,  
Then will my soul ascend,  
Where I shall hunger, thirst, nor mourn again
- 2 A pilgrim here below,  
In this vain world I go;  
I live an exile, mourning like the dove;  
My days with sorrow roll,  
And my poor weary soul,  
With earnest longing, pants to mount above
- 3 Though few my days have been,  
Much trouble I have seen,  
And deep affliction I have waded through  
For thorny is the way  
To everlasting day;  
Yet forward do I press, my God to know.
- 4 Another day is gone,  
And the declining sun  
Has veil'd its radiant beams in silent shades,  
While gloomy darkness reigns  
O'er the extensive plains,  
And awful silence close the solemn scene.
- 5 Then rapid flies away  
The next succeeding day,

- And life's declining light draws to a close,  
This life's short, setting sun,  
Will soon in death go down,  
And lay my weary limbs in sweet repose.
- 6 On eagles' wings of love  
I shall then mount above,  
And find my passage safe to endless day.  
Then happy, sweet surprise,  
What wonders will arise,  
When free from this dull clog of cumbrous  
clay !
- 7 O, what a glorious sight,  
Mix'd with extreme delight,  
Will strike my ravish'd eye, when I behold  
Fair Salem's gates appear,  
And I a drawing near  
To those bright streets of pure, transparent  
gold !
- 8 In raptures I shall blaze,  
While on my King I gaze,  
The man who suffer'd, groan'd and died  
for me ;  
Who bore my load of sin,  
My sorrow, grief and pain,  
To make me happy and to set me free.
- 9 To living fountains then,  
And richest pastures green,  
To trees of Paradise he'll lead his lambs ;  
While millions falling down,  
Prostrated all around,  
And at his footstool cast their glitt'ring  
crowns.
- 10 The heavenly arches ring,  
Sing Hallelujah ! sing ;  
Hail, holy, holy, holy, bleeding Lamb,

Once we were dead in sin,  
 But now we live again,  
 And glory, glory, glory to his name

---

## 90. 7, 6.

Tune. HEAVENLY PROSPECT.

- I**M on my way to Zion;  
 I bid the world farewell:  
 Come, all my old companions,  
 In spite of earth and hell:  
 Though Satan's army rages;  
 And all the world combine,  
 The Lord for us engages  
 The strength of grace divine.
- 2 I'll blow the silver trumpet,  
 And on the nations call;  
 From Calv'ry's bloody summit  
 Proclaim his death to all;  
 Come try his love, and prove him,  
 His favour you shall gain,  
 Nor can you fail to love him,  
 Or ever come in vain.
- 3 And if you want a witness,  
 Here is one standing forth,  
 Who lately felt the sweetness  
 Of Jesus' matchless worth;  
 It comes in copious showers  
 The body can't contain;  
 It fills the ransom'd powers,  
 And spreads into a main.
- 4 The glories of that kingdom  
 My soul can ne'er describe,  
 Although in heavenly wisdom  
 I feel the blood applied.  
 O, come unto the Saviour,  
 And you shall feel his love,



- "Tis of most pleasant flavour;  
It comes from heaven above.
- 5 My soul looks up and sees him,  
And he his love doth send,  
While I continue thinking,  
When will my journey end?  
It cannot be much longer  
Till I shall with him reign,  
And be a heavenly songster,  
And ne'er return again.
- 6 The wisest in his favour  
Can never well describe  
The brightness which the Saviour  
Puts on his lovely bride;  
When heaven has grown all hoary,  
We shall have but begun  
To wear our crowns of glory,  
Bright shining as the sun.
- 

DR. WATTS.] 91.

*Converse with Christ.*

- I'M tir'd of visits, modes, and forms,  
And flatt'ries paid to fellow worms,  
Their conversation cloy,  
Their vain amours and empty stuff;  
But I can ne'er enjoy enough  
Of thy sweet company, my Lord, thou  
life of all my joys.
- 2 When he begins to tell his love,  
Through every view my passions move,  
The captives of his tongue;  
In midnight shades, on frosty ground  
I could attend the pleasing sound,  
Nor should I feel December cold, nor think  
the darkness long.

- 3 There, while I hear my Saviour, God,  
Count o'er my sins (a heavy load)  
He bore upon the tree,  
Inward I blush with secret shame,  
And weep, and love, and bless the name  
That knew not guilt nor grief his own,  
but bore it all for me.
- 4 Next, he describes the thorns he wore,  
And talks his bloody passion o'er,  
Till I am drown'd in tears;  
Yet, with a sympathetic smart,  
There's a strange joy beats round my heart,  
The cursed tree has blessings in't, my  
sweetest balm it bears.
- 5 I hear the glorious Suff'rer tell,  
How on the cross he vanquish'd hell,  
And all the powers beneath;  
Transported and inspir'd, my tongue  
Attempts his triumph in a song,  
How hath the serpent lost his sting! and  
where's thy victory, death?
- 6 But when he shows his hands, his heart,  
And those dear prints of dying smart,  
He sets my soul on fire;  
Not the beloved John could rest  
With more delight upon that breast,  
Nor Thomas pry into those wounds with  
more intense desire.
- 7 Kindly he opes to me his ear,  
And bids me pour my sorrows there,  
And tell him all my pains;  
Thus, while I ease my burden'd heart,  
In every woe he bears a part;  
His arms embrace me, and his hand my  
drooping head sustains.

## RYLAND.] 92. C. M.

- I**N all my Lord's appointed ways  
 My journey I'll pursue;  
 Hinder me not, ye much-lov'd saints,  
 For I must go with you.
- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead  
 I'll follow where he goes;  
 Hinder me not! shall be my cry,  
 Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duty, and through trials too,  
 I'll go at his command;  
 Hinder me not, for I am bound  
 To my Immanuel's land.
- 4 And when my Saviour calls me home,  
 Still this my cry shall be,  
 Hinder me not! come, welcome, death!  
 I'll gladly go with thee.

## 93.

## TUNE—INDIAN CONVERT.

[The following song was composed and sung by a converted Indian, and reduced to writing by a missionary preacher.]

- I**N de dark wood, no Indian nigh,  
 Den me look heaven, and send up cry  
 Upon my knees so low,  
 Dat God on high, in shiny place,  
 See poor Indian wid teary face;  
 De preacher tell me so.
- 2 God send he angel take me care;  
 He come heself, he hear my prayer:  
 If inside heart do pray;  
 He see me now, he know me here,  
 He say, poor Indian, never fear!  
 Me wid you all de day.

- 3 Den me love God wid inside heart ;  
 He fight for me, he take my part ;  
     Me save my life before ;  
 God love poor Indian in de wood,  
 Den me love God, and dat be good,  
     Me praise him two time more.

---

94.

- I**N the house of king David a fountain did  
     spring,  
 For sin and uncleanness, from Jesus our King ;  
 This fountain proves healing whenever ap-  
     plied ;  
 It sprang from the bowels of Christ when he  
     died.
- 2 If you are polluted, this water makes clean ;  
 This blood, it will pardon, and free from all  
     sin ;  
 And Christ, the Physician, hath balm to apply,  
 A balsam for healing ; come, venture and try.
- 3 If you are o'erwhelm'd with mountains of  
     guilt,  
 Come, bathe in this fountain, for sinners 'twas  
     spilt ;  
 Here 's peace for your conscience, your guilt  
     to remove,  
 And rivers of love, your affections to soothe.
- 4 If you are distressed, and weary of sin,  
 This fountain stands open, come now venture  
     in ;  
 Here 's everything needed for sinners undone,  
 And you are invited and welcome to come.
- 5 If you are bemoaning your weakness in grace,  
 This fountain stands ready, 'twill answer your  
     case ;

Come, draw when you're weary, and drink  
when you're dry ;

It was for the needy that Jesus did die.

6 Come, you who have bath'd in this fountain  
of love,

And felt all the burden of guilt to remove

Let's join to praise Jesus as long as we've  
breath,

And, after we're laid in the dust of the earth.

7 Then, there we shall sleep, but not always  
remain ;

We look for the coming of Jesus again ;

And when we behold him, we'll lay by our  
shrouds,

And rise to meet Jesus, our Lord, in the  
clouds.

8 How we shall be fashion'd it doth not appear

But we shall be like him approved and clear

And that blessed hour we're longing to see,

When we shall be perfectly holy as he.

9 O, then he'll receive us with joy and great  
mirth,

Saying, ' Welcome my jewels, redeem'd from  
the earth !'

He'll not be asham'd to call us his bride,

More precious to him than the silver that's  
tried.

### 95. L. M.

**I** THIRST, but not as once I did

The vain delights of earth to shure ;

Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid

That I should seek my pleasures there.

2 It was the sight of thy dear cross,

First wean'd my soul from earthly things.

And taught me to esteem as dross  
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.

3 I want that grace that springs from thee,  
That quickens all things when it flows,  
And makes a wretched thorn like me  
Bloom like the myrtle or the rose.

4 For sure, of all the plants that share  
The notice of thy Father's eye,  
None prove less grateful to his care,  
Or yield him meaner fruit than I.

---

96.

**I**T is a glorious mystery,  
'Tis a wonder, wonder, wonder,  
That ever I should saved be;  
'Tis a wonder, wonder, wonder!

2 No heart can think, no tongue can tell,  
'Tis a wonder, wonder, wonder,  
Why God should save my soul from hell;  
'Tis a wonder, wonder, wonder.

3 Great mystery I do behold,  
That God should ever save a soul;  
But here's a greater mystery,  
That he bestow'd his grace on me.

4 Great mystery, I can't tell why,  
That Christ for sinners e'er should die,  
But here's a greater mystery,  
That he should ever die for me.

5 Great mystery, that Christ should place  
His love on those of Adam's race;  
But here's a greater mystery,  
That he should set his love on me.

6 Why was I not still left behind,  
With thousand others of mankind,  
Who run the dangerous sinful race,  
And die and never taste his grace?

- 7 No mortal can a reason find;  
'Tis mercy free, and grace divine;  
O, 'tis a glorious mystery,  
And will be, to eternity.
- 

## 97. L. M.

- I**'VE listed in the holy war,  
Content with suff'ring soldier's fare;  
The banner o'er my head is love,  
I draw my rations from above.
- 2 I've fought through many a battle sore,  
And I must fight through many more;  
I take my breast-plate, sword and shield,  
And boldly march into the field.
- 3 The world, the flesh, and Satan too,  
Unite and strive what they can do,  
On thee, O Lord, I humbly call;  
Uphold me or my soul must fall.
- 4 I've listed, and I mean to fight,  
Till all my foes are put to flight;  
And when the victory I have won,  
I'll give the praise to God alone.
- 5 Come, Fellow-Christians, join with me;  
Come, face the foe, and never flee;  
The heavenly battle is begun,  
Come, take the field and win the crown.
- 6 With listing orders I have come;  
Come rich, come poor, come old or young  
Here's grace's bounty, Christ has given,  
And glorious crowns laid up in heaven.
- 7 Our Gen'ral, he is gone before,  
And you may draw on grace's store;  
But, if you will not list and fight,  
You'll sink into eternal night.

## 98. L. M.

*The Philosopher's experience.*

- I** WALK'D abroad one morning fair,  
When odours sweetly balm'd the air,  
And birds their artless notes did sing  
To welcome in the cheerful spring.
- 2 Surveying nature all around,  
The scene with wonder did abound;  
But while my ravish'd eyes were charm'd,  
An inward voice my soul alarm'd.
- 3 'Would you all nature comprehend?  
'You'd better learn to know your end.  
'Those beauties which you now survey,  
'Will, like yourself, soon pass away.
- 4 'But death is not alone your doom;  
'To judgment you must shortly come:  
'When hills and valleys are all fled,  
'Where will you hide your guilty head?
- 5 Black horrors seiz'd my frightened soul;  
Billows of woe did o'er me roll;  
I fell, and almost lost my breath;  
I thought I soon should sink in death.
- 6 The little birds from spray to spray  
Were hymning praises all the day,  
In artless anthems to their God,  
While I lay weltring in my blood.
- 7 Thus, trembling o'er a gulf I lay,  
But dar'd not move my lips to pray;  
I had provok'd a dreadful God,  
And trampled on a Saviour's blood.
- 8 To my amazement and surprise,  
I saw a cloud descend the skies,  
And in the midst a fairer one  
Than any of the sons of men.



- 9 His curled locks were snowy white,  
His garments far exceeded light;  
The sun grew pale before his face;  
His feet were like to burnish'd brass.
- 10 He spake, and brightness shone around:  
He said 'I have a ransom found;  
'I've bought your pardon on the tree,  
'And come to set the pris'ner free.'
- 11 My heart rebounded like a roe,  
And glory in my soul did flow,  
My sins were gone, and I was free,  
My Saviour liv'd and died for me.
- 12 I leap'd and shouted out so loud,  
And long'd for wings to reach the cloud,  
T' embrace my Saviour in my arms,  
And gaze for ever on his charms.

---

99.

- J**ERUSALEM, my happy home,  
O, how I long for thee!  
When will my sorrows have an end?  
Thy joys, when shall I see?
- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,  
Most glorious to behold;  
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,  
Thy streets are pav'd with gold.
- 3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green,  
My study long have been;  
Such sparkling light, by human sight  
Has never yet been seen.
- 4 If heaven be thus so glorious, Lord,  
Why should I stay from thence?  
What folly 'tis, that I should dread  
To die and go from hence.

- 5 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,  
And cause me to ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths never end.
- 6 Jesus, my love, to glory's gone;  
Him will I go and see;  
And all my brethren here below  
Will soon come after me.
- 7 My friends, I bid you all adieu  
I leave you in God's care,  
And if I never more see you,  
Go on, I'll meet you there.
- 8 There we shall meet and no more part,  
And heaven shall ring with praise,  
While Jesus' love in every heart  
Shall tune the song Free Grace.
- 9 Millions of years around may run,  
Our song shall still go on,  
To praise the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit, Three in One.
- 10 When we've been there ten thousand years  
Bright, shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise,  
Than when we first begun.
- 

## 100.

- J**ESUS, at thy command  
I launch into the deep,  
And leave my native land,  
Where sin lulls all asleep.  
For thee I would the world resign,  
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my pilot, wise;  
My compass is thy word;  
My soul each storm defies  
While I have such a Lord.

- I trust thy faithfulness and power  
To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep  
Through all my passage lie,  
Yet Christ will safely keep  
And guide me with his eye.  
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,  
And every boisterous storm outride.
- 4 By faith I see the land,  
The port of endless rest;  
My soul, thy sails expand,  
And fly to Jesus' breast!  
O, may I reach the heavenly shore,  
Where winds and waves distress no more.
- 5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,  
And storms forbear to toss;  
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,  
Lest I should suffer loss;  
For more the treach'rous calm I dread  
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
- 6 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow  
A prosp'rous gale of grace;  
Waft me from all below  
To heaven, my destin'd place.  
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,  
And leave the world and sin behind.

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101.

**J**ESUS drinks the bitter cup,  
The wine-press treads alone;  
Tears the graves and mountains up,  
With his expiring groan.  
Lo! the power of heaven he shakes.  
Nature in convulsion lies;  
Earth's profoundest centre quakes,  
The great Jehovah dies!

- 2 Dies the glorious Cause of All,  
The true eternal Plan  
Falls, to raise us from our fall,  
To ransom sinful man.  
Well may Sol withdraw his light  
With the sufferer sympathize,  
Leave the world in sudden night,  
While his Creator dies.
- 3 O, my God, he dies for me,  
I feel the mortal smart;  
See him hanging on the tree,  
A sight that breaks my heart.  
O, that all to thee would turn!  
Sinners, you may love him too;  
Look on him, ye pierc'd, and mourr  
For one who bled for you.
- 4 Weep o'er your Desire and Hope,  
With tears of humblest love;  
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,  
And reigns enthron'd above,  
Lives, our Head, to die no more;  
Power is all to Jesus given,  
Worshipp'd as he was before,  
The eternal King of heaven.
- 

## 102.

- J**ESUS, grant us all a blessing,  
Send it down, Lord, from above;  
May we all go home a praying,  
And rejoicing in thy love.  
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,  
Till we all shall meet again.
- 2 Jesus, pardon all our follies,  
Since together we have been;  
Make us humble, make us holy,  
Cleanse us all from every sin.

Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,  
Till we shall meet again.

- 3 May thy blessing, Lord, go with us,  
To each one's respective home,  
And the presence of our Jesus  
Rest upon us every one.  
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,  
Till we all shall meet at home.
- 

## 103.

**J**ESUS, let thy pitying eye  
Call back a wandering sheep;  
False to thee, like Peter, I  
Would fain like Peter weep.  
Let me be by grace restor'd,  
On me be all its fullness shown.  
Turn and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.

- 2 Saviour, Prince enthron'd above,  
Repentance to impart,  
Give me, through thy dying love,  
The humble, contrite heart;  
Give, what I have long implor'd,  
A portion of thy love unknown.  
Turn, &c.
- 3 See me, Saviour, from above,  
Nor suffer me to die;  
Life, and happiness, and love,  
Smile in thy gracious eye;  
Speak the reconciling word,  
And let thy mercy melt me down.  
Turn, &c.
- 4 Look, as when thy pitying eye  
Was clos'd, that we might live;  
'Father,' (at the point to die,  
My Saviour gasp'd,) 'forgive.'

Surely, with that dying word,  
He turns and looks, and cries 'tis done  
O, my loving, bleeding Lord,  
This breaks my heart of stone.

---

## 104.

- J**ESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,  
He whom I fix my hopes upon;  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,  
The road that leads from banishment;  
The King's high-way of holiness,  
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not;  
My grief my burden long has been,  
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,  
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,  
'Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
'Come, hither, soul, I am the way.'
- 5 Lo! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb,  
Shalt take me to thee as I am;  
My sinful self to thee I give;  
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then I will tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found,  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say, 'Behold the way to God.'
- 

## 105. 7s.

**J**ESUS' precious name excels  
Jordan's streams and Salem's wells;  
Thirsty sinners, come and draw;  
Quench the flames of Sinai's law

- 2 Fearful sinners, come and try;  
Draw, and drink with inward joy;  
Christ is fresh, and full, and free;  
Sinners, come, whoe'er you be.
- 3 See the waters springing up,  
To revive your languid hope;  
Fill your vessels as it rolls,  
And refresh your weary souls.
- 4 Lo! the Spirit now invites;  
Lo! the happy Bride unites;  
Jesus calls, be not afraid;  
Lo! for you the will was made.
- 5 Justice made it in the Lamb,  
Mercy grants it through his name;  
Faith receives a full supply;  
Those who drink it cannot die.
- 6 [Careless sinner, let me tell,  
Not a drop is found in hell;  
Not a drop to ease your smart;  
Not a drop to cool your heart.]
- 7 Haste you to the Lamb of God,  
Seek salvation in his blood;  
In it there is boundless store  
For ten thousand thousand more.
- 8 Constant tribute let us bring  
For this soul-refreshing spring;  
Constant let our praises rise,  
Till we drink above the skies.

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106. L. M. *Bridegroom.*

**J**ESUS, the heavenly lover, gave  
His life my wretched soul to save;  
Resolv'd to make his mercy known,  
He kindly claims me for his own.

- 2 Rebellious, I against him strove,  
Till melted and constrain'd by love;  
With sin and self I freely part;  
The heavenly Bridegroom wins my heart.
  - 3 My guilt, my wretchedness he knows,  
Yet takes and owns me for his spouse;  
My debt he pays, and sets me free,  
And makes his riches o'er to me.
  - 4 My filthy rags are laid aside;  
He clothes me as becomes his bride;  
Himself bestows my wedding-dress,  
His robe of perfect righteousness.
  - 5 Lost in astonishment, I see,  
Jesus, thy boundless love for me;  
With angels, I thy grace adore,  
And long to love and praise thee more.
  - 6 Since thou wilt take me for thy bride,  
Keep me, O Saviour, near thy side;  
I fain would give thee all my heart,  
Nor ever from my Lord depart.
- 

## 107. C. M.

- J**ESUS, thou art the sinner's friend;  
As such, I look to thee;  
Now, in the bowels of thy love,  
O Lord, remember me.
- 2 Remember the pure word of grace;  
Remember Calvary;  
Remember all thy dying groans,  
And then, remember me.
  - 3 Thou wondrous advocate with God,  
I yield myself to thee;  
While thou art sitting on thy throne,  
Dear Lord, remember me.



- 4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,  
Yet thy salvation's free;  
Then in thy all-abounding grace,  
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 5 Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,  
Howe'er oppress'd I be,  
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,  
Do thou remember me.
- 6 And when I close my eyes in death,  
And creature-helps all flee,  
Then, O my dear Redeemer, God,  
I pray, remember me.

---

NEWTON.] 108.

**L**ET me dwell on Golgotha,  
Weep and love my life away,  
While I see Him on the tree,  
Weep, and bleed, and die for me.

- 2 That dear blood, for sinners spilt,  
Shows my sin in all its guilt;  
Ah, my soul, he bore the load;  
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.
- 3 Hark! his dying word 'forgive,'  
Father, let the sinner live;  
Sinner, wipe thy tears away,  
I thy ransom freely pay.
- 4 While I hear thy grace reveal'd,  
And obtain a pardon seal'd,  
All my soft affections move,  
Waken'd by the force of love.
- 5 Farewell, world! thy gold is dross,  
Now I see the bleeding cross;  
Jesus died to set me free  
From the law, and sin, and thee.
- 6 He has dearly bought my soul;  
Lord, accept and claim the whole.

To thy will I all resign,  
Now no more my own, but thine.

---

## 109. 8, 7.

**L**ET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour  
Come and bid our jarrings cease  
Come, oh! come and reign for ever,  
God of love, and Prince of peace;  
Visit now thy precious Zion,  
See thy people mourn and weep;  
Day and night thy lambs are crying,  
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

- 2 Some are following men's inventions,  
And reject the Saviour's laws;  
Hence divisions and contentions  
Sully the Redeemer's cause;  
Hence we suffer persecution;  
Foolish virgins soundly sleep;  
All is uproar and confusion;  
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 3 Saviour God, with courage arm us,  
Help us still to persevere;  
Nothing, we are sure, can harm us  
While our loving Shepherd's near  
Glory, glory be to Jesus!  
At his name our hearts do leap;  
He both comforts us and frees us;  
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.
- 4 Lord, in us there is no merit;  
We've been sinners from our youth  
Guide, O guide us by thy Spirit,  
Help us to embrace the truth;  
Help us on thy word to venture  
Till in death's cold arms we sleep,  
Love our Lord, adore our Saviour;  
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

- 5 Hear the Prince of your Salvation  
 Saying, 'Fear not, little flock;  
 'I myself am your foundation,  
 'You are built upon this Rock;  
 'Shun the paths of vice and folly,  
 'Near your Shepherd constant keep,  
 'Look to me and be ye holy;  
 'I delight to feed my sheep.'
- 6 Christ alone our souls shall rest on;  
 Taught by him, we'll own his name;  
 Sweetest of all names is Jesus;  
 How it doth our hearts inflame!  
 Now we'll rush thro' what encumbers,  
 Ev'ry hindrance overleap,  
 Undismay'd by force or numbers;—  
 The good Shepherd feeds his sheep

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HART.] 110. 8, 7.

*What it is to be a Christian.*

- L**ET us ask th' important question,  
 (Brethren be not too secure,)  
 What is it to be a Christian?  
 How may we our hearts assure?  
 Vain is all our best devotion,  
 If on false foundation built:  
 True religion's more than notion;  
 Something must be *known* and *felt*.
- 2 'Tis to trust our well-beloved  
 In his blood has wash'd us clean;  
 'Tis to hope our guilt's removed  
 Though we feel it rise within  
 To believe that all is finish'd,  
 Though so much remains t' endure;  
 Find the dangers undiminish'd,  
 Yet to hold deliv'rance sure.

Q

- 3 'Tis to credit contradictions,  
Talk with him one never sees,  
Cry and groan beneath afflictions,  
Yet to dread the thoughts of ease ;  
'Tis to feel the fight against us,  
Yet the victory hope to gain,  
To believe that Christ has cleans'd us,  
Though the leprosy remain.
- 4 'Tis to hear the Holy Spirit  
Prompting us to secret prayer ;  
To rejoice in Jesus' merit,  
Yet continual sorrow bear ;  
To receive a full remission  
Of our sins for evermore,  
Yet to sigh with sore contrition,  
Begging mercy every hour.
- 5 To be steadfast in believing,  
Yet to tremble, fear, and quake,  
Every moment be receiving  
Strength, and yet be always weak ;  
To be fighting, fleeing, turning ;  
Ever sinking, yet to swim ;  
To converse with Jesus, mourning  
For ourselves, or else for him.
- 

## III.

*Judgment.* Rev. i. 7 ; vi. 14, 17 ; xxiii. 17, 20

- L**O ! he comes with clouds descending  
Once for favour'd sinners slain ;  
Thousand, thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train ;  
Hallelujah,  
Jesus now shall ever reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty ;

Those who set at naught and sold him,  
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the great Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,  
Heaven, and earth, shall flee away;  
All who hate him, must, confounded,  
Hear the trump proclaim the day;  
Come to judgment!  
Come to judgment! come away!

4 Now, redemption, long expected,  
See in solemn pomp appear;  
All his saints, by man rejected,  
Now shall meet him in the air;  
Hallelujah,  
See the day of God appear.

5 Answer thine own bride and spirit,  
Hasten, Lord, the general doom;  
The new heaven and earth t' inherit,  
Take thy pining exiles home;  
All creation  
Travails, groans, and bids thee come.

6 Yea, amen, let all adore thee,  
High on thine exalted throne  
Saviour, take the power and glory,  
Claim the kingdom for thy own;  
O, come quickly,  
Hallelujah, come, Lord, come.

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## 112.

### *Parting.*

**L**ORD, when together here we meet,  
And taste thy heavenly grace,  
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,  
We're loth to leave the place.

- 2 Yet, Father, since it is thy will,  
That we must part again,  
O, let thy precious presence still  
With every one remain.
- 3 Thus let us all in Christ be one,  
Bound with the cords of love,  
Till we around the glorious throne  
Shall joyous meet above,
- 4 Where sin and sorrow, from each heart,  
Shall then for ever fly;  
And not one thought, that we shall part  
Once intercept our joy.
- 5 Where, void of all distracting pains,  
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;  
But in seraphic, heavenly strains,  
Redeeming love admire.
- 6 And thus through all eternity,  
Upon the heavenly shore,  
The great, mysterious One in Three,  
Jehovah, we'll adore.

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HART.] 113.

- L**UKEWARM souls, the foe grows stronger,  
See what hosts your camp surround;  
Arm to battle, lag no longer,  
Hark! the silver trumpets sound.  
Wake, ye sleepers; wake, what mean you?  
Sin besets you round about,  
Up and search, the world's within you;  
Slay or chase the traitor out.
- 2 What enchants you? pelf or pleasure?  
Pluck right eyes, with right hands part;  
Ask your conscience, where's your treasure;  
For be certain there's your heart.  
Give the fawning foe no credit;  
Lo! the bloody flag's unfurl'd;

That base heart, (the word has said it;) Loves not God, that loves the world.

- 3 God and Mammon? O, be wiser;  
 Serve them both? It cannot be;  
 Ease in warfare, saint and miser?  
 These will never well agree.  
 Shun the shame of foully falling,  
 Cumber'd captives clogg'd with clay;  
 Prove your faith, make sure your calling,  
 Wield the sword and win the day.
- 4 Forward press, toward perfection;  
 Watch and pray, and all things prove;  
 Seek to know your God's election,  
 Search his everlasting love.  
 Dread backsliding, scorn dissembling;  
 Now salvation's near in view,  
 Work it out with fear and trembling;  
 'Tis your God that works in you.

---

### 114.

#### *Gethsemane.*

**M**ANY woes had Christ endur'd,  
 Many sore temptations met,  
 Patient, and to pains inur'd;  
 But the sorest trial yet  
 Was to be sustain'd in thee,  
 Gloomy, sad, Gethsemane!

Through the dreadful night,  
 With its iron rod,  
 And with collected might  
 Bruis'd the harmless Lamb of God:  
 See, my soul, the Saviour see,  
 Grov'ling in Gethsemane.

- 3 There my God bore all my guilt;  
 This thro' grace can be believed;

- But the torments which he felt,  
Are too vast to be conceiv'd;  
None can penetrate thro' thee,  
Doleful, dark, Gethsemane.
- 4 All my sins against my God,  
All my sins against his laws,  
All my sins against his blood,  
All my sins against his cause,  
Sins as boundless as the sea,  
Hide me, O Gethsemane.
- 5 Here's my claim, and here alone,  
None a Saviour more can need;  
Deeds of righteousness I've none,  
Nor a work that I can plead;  
Not a glimpse of hope for me,  
Only in Gethsemane.
- 6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One Almighty God of love,  
Prais'd by all the heavenly host,  
In thy shining courts above;  
We poor sinners, gracious Three,  
Bless thee for Gethsemane.

---

**115.**

- M**IXTURES of joy and sorrow I daily  
do pass through,  
Sometimes I'm in the valley, then sinking  
down with woe;  
Sometimes I am exalted, on eagles' wings  
I fly,  
Rising above mount Pisgah, I almost reach  
the sky.
- 2 Sometimes my hopes are little, I almost lay  
them by,  
Sometimes they are sufficient, if I were  
call'd to die;



- Sometimes I am in doubting, and think I  
have no grace,  
Sometimes I am a shouting, and Bethel is  
the place.
- 3 Sometimes I shun the Christian, for fear  
he'll talk to me,  
Sometimes he is the neighbour I long the  
most to see,  
Sometimes we meet together in seasons dry  
and dull,  
Sometimes I find a blessing of joy that fills  
my soul.
- 4 Sometimes I am oppressed by Pharaoh's  
cruel hand,  
Sometimes I look o'er Jordan and view the  
promis'd land;  
Sometimes I am in darkness, and some-  
times in the light,  
Sometimes my soul, on wings of faith, as-  
cends in lofty flight.
- 5 Sometimes I go in mourning down Baby-  
lon's cold stream,  
Sometimes my Lord's religion appears to  
be my theme,  
Sometimes when I am praying, it almost  
seems a task,  
Sometimes I find a blessing the greatest I  
can ask.
- 6 Sometimes I read my Bible, it seems a  
sealed book,  
Sometimes I find a blessing wherever I do  
look;  
Sometimes I go to meeting, and wish I'd  
staid at home,  
Sometimes I find my Jesus, and then I  
gladly come.

- 7 Oh! how am I thus tossed, thus tossed to  
and fro,  
How are my hopes thus crossed, wherever  
I do go!  
O Lord, thou never changest, it is because  
I stray;  
Lord, guide me by the Spirit, and keep me  
in the way.
- 

## 116. 8, 8, 6.

- M**Y days, my weeks, my months, my years.  
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres  
Around their steady pole;  
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,  
Till I am launch'd through boundless deeps,  
Where endless ages roll.
- 2 The grave is near the cradle seen,  
How swift the moments pass between!  
And whisper as they fly,  
'Unthinking man, remember this,  
Though fond of sublunary bliss,  
That thou must groan and die.'
- 3 My soul, attend the solemn call;  
Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,  
And thou must take thy flight  
Beyond the vast expansive blue,  
To sing above, as angels do,  
Or sink in endless night.
- 4 How great the bliss, how great the woe  
Hangs on this inch of time below,  
On this precarious breath!  
The Lord of nature only knows,  
Whether another year shall close,  
Ere I expire in death.
- 5 Long ere the sun shall run its round,  
I may be buried under ground,

And there in silence rot.

Alas! one hour may close the scene,  
And ere twelve months shall roll between,  
My name be quite forgot.

- 6 But will my soul be then extinct,  
Or cease to live, or cease to think?

It cannot, cannot be;

Though my immortal cannot die,  
What wilt thou do, or whither fly  
When death shall set thee free?

- 7 Will Mercy then her arms extend?  
Will Jesus be thy guardian friend,  
And heaven thy dwelling-place?  
Or shall insulting fiends appear,  
And drag thee down to dark despair,  
Below the reach of grace?

- 8 A heaven or hell, and these alone,  
Beyond the present life are known;  
There is no middle state;  
My soul, attend the call divine,  
To-morrow may be none of thine,  
Or, it may be too late.

- 9 O, do not pass this day in dreams;  
Vast is the change, whate'er it seems  
To poor unthinking man;  
Lord, at thy footstool I would bow,  
Bid conscience tell me plainly now,  
What it would tell me then.

- 10 If in destruction's road I stray,  
Help me to choose the better way,  
That leads to joys on high;  
Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,  
Nor let me ever dare to live,  
Such as I dare not die.

117. L. M. *Double.*

**M**Y God, my heart with love inflame  
 That I may in thy holy name,  
 Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,  
 While I have breath to raise my voice,  
 Then will I shout, then will I sing,  
 And make the heavenly arches ring;  
 I'll sing and shout for evermore,  
 On that eternal happy shore.

- 2 O, hope of glory, Jesus! come,  
 And make my heart thy constant home;  
 For the short remnant of my days,  
 I want to sing and shout thy praise:  
 Incessantly I want to pray,  
 And live rejoicing every day,  
 And to give thanks in every thing,  
 And sing and shout, and shout and sing.
- 3 When on my dying bed I lie,  
 Lord, give me strength to sing and pray,  
 To praise thee with my latest breath,  
 Until my tongue is still in death;  
 Then, brethren, sisters, shouting come,  
 My body follow to the tomb;  
 And as you march the solemn road,  
 Loud sing and shout the praise of God.
- 4 Then you below and I above,  
 We'll bless and praise the God of love,  
 Until that great, tremendous day,  
 When he shall call our slumb'ring clay;  
 Then from our dusty beds we'll spring,  
 And shout, 'O Death! where is thy sting?'  
 'O Grave, where is thy victory?'  
 We'll shout through all eternity.
- 5 Our race is run, we've gain'd the prize;  
 'Well done,' the Sovereign of the skies  
 Shall smiling to his children say,  
 'Come, reign with me in endless day.'

- Then on that happy, happy shore,  
We'll sing and shout, our suff'rings o'er;  
We'll sing and shout, and shout and sing,  
And make the heavenly arches ring.
- 6 Farewell, vain world, you're not my rest;  
My soul enjoys the heavenly feast;  
No more shall thy deceiving charms  
Thrust my dear Saviour from my arms.
- 7 Then will we sing in sweet accord,  
And be for ever with the Lord;  
Let earth and heaven both pass away,  
Jesus is mine to endless day.
- 

**118.** 8s. *Supreme love to Christ.*

- M**Y gracious Redeemer I love,  
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,  
And join with the armies above,  
To shout his adorable name;  
To gaze on his glories divine,  
Shall be my eternal employ,  
And feel them incessantly shine,  
My boundless, ineffable joy.
- 2 He freely redeem'd with his blood,  
My soul from the confines of hell,  
To live in the smiles of my God,  
And in his sweet presence to dwell  
To shine with the angels of light,  
With saints, and with seraphs to sing  
To view, with eternal delight,  
My Jesus, my Saviour, and King.
- 3 My glorious Redeemer, I long  
To see thee descend on the cloud,  
Amid the bright, numberless throng,  
And mix with the triumphing crowd.  
O, when wilt thou bid me ascend,  
To join in thy praises above,

- To gaze on thee, world without end,  
And feast on thy ravishing love.
- 4 No sorrows, no sickness, nor pain,  
No sins, no temptations, nor fear,  
Shall ever molest me again—  
Perfection of glory reigns there;  
This soul, and this body, shall shine,  
In robes of salvation and praise,  
And banquet on pleasures divine,  
Where God all his beauty displays.
- 5 Soon, soon shall my spirit exchange  
This cell of corruptible clay,  
For mansions celestial, and range  
Through realms of ineffable day;  
The crown that my Saviour bestows,  
Your permanent sun shall outshine  
My joy everlastingly flows,  
My God, my Redeemer, is mine.
- 

## 119. C. M.

*Widow.*

- M**Y head and stay, is called away,  
And I am left alone;  
My husband dear, who was so near,  
Is fled away and gone.
- 2 It breaks my heart, 't is hard to part  
With one who was so kind;  
Where shall I go to vent my smart,  
Or ease my troubled mind?
- 3 In wisdom's ways we spent our days,  
Much comfort we did find;  
But he is gone, in dust he lays,  
And I am left behind.
- 4 Naught can I find, to ease my mind,  
In things which are below;

For earthly toys but vex my joys,  
And aggravate my woe.

- 5 But I'll repair to Jesus, where  
I'll ease my troubled breast;  
To Christ above, who is my love,  
And my eternal rest.
- 6 And O, that he would send for me,  
And call my spirit home,  
To worlds of rest, among the blest,  
Where troubles never come.

---

120.

*Look on him and mourn.*

**M**Y Lord, my Saviour, died,  
For guilty sinners' sake;  
The tokens of his love

Oft keep mine eyes awake.  
I cannot choose but mourn,  
That he should suffer so;  
And yet it is the source  
Whence all my comforts flow.

- 2 I cannot choose but mourn,  
Whose sins made him to bleed;  
And yet such sacrifice  
My soul from death hath freed.  
'Twas not the treach'rous Jews  
That did my Lord betray:  
It was my heinous sins,  
More treach'rous far than they.
- 3 'Twas not the soldier's spear,  
That pierc'd my Saviour's side:  
'Twas my ingratitude,  
My unbelief, my pride.  
These were the bloody thorns  
That did his temples wound;

- And caused these sacred drops  
That did bedew the ground.
- 4 And when his Father's wrath  
Drew forth that bitter cry,  
He yielded up his life  
For rebels such as I.  
And can I choose but mourn,  
When skies and rocks did rend,  
And nature veil'd her face  
At sight of such an end?
- 5 But haste my soul to view  
Thy happiness restor'd,  
And death and hell subdu'd,  
By thy triumphant Lord;  
Put off thy mourning weed,  
Thy Jesus reigns on high,  
Receiving gifts for men,  
For rebels—such as I.
- 

BIGGS' COLLECTION.] 121.

*The holy Revelation.*

- M**Y loving fellow-travellers, who are to  
Canaan bound,  
Let us raise a song for Jesus, make hills and  
valleys sound;  
Tho' troubles do beset us, while in this bar-  
ren place,  
Yet Jesus will be with us, and keep us by his  
grace.
- 2 Infernal spirits tempt us, our souls they would  
beguile,  
And worldlings persecute us, at us they laugh  
and smile;  
The world would fain allure us, and bring us  
into thrall,  
But glory be to Jesus, through him we'll  
conquer all.



- 3 Since we are so surrounded, our number  
seems but small,  
Let us unite the closer to Jesus, one and all ;  
The wolf can never harm us, while in our  
Shepherd's care ;  
But if we once be parted, the wolf will soon  
appear.
- 4 But love unto our Jesus, and to each other  
dear,  
Let us strengthen one another, and feel each  
other's care ;  
Press forward on our journey, keep Zion still  
in view,  
In spite of all opposers, the Lord will bring  
us through.
- 5 The faithful do experience, and that from day  
to day,  
That Jesus is sufficient, for all that watch  
and pray ;  
Ye faithful pilgrims, trust him, he'll keep you  
to the end,  
Tho' men and devils tempt you, still Jesus  
is your friend.
- 6 Jesus beholds from heaven, your labour and  
your pain ;  
Press on, ye valiant soldiers, the prize you  
soon shall gain ;  
Jesus is now in glory, his soldiers there  
we'll meet,  
We shall know one another, our joys shall  
be complete.
- 7 Our warfare is nearer over, than when we  
last did meet ,  
Who next shall leave the army, to walk the  
golden street ?

- No matter which, my brethren, if Jesus gives  
the call;  
If I'm the next poor pilgrim, with Christ I'll  
leave you all.
- 8 Come let us sing his praises, lest we should  
meet no more,  
Till Jesus lands his army on the eternal  
shore;  
Sing glory hallelujah, sweet Jesus, quickly  
come,  
Prepare us for thy glory, and call thy ser-  
vants home.
- 

## 122. C. M

- M**Y soul doth magnify the Lord,  
My spirit doth rejoice,  
In God, my Saviour and my King;  
I hear his joyful voice.
- 2 I need not go abroad for joys,  
I have a feast at home;  
My sighs are turned into songs,  
The Comforter is come.
- 3 Down from above, the blessed Dove  
Is come into my breast,  
To witness God's eternal love;  
This is my joyful feast.
- 4 This makes me Abba Father cry,  
With confidence of soul;  
This makes me cry, my Lord, my God,  
And that without control.
- 5 There is a stream, which issues forth  
From God's eternal throne,  
And from the Lamb, a living stream,  
As clear as crystal stone:
- 6 This stream doth water Paradise.  
It makes the angels sing.

- One cordial drop revives my soul,  
Whence all my joys do spring.
- 7 Such joys as are unspeakable,  
And full of glory too ;  
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,  
As worldlings do not know.
- 8 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,  
From fancy 'tis conceal'd,  
What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,  
And hast to me reveal'd.
- 9 I see thy face, I hear thy voice,  
I taste thy sweetest love ;  
My soul doth leap ; but O ! for wings,  
The wings of Noah's dove !
- 10 Then would I fly far hence away,  
Leaving this world of sin ;  
Then would my Lord reach forth his hand,  
And kindly take me in.
- 11 Then would my soul with angels feast,  
On joys that ever last ;  
Blest be my God, the God of joys,  
Who gives me here a taste.
- 

## 123.

*God's dealings to his children are all for the best.*

- M**Y soul, now arise ; my passions, take  
wing ;  
Look up to the skies, and cheerfully sing ;  
Let God be the object, in praises address'd,  
And this be my subject, ' 'tis for all the best.'
- 2 Search all the world through ; examine and  
see ;  
And what canst thou view, more suited to  
thee,

- Than this declaration, in scripture express'd,  
That God, thy salvation, 'does all for the best.'
- 3 Though here day by day his love shall see  
    good  
Upon me to lay his fatherly rod,  
Yet be not dejected, however oppress'd;  
Though sorely afflicted, 'tis all for the best.'
- 4 On creatures below I'll not set my heart,  
For surely I know we shortly must part;  
For though when God gives them his name's  
    to be bless'd,  
Yet when he removes them 'tis all for the  
    best.'
- 5 But O the bless'd day! (and soon 'twill arise,)  
When freed from my clay, I'll mount to  
    the skies;  
And when I do enter my heavenly rest,  
I'll there sing for ever 'twas all for the best.'

---

124. 11s.

*The dying Christian.*

- M**Y soul's full of glory, inspiring my  
tongue;  
Could I meet with angels, I'd sing them a  
song,  
I'd sing of my Jesus, and tell of his charms,  
And beg them to bear me to his loving arms
- 2 Methinks they're descending to hear while  
    I sing,  
Well pleas'd to hear mortals a praising their  
    King;  
O angels! O angels! my soul's in a flame,  
I faint in sweet raptures at Jesus's name.
- 3 O Jesus! O Jesus! thou balm of my soul,  
'Twas thou, my dear Jesus, that made my  
heart whole;

O, bring me to view thee, thou precious  
sweet King,  
In oceans of glory thy praises to sing.

4 O heaven ! sweet heaven ! I long to be there,  
To meet all my brethren, and Jesus, my dear ;  
Come angels, come angels, I'm ready to fly ;  
Come quickly, convey me to God in the sky.

5 Sweet Spirits attend me, till Jesus shall  
come ;  
Protect and defend me, till I am call'd  
home ;  
Tho' worms my poor body may claim as  
their prey,  
'Twill outshine, when rising, the sun at  
noon day.

6 The sun shall be darken'd, the moon turn'd  
to blood,  
The mountains all melt at the presence of  
God ;  
Red lightnings may flash, loud thunders  
may roar—  
All this cannot daunt me, on Canaan's blest  
shore.

A glimpse of bright glory surprises my soul,  
I sink in sweet raptures to view the bright  
goal ;  
My soul, while I'm singing, is leaping to go,  
This moment for heaven I'd leave all below

8 Farewell, my dear brethren, my Lord bids  
me come ;  
Farewell, my dear sisters, I'm now going  
home,  
Bright angels, now whispering so sweet in  
my ear,  
Away to my Saviour, my spirit will bear.

- 9 I'm going, I'm going, but what do I see?  
'Tis Jesus in glory appears unto me!  
I'm going, I'm going, I'm going, I'm gone.  
O glory! O glory! 'tis done, it is done.
- 

## 125. 7s.

- N**OW begin the heavenly theme,  
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;  
Ye who his salvation prove,  
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace,  
Beaming in the Saviour's face;  
As to Canaan on ye move,  
Bless and praise redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,  
Banish all your guilty fears;  
See your guilt and curse remove,  
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been  
Willing slaves to death and sin,  
Now from bliss no longer rove,  
Stop and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome all by sin oppress'd,  
Welcome to his sacred rest;  
Nothing brought him from above,  
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 When his spirit leads us home,  
When we to his glory come,  
We shall all the fullness prove  
Of our Lord's redeeming love.
- 7 He subdu'd the infernal powers;  
Those tremendous foes of ours,  
From their cursed empire drove,  
Mighty in redeeming love.

- 8 Hither, then, your music bring,  
Strike aloud each cheerful string;  
Mortals, join the host above,  
Join to praise redeeming love.
- 

## 126. L. M.

- N**OW we are met in holy fear,  
To hear the happy saints declare  
The rich compassions of a God,  
The virtues of a Saviour's blood.
- 2 Jesus, assist them now to tell  
What they have felt, and *now* they feel;  
O Saviour! help them to express  
The wonders of triumphant grace.
- 3 While to the church they freely own  
What for their souls the Lord hath done  
We'd join to praise eternal love,  
And heighten all the joys above.
- 

## 127.

- O**'ER the gloomy hills of darkness  
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;  
All the promises do travail  
With a glorious day of grace.  
Blessed Jubilee,  
Let thy glorious morning dawn!
- 2 Let the Indian, let the negro,  
Let the rude barbarian see  
That divine and glorious conquest,  
Once obtain'd on Calvary;  
Let the Gospel  
Loud resound from shore to shore.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,  
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;

And from eastern coast to western  
 May the morning chase the night,  
 And Redemption,  
 Freely purchas'd, win the day.  
 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,  
 Win and conquer, never cease;  
 May thy lasting, wide dominions  
 Multiply and still increase;  
 Sway thy sceptre,  
 Saviour, all the world around.

---

## 128. L. M.

*Desiring Repentance.*

- O** GIVE me, Lord, my sins to mourn,  
 My sins which have thy body torn,  
 Give me with broken heart to see  
 Thy last tremendous agony.
- 2 O, could I gain the mourner's height,  
 And gaze upon the bleeding sight!  
 Ah! that, with Salem's daughters, I  
 Could stand and see my Saviour die!
- 3 I'd smite my breast, and weep and mourn,  
 And never from the cross return;  
 I'd weep o'er an expiring God,  
 And mix my tears with Jesus' blood.
- 4 I'd hang around his feet and cry,  
 'Lord, save my soul, condemn'd to die!'  
 O, let a wretch come near thy throne,  
 To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 Father of mercies, drop thy frown,  
 And give me shelter in thy Son,  
 And with my broken heart comply;  
 O, give me Jesus, or I die.
- 6 O Lord, deny me what thou wilt,  
 Only relieve me of my guilt;



Good Lord, in mercy hear me cry,  
And give me Jesus, or I die.

- 7 O, save my soul from gaping hell,  
Or else with devils I must dwell;  
O, might I enter, now I'm come.  
Lord Jesus, save me, or I'm gone.

---

129.

**O** GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!  
It lifts me up to things above,  
It bears on eagles' wings,  
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,  
And makes me for some moments feast  
With Jesus, Priest and King.

- 2 The things eternal I pursue,  
A happiness beyond the view  
Of those who vainly pant  
For things by nature felt and seen;  
Their honour, wealth, and pleasures mean  
I neither have nor want.
- 3 Nothing on earth I call my own,  
A stranger, to the world unknown,  
I all their goods despise;  
I trample on their whole delight,  
I seek a country out of sight,  
A country in the skies:
- 4 There is my house and portion fair,  
My treasure and my heart are there,  
And my abiding home;  
For me my elder brethren stay,  
And angels beckon me away,  
And Jesus bids me come.
- 5 I come, my Lord, thy servant cries,  
I come to meet thee in the skies,  
And claim my heavenly rest;

Now let the pilgrim's journey end,  
Now O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
Receive me to thy breast.

---

**130.**

- O** HAPPY time, long waited for,  
The comfort of my heart;  
Since I have met the saints once more,  
O, may we never part!  
Temptations cease to break my peace,  
And all my sorrows die;  
When I with you my love renew,  
O, what a heaven have I!
- 2 My sorrow's past, and I at last  
Have heavenly comforts found;  
My heart to Jesus I have given,  
And I'm for Canaan bound.  
If fellowship with saints below,  
Is to our souls so sweet,  
What heavenly comforts shall we know  
When round his throne we meet!
- 3 While here we sit and sing his love,  
With rapture so divine,  
With patience more like those above,  
While in these songs we join,  
Our hearts are fill'd with holy zeal,  
We long to see the King;  
We long to reach those heavenly hills,  
Where saints and angels sing.
- 4 Sinners, come try, you that stand by,  
You may be happy too;  
Christ died for all, that on him call,  
Sinners, he died for you.  
If I could know which of you'd go,  
I'd take you by the hand,  
And lead you on the way Christ's gone  
Toward the heavenly land.

- 3 On the other hand, if you will stand  
 Just on the brink of hell,  
 I'll first you warn, then my back turn,  
 And bid you all farewell;  
 For I must go to Christ, I know,  
 I long with him to dwell;  
 The saints, also, will bid you adieu;  
 Poor sinners all farewell.

---

131. 11s.

- O** HOW I have long'd for the coming of  
 God,  
 And sought him by praying and searching  
 his word!  
 By watching and mourning my soul was  
 oppress'd,  
 Nor could I give over till sinners were bless'd.
- 2 The tokens of mercy at length do appear;  
 According to promise he answer'd my prayer;  
 The prospects now open'd do gladden my  
 soul;  
 Salvation from Zion's beginning to roll.
- 3 The good news of mercy is spreading abroad,  
 And sinners are crying and turning to God;  
 The tears of contrition now pour like a flood,  
 And many find favour in Jesus's blood.
- 4 Here's more, my dear Saviour, that fall at  
 thy feet,  
 Oppress'd by a burden enormously great;  
 O, raise them, dear Jesus, to tell of thy love,  
 And sing of thy glory like angels above.
- 5 Shout, all the creation, below and above,  
 Ascribing salvation to Jesus's love;  
 Break forth into singing, ye trees of the  
 wood,  
 For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God

- 6 Let all who have being rejoice now and sing;  
 O God, make the nations with praises to  
     ring,  
 With loud acclamations of Jesus's love,  
 And carry us up to the city above.
- 7 We'll wait for thy chariot, it seems to draw  
     near;  
 O come, my dear Saviour, let glory appear.  
 I long to be singing and shouting above,  
 With angels o'erwhelm'd in the ocean of love.
- 

## BIGGS' COLLECTION.] 132.

*The Soul in triumph.*

- O** JESUS, my Saviour, I know thou art  
     mine,  
 For thee all the pleasures of life I'd resign;  
 Of objects most pleasing, I love thee the best,  
 Without thee I'm wretched, but with thee  
     I'm blest.
- 2 Thou art my rich treasure, my joy and my  
     love;  
 No richer, indeed, are the angels above;  
 For thee all the pleasures of sense I'd forego,  
 And wander a pilgrim distressed below.
- 3 Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was  
     blind,  
 Then taught me the way of salvation to find;  
 And when I was sinking into black despair,  
 My Saviour reliev'd me, and bid me not fear.
- 4 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,  
 The language of mortals for ever must fail;  
 My Jesus is precious, my soul's all on flame,  
 I'm rais'd in sweet raptures while praising  
     his name.

- 5 Tho' poor and despised, by faith I now stand,  
Upheld and supported by heaven's kind hand;  
In Jesus supported, I'll praise his dear name,  
Regardless of censure, of praise, or of blame.
- 6 I find him in singing, I find him in prayer,  
In sweet meditation he always is near;  
My constant companion, O may we not part!  
All glory to Jesus, he dwells in my heart.
- 7 If ever I lov'd, sure I love thee, my Lord;  
I love thy dear people, thy ways and thy  
word;  
I love all creation, I love sinners too,  
Since Jesus has died to redeem them from  
woe.
- 8 I'm happy in Christ, I regard not the proud,  
Though sinners despise me for singing so  
loud;  
For death will soon call me, and then I shall  
fly,  
To praise my dear Jesus, in mansions on high.
- 9 When millions of ages my soul shall employ,  
In praising my Saviour, my Life, and my Joy;  
The glorified spirits and angels around,  
Will all be delighted to join the glad sound.

---

### 133.

**O** JESUS, my Saviour, to thee I submit,  
Through love and thanksgiving fall  
down at thy feet;  
Accept my poor off'ring of soul, flesh and  
blood,  
Thou art my Redeemer, my Lord, and my  
God.

- 2 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord;  
I love thee, my Saviour, I love thee, my God;

- I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost  
know,  
But how much I love thee, I never shall show.
- 3 All human expressions are empty and vain,  
They cannot unriddle the heavenly flame;  
I'm sure, if the language of angels I had,  
I could not the mystery completely describe.
- 4 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account !  
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount,  
And gaze on my treasure, and long to be  
there,  
With angels my kindred, and Jesus my dear.
- 5 O Jesus, my Saviour, in thee I am bless'd,  
My joy and my portion, my life and my peace;  
Thy name is my theme, and thy love is my  
song,  
Thy charms do inspire my heart and my  
tongue.
- 6 O, who is like Jesus ? He's Salem's bright  
King ;  
He loves me, and guides me, and learns me  
to sing ;  
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, in notes loud  
and shrill,  
While rivers of pleasure my spirits do fill.

---

### 134.

**O** LORD of hosts, my God and King,  
Thou maker of my frame,  
O, teach my youthful lips to sing,  
In praise of thy great name.  
They say I am a sinner born,  
The stain lies deep within ;  
O, may thy grace my base heart turn,  
And cleanse my soul from sin.

- 2 Lord, Satan will my soul destroy,  
Unless thou interfere;  
With cruel rage, malicious joy,  
He will my body tear.  
Prevent it, Lord, for Jesus' sake,  
Who bled, and groan'd, and died;  
O, may I shelter in him take,  
And in him safely hide.
- 3 Lord Jesus, teach me what I am,  
And give me grace to learn,  
In all thy ways to praise thy name;  
O, keep me safe from harm;  
And then thy goodness I shall know,  
And praise thee more sincere,  
And look on all things here below  
With views as light as they are.
- 4 Prepare me in this world below,  
For brighter worlds above,  
Where sin and sorrow never go,  
But all are fill'd with love.  
O, may I praise the Lord on high,  
In strong, immortal strains,  
Where heavenly pleasures never die,  
But God in glory reigns.

---

135.

**O** MAY I worthy prove, to see  
The saints in full prosperity;  
To see the bright, the glittering Bride,  
Close seated by her Saviour's side,  
Hallelujah.

- 2 O, may I find some humble seat,  
Beneath my dear Redeemer's feet;  
A servant, as before I've been,  
And sing salvation to my King,  
Hallelujah.

- 3 I'm glad that I am born to die :  
From grief and woe my soul shall fly ;  
Bright angels shall convey me home,  
Away to new Jerusalem,  
Hallelujah.
- 4 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath ;  
I hope to praise him after death ;  
I hope to praise him when I die,  
And shout salvation as I fly,  
Hallelujah.
- 5 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home ,  
My Saviour smiles, and bids me come  
Sweet angels beckon me away,  
To sing God's praise in endless day,  
Hallelujah.
- 6 I soon shall pass the vale of death,  
And in his arms I'll lose my breath  
And then my happy soul shall tell,  
My Jesus hath done all things well,  
Hallelujah.
- 7 I soon shall hear the awful sound,  
'Awake, ye nations under ground ;  
Arise and drop your dying shrouds,  
And meet King Jesus in the clouds,  
Hallelujah.'
- 8 When to that blessed world I rise,  
And join the anthems in the skies,  
This note above the rest shall swell,  
'My Jesus hath done all things well,  
Hallelujah.'
- 9 Then shall I see my blessed God,  
And praise him in his bright abode ;  
My theme to all eternity,  
Shall 'Glory, glory, glory' be,  
Hallelujah.



## 136. L. M.

**O**NCE in this world I wander'd forth,  
Not knowing what my soul was worth,  
But now I see it is worth more  
Than all the world laid up in store.

- 2 From my distress Christ did me take,  
A faithful soldier for to make;  
Then led me to Mount Calvary,  
His bleeding wounds there for to see.
- 3 His blessed temples stain'd with blood,  
That ever meditated good;  
His blessed feet were nailed down,  
With thorns they platted him a crown.
- 4 At the commencement of this scene,  
The sun was not in brightness seen;  
But darkness spread all o'er the plain,  
The temple-vail was rent in twain.
- 5 Though Christ they hung upon a tree,  
Was kind and merciful you see;  
Saying, 'Father, spare the wicked crew,  
For they know naught of what they do.'
- 6 To the opposing standers by,  
Remember that you soon must die;  
And then to judgment you must go,  
If unprepared sent down to woe.
- 7 There will you then a weeping be,  
And gnashing teeth there you will see;  
With dismal screaming all around,  
No intermission to be found.
- 8 In the dark caverns of despair,  
Your guilty fetters you must wear;  
Then iron bands there you must gnaw,  
For disobeying God's righteous law.  
Sinners, to you I loudly call,  
Both rich and poor, and great and small

- O come, draw near, behold and see  
What my Redeemer's done for me.
- 10 My soul from sin and bondage freed,  
When Christ for me did intercede;  
Then led me forth to pastures green,  
Where waters flow with crystal stream
- 11 You that on me with wonder gaze,  
Look to yourselves with great amaze;  
If you your danger once could see,  
You'd quickly turn and follow me.
- 12 Let me invite you now to-day,  
To come to Jesus while you may,  
For fear to-morrow will be too late,  
And you must share the rich man's fate
- 13 And now the water I embrace,  
My soul renew'd by heavenly grace;  
When Jesus shows to me the way,  
Why should I longer from it stay?
- 

## 137. P. M.

- O**NE spark, O God! of heavenly fire  
Awakes my heart with warm desire  
To reach the realms above;  
Immortal glories round me shine,  
I drink the streams of joy divine,  
And sing redeeming love.
- 2 O, could I wing my way in haste,  
Soon with bright seraphs would I feast,  
And join their sweet employ;  
I'd glide along the heavenly stream,  
And join their most exalted theme  
Of everlasting joy.
- 3 Too mean this little globe for me  
Nor will I e'er contented be  
With things that are so vain

- Its greatest treasures are but dross,  
 Its grandeur short, its pleasures cross'd,  
 Its joys all mix'd with pain.
- 4 But resting in my Saviour's arms,  
 My soul enjoys transporting charms  
 Of everlasting love,  
 There's life, there's joy, there's settled peace,  
 And friendship that will never cease,  
 A rock that cannot move.
- 5 Soar, then, my soul, stretch every thought,  
 To meet within the heavenly court,  
 Above this mortal orb;  
 There with the angels let me rise,  
 And find my seat above the skies,  
 Where sins no more disturb.
- 6 There, with an everlasting band  
 Of kindred saints, at God's right hand,  
 My thirsty spirit move,  
 To soar, to shout, to reign, to rest,  
 For ever and for ever blest,  
 In realms of endless love.

---

### 138.

- O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
 And cast a wistful eye  
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
 Where my possessions lie.  
 O, the transporting, rapt'rous scene  
 That rises to my sight!  
 Sweet fields, array'd in living green,  
 And rivers of delight.
- 2 There gen'rous fruits, that never fail,  
 On trees immortal grow;  
 There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,  
 With milk and honey flow.

- All o'er those wide extended plains,  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God, the Son, for ever reigns,  
And scatters night away.
- 3 No chilling winds or poisonous breath  
Can reach that healthful shore;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and fear'd no more.  
When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be for ever bless'd?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest?
- 4 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul  
Can here no longer stay;  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.  
There on those high and flowery plains,  
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;  
But in perpetual, joyful strains,  
Redeeming love admire.

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J. STRAPHAN.] 139.

*Heaven.*

- ON wings of faith mount up, my soul,  
and rise;  
View thine inheritance beyond the skies;  
Nor heart can think, nor mortal tongue can  
tell  
What endless pleasures in those mansions  
dwell;  
Here our Redeemer lives, all bright and  
glorious,  
O'er sin, and death, and hell he reigns  
victorious.
- 2 No gnawing grief, no sad, heart-rending pain  
In that blest country can admission gain;

No sorrow there, no soul-tormenting fear,  
For God's own hand shall wipe the falling  
tear.

Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

3 Before the throne a crystal river glides;  
Immortal verdure decks its cheerful sides;  
Here the fair Tree of Life majestic rears  
Its blooming head, and sovereign virtue bears.

Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

4 No rising sun his needless beams displays;  
No sickly moon emits her feeble rays:  
The Godhead here celestial glory sheds,  
Th' exalted Lamb eternal radiance spreads.

Here our Redeemer lives, &c.

5 One distant glimpse my eager passion fires;  
Jesus, to thee my longing soul aspires!  
When shall I at my heavenly home arrive?  
When leave this earth, and when begin to  
live?

For here my Saviour is all bright and glo-  
rious,

O'er sin, and death, and hell he reigns vic-  
torious.

# 140.

**O** TELL me no more of this vain world's  
store,

The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;  
A country I've found, where true joys  
abound,

To dwell I'm determin'd, on that happy  
ground.

2 The souls that believe, in Paradise live  
And me in that number will Jesus receive

My soul don't delay, he calls thee away,  
Rise, follow the Saviour, and bless the glad  
day.

- 3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,  
What light, strength and comfort—go after  
him, go,

Lo! onward I move to a country above,  
None guesses how wondrous my journey  
will prove.

- 4 Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell  
and sin;

'Midst outward affliction, shall feel Christ  
within;

And when I'm to die, 'Receive me,' I'll cry,  
For Jesus has lov'd me, I cannot tell why.

- 5 But still I do find, we two are so join'd,  
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind.  
So, this is the race I'm running thro' grace,  
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's  
face.

- 6 And now I'm in care, my neighbours may  
share

Those blessings; to seek them will none of  
you dare?

In bondage, O why, and death, will you lie,  
When one here assures you free grace is se  
nigh?

---

141. C. M.

**O** THAT I had a bosom friend,  
To tell my secrets to;  
On whose advice I might depend,  
In every thing I do.

- 2 How do I wander up and down,  
And no one pities me!

seem a stranger quite unknown,  
A son of misery.

3 None lends an ear to my complaint,  
Nor minds my cries or tears;  
None comes to cheer me though I faint,  
Nor my vast burden bears.

4 Whilst others live in mirth and ease,  
And feel no want or woe,  
Through this waste, howling wilderness,  
I full of sorrow go.

5 O, faithless soul! to reason thus,  
And murmur without end;  
Did Christ expire upon the cross,  
And is he not thy friend?

6 Why dost thou envy carnal men,  
And think their state so blest?  
How great salvation hast thou seen,  
And Jesus is thy rest!

7 What can this lower world afford,  
Compar'd with Gospel grace?  
Thy happiness is in the Lord,  
And thou shalt see his face.

8 Can present grief be counted great,  
Compar'd with future woes?  
Will transient pleasures seem so sweet,  
Compar'd with endless joys?

9 How soon will God withdraw the scene,  
And burn the world he made!  
Then woe to sinful, carnal men;  
My soul, lift up thy head.

10 Thy Saviour is thy real friend,  
Constant, and true, and good;  
He will be with thee to the end,  
And bring thee safe to God.

- 11 Then why, my soul, art thou so sad?  
When will thy sighs be o'er?  
Rejoice in Jesus, and be glad,  
Rejoice for evermore.
- 

## 142.

- O** THOU God of my salvation,  
My Redeemer from all sin;  
Mov'd to this by great compassion,  
Yearning bowels from within;  
I would praise thee,  
Where shall I thy praise begin?
- 2 While the angels choirs are crying,  
'Glory to the great I AM,'  
I with them would still be vying,  
'Glory, glory to the Lamb;'  
O, how precious  
Is the sound of Jesus' name!
- 3 Now I see with joy and wonder,  
Whence those healing streams arose  
Angels' minds are lost, to ponder  
Dying love's mysterious cause;  
Yet the blessing,  
Down in love to me it flows.
- 4 Though unseen, I love the Saviour;  
He almighty grace has shown;  
Pardon'd guilt and purchas'd favour,  
This to mortals he makes known;  
Give him glory,  
Glory, glory is his own.
- 5 Angels now are hov'ring round us,  
Unperceiv'd they mix the throng,  
Wond'ring at the grace that crown us,  
Glad to join our holy song;  
Hallelujah,  
Love and praise to Christ belong.



## 143. P. M.

- O** THOU, in whose presence my soul  
takes delight,  
On whom in affliction I call;  
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,  
My hope, my salvation, my all;  
Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy  
sheep,  
To feed on the pastures of love?  
For why in the valley of death should I weep,  
Or alone in the wilderness rove?
- 2** O, why should I wander an alien from thee,  
Or cry in the desert for bread?  
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they  
see,  
And smile at the tears I have shed.  
Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen  
The star that on Israci shone?  
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,  
And where with his flock he has gone?
- 3** This is my Beloved: His form is divine,  
His vestment sheds odours around;  
The locks on his head are as grapes on the  
vine,  
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.  
The roses of Sharon, the lilies that grow  
In the vales on the banks of the streams,  
His cheeks in the beauty of excellence glow  
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.
- 4** His voice, as the sound of a dulcimer sweet,  
Is heard through the shadows of death;  
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,  
And the air is perfum'd by his breath.  
His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,  
That waters the garden of grace;

From whence their salvation the Gentile  
shall know,

And bask in the smiles of his face.

- 5 Love sits in his eye-lids, and scatters delight  
Through all the bright mansions on high;  
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,  
And tremble with fullness of joy.

He looks, and ten thousand of angels rejoice,  
And myriads wait for his word;

He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice  
Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

- 6 His vestment of righteousness, who shall  
describe?

Its purity words would defile;

The heavens from his presence fresh beauty  
imbibe,

And earth is made rich by his smile.

Such is my Beloved, in excellence bright,

When pleas'd he looks down from above;

Like the morn, when he breathes from the  
chambers of light,

And comforts his people with love.

- 7 But when armed with vengeance, with ter-  
ror he comes,

The nations rebellious to tame,

The reins of omnipotent power he assumes,

And rides on a chariot of flame;

A two-edged sword from his mouth issues  
forth,

Bright quivers of fire are his eyes;

He speaks, the black tempests are seen in  
the north,

And storms from their caverns arise.

- 8 Ten thousand destructions, that wait for  
his word,

And ride on the wings of his breath,

Fly swift as the wind, at the nod of their  
Lord,

And deal out the arrows of death ;  
His cloud-bursting thunders, their voices re-  
sound

Through all the vast regions on high  
Till from the deep centre loud echoes re-  
bound,

To meet the quick flames in the sky.

9 The portals of heaven at his bidding obey,  
And expand, ere his banners appear,  
Earth trembles beneath, till her mountains  
give way,

And hell shakes her fetters with fear.  
When he treads on the clouds at the dust  
of his feet,

And grasps the big storms in his hand ;  
What eye the fierce glance of his anger  
can meet,

Or who in his presence shall stand ?

---

144. 10s.

*Praise for salvation through the blood of Christ.*

**O**UR Saviour alone, the Lord, let us bless,  
Who reigns on his throne the Prince  
of our peace ;

Who evermore saves us by shedding his  
blood ,

All hail ! holy Jesus, our Lord and our God !

2 We thankfully sing thy glory and praise,  
Thou merciful spring of pity and grace ;  
Thy kindness for ever to men we will tell,  
And say our dear Saviour redeems us from  
hell.

- 3 Preserve us in love while here we abide,  
O never remove thy presence, nor hide  
Thy glorious salvation till each of us see  
With joy the blest vision completed in thee

---

145.

- O YE immortal throng  
Of angels round the throne,  
Join with our feeble song  
To make our Saviour known,  
On earth ye knew his wondrous grace,  
His beauteous face in heaven ye view.
- 2 Ye saw the heaven-born child  
In human flesh array'd,  
Benevolent and mild,  
While in the manger laid;  
And praise to God, and peace on earth,  
For such a birth, proclaim aloud.
- 3 Ye in the wilderness  
Beheld the tempter spoil'd,  
Well known in every dress,  
In every combat foil'd;  
And joy'd to crown the victor's head,  
When Satan fled before his frown.
- 4 Around the bloody tree  
Ye press'd with strong desire,  
That wondrous sight to see,  
The LORD of life expire;  
And could your eyes have known a tear,  
Had dropt it there in sad surprise.
- 5 Around his sacred tomb,  
A willing watch you keep;  
Till the blest moment come  
To rouse him from his sleep:  
Then roll'd the stone, and all ador'd  
Your rising Lord with joy unknown

- 6 When all array'd in light,  
 The shining conqueror rode,  
 Ye hail'd his rapturous flight  
 Up to the throne of God:  
 And wav'd around your golden wings,  
 And struck your strings of sweetest sound
- 7 The warbling notes pursue,  
 And louder anthems raise;  
 While mortals sing with you,  
 Their *own* Redeemer's praise:  
 And thou my heart with equal flame,  
 And joy the same, perform thy part.
- 

NEWTON.] 146.

- P**RECIOUS Bible! what a treasure  
 Does the word of God afford!  
 All I want for life or pleasure,  
 Food and med'cine, shield and sword,  
 Let the world account me poor,  
 Having this I need no more.
- 2 Food to which the world's a stranger,  
 Here my hungry soul enjoys;  
 Of excess there is no danger,  
 Tho' it fills, it never cloy;  
 On a dying Christ I feed,  
 He is meat and drink indeed!
- 3 When my faith is weak and sickly,  
 Or when Satan wounds my mind;  
 Cordials to revive me quickly.  
 Healing med'cines here I find;  
 To the promises I flee,  
 Each affords a remedy.
- 4 In the hour of dark temptation,  
 Satan cannot make me yield;  
 For the word of consolation  
 Is to me a mighty shield;

While the scripture truths are sure,  
From his malice I'm secure.

- 5 Vain his threats to overcome me  
    When I take the Spirit's sword;  
Then with ease I drive him from me,  
    Satan trembles at the word.  
'Tis a sword for conquest made,  
Keen the edge and strong the blade.
- 6 Shall I envy then the miser,  
    Doting on his golden store:  
Sure I am, or should be wiser,  
    I am rich, 'tis he is poor;  
Jesus gives me in his word,  
Food and med'cine, shield and sword.
- 

## 147.

- Q**UITE weary, near to faint,  
I my sad state deplore;  
I would myself with God acquaint,  
    But 'tis not in my power.  
I know my dangerous state,  
    Still carnal, sold to sin:  
Corrupt, impure, degenerate,  
    Have all my doings been.
- 2 How many gracious days  
    Have I misspent and lost,  
Lov'd to frequent unholy ways,  
    And made of sin my boast!  
Alas! those days are gone,  
    Those golden days are o'er;  
The Gospel here, that lately shone,  
    Perhaps may shine no more.
- 3 O, whither shall I fly,  
    If God has me forsook?  
To whom may I for mercy cry,  
    Or where for refuge look?

- How shall I meet the Lord,  
Or how his anger bear,  
When I shall see his flaming sword  
And banner in the air?
- 4 When, by the trumpet's sound,  
The dead to life shall come,  
And all who slumber under ground  
Shall rise to know their doom;  
When time shall have an end,  
When Jesus, on a cloud,  
Shall with his angel host descend,  
And with the trump of God.
- 5 O Lord, my crimes forgive,  
If I may be forgiven;  
And with thy chosen, me receive,  
When thou shalt come from heaven.  
Spare me, in mercy spare;  
O, wash and make me clean,  
And fit me for the time when here  
I shall no more be seen.
- 

## 148.

Tune—KNOXVILLE.

- R**EJOICE, my friends, the Lord is King,  
Let all prepare to take him in;  
Let Jacob rise, and Zion sing,  
And all the world in praises ring  
And give to Jesus glory.
- 2 O may the saints of every name  
Unite to serve the bleeding Lamb;  
May jars and discord cease to flame,  
And all the Saviour's love proclaim,  
And give, &c.
- 3 I long to see all Christians join  
In union sweet and love divine,

When ev'ry church with grace shall shine,  
And grow in Christ, the living vine,  
And give, &c.

4 O may the desert lands rejoice,  
And mourners hear the bridegroom's voice,  
While songs of praise each tongue employs,  
And all obtain immortal joys,  
And give, &c.

5 Come, parents, children, bond and free;  
Come, will you go to heaven with me,  
That glorious land of rest to see,  
And shout with God eternally,  
And give, &c.

6 Come, who will march to win the prize,  
And take the kingdom in the skies?  
There love and union never dies,  
But always flows through paradise,  
And give, &c.

7 My soul grows happy while I sing,  
I feel that I am on the wing;  
I'll shout Salvation to my King,  
Till I to heaven my trophies bring,  
And give, &c.

8 A few more days of pain and woe,  
A few more suff'ring scenes below,  
And then to Jesus we will go,  
Where everlasting pleasures flow,  
And give, &c.

9 That awful trumpet soon will sound,  
And shake the vast creation round;  
And all the nations under ground,  
And all the saints shall there be crown'd,  
And give, &c.



## 149. L. M.

**R**EMEMBER now, my children dear,  
In youth your great Creator God;  
O seek the Saviour while he's near,  
Trust in his all-atoning blood.

- 2 Your souls will perish, if you die  
Without the Saviour and his grace;  
In pain and torture you must lie  
Eternal ages in disgrace.
- 3 From God, the Ocean of all bliss,  
An exile you'll for ever be;  
Enwrapt in clouds of endless night,  
You'll spend a long eternity.
- 4 Parted from God, the source of good,  
From Jesus, saints, and angels too;  
From all that's good, from all that's great,  
Sunk down in shades of endless woe!
- 5 Too much; my soul, how canst thou bear  
To part with children *now* so dear?  
Come, children, to the bleeding Lamb,  
He'll wipe away each flowing tear.
- 6 He'll make you happy, give you rest;  
Give comfort too and joys divine;  
You'll conquer sin, and death and hell,  
And then with saints in glory shine
- 7 My loving children, now begin  
To seek the Lord; repent of sin;  
O flee to Christ, whose grace divine  
Can make your souls in glory shine.
- 8 Jesus, thou all-atoning Lamb,  
Reach out thine arm of power divine,  
Bring them to see thy smiling face;  
The praise shall be for ever thine.

## 150.

**R**EMEMBER, sinful youth, you must die,  
you must die,

Remember, sinful youth, you must die;

Remember, sinful youth, if you hate the  
ways of truth,

And in your follies boast, you must die, you  
must die,

And in your follies boast, you must die.

2 Uncertain are your days, here below, here be-  
low,

Uncertain are your days here below;

Uncertain are your days, for God hath many  
ways

To bring you to your grave here below, here  
below,

To bring you to your grave here below.

3 The God that rules on high, great I AM,  
great I AM,

The God that rules on high, great I AM,

The God that rules on high hath said, and  
cannot lie,

Impenitents must die and be lost, and be lost,

Impenitents must die and be lost.

4 To a dreadful judgment day you are bound,  
you are bound,

To a dreadful judgment day you are bound;

To a dreadful judgment day, let your  
thoughts be what they may,

How can you yet delay, you are warn'd,  
you are warn'd,

How can you yet delay, you are warn'd.

5 Then, O my friends, don't you, I entreat,  
I entreat,

Then, O my friends, don't you, I entreat,

Then, O my friends, don't you your wicked  
way : pursue,

- Your precious souls are dear, I entreat, I  
entreat,  
Your precious souls are dear, I entreat.
- 6 Then to your Saviour flee, 'scape for life,  
'scape for life,  
Then to your Saviour flee, 'scape for life;  
Then to your Saviour flee, lest death eter-  
nal be  
Your awful destiny, 'scape for life, 'scape  
for life,  
Your awful destiny, 'scape for life.

---

**151. L. M.**

- R**ENEW'D by grace, we love the word  
And yield our souls to Christ the Lord.  
Then to the Church ourselves we give,  
In holy fellowship to live.
- 2 Lord, may we feel that we are thine,  
And sweetly on thy breast recline,  
Thy name revere, thy word obey,  
And never cease to watch and pray.
- 3 May we continue in thy ways,  
Delight to pray, delight to praise,  
Among thy saints abide in love  
Till call'd to shine in realms above.

---

**HART.] 152.**

*The Gospel.*

- R**EPENT, ye sons of men, repent,  
Hear the good tidings God hath sent,  
Of sinners sav'd and sins forgiven,  
And beggars rais'd to reign in heaven,  
Beggars, beggars, beggars, beggars, beggars,  
rais'd to reign in heaven.
- 2 God sent his Son to die for us,  
Die to redeem us from the curse:  
S

He took our weakness, bare our load,  
And dearly bought us with his blood.

Dearly, dearly, &c.

- 3 In guilt's dark dungeon, where we lay,  
Mercy cried '*spare*,' and Justice '*slay*,'  
But Jesus answer'd, 'set them free;  
And pardon *them*, and punish *me*.'

Pardon, pardon, &c.

- 4 Salvation is of God alone,  
Life everlasting, in his Son;  
And he that gave his Son to bleed,  
Will freely give us all we need.

Freely, freely, &c.

- 5 Believe the Gospel and rejoice,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;  
His goodness praise, his wonders tell,  
Who ransom'd all our souls from hell

Ransom'd, ransom'd, &c.

---

### 153.

#### *The Pilgrim's Song.*

**R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
Thy better portion trace;

Rise from transitory things,

Tow'rd heaven, thy native place.

Sun, and moon, and stars decay,

Time shall soon this earth remove;

Rise, my soul, and haste away,

To seats prepared above.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,

Nor stay in all their course;

Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;

Both speed them to their source.

Thus a soul that's born of God,

Pants to view his glorious face,

Upward tends, to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.

- 3 Cease ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
Press onward to the prize,  
Soon the Saviour will return,  
Triumphant in the skies;  
Yet a season, and you know  
Happy entrance will be given,  
All your sorrows left below,  
And earth exchange'd for heaven

## 154.

*On Baptism.*

SALEM'S bright king, Jesus by name,  
In ancient time to Jordan came  
All righteousness to fill;  
'Twas there the ancient Baptist stood,  
Whose name was John, a man of God,  
To do his master's will.

The holy Jesus did demand  
His right to be baptised then,  
The Baptist gave consent;  
On Jordan's banks they did appear,  
The Baptist and his master dear,  
Then down the bank they went.

- 3 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream,  
The Baptist led the holy Lamb,  
And there did him baptise;  
Jehovah saw his darling Son,  
And was well pleas'd in what he'd done,  
And own'd him from the skies.
- 4 The opening heaven now complies,  
The Holy Ghost like lightning flies,  
Down from the courts above;  
And on the holy heavenly Lamb,

- The Spirit lights and does remain,  
In shape like a fair dove.
- 5 This is my Son, Jehovah cries,  
The echoing voice from glory flies,  
O children, hear ye him;  
Hark! 'tis his voice, behold he cries,  
Repent, believe, and be baptis'd,  
And wash away your sin.
- 6 Come children, come, his voice obey,  
Salem's bright *King has mark'd the way*  
And has a crown prepar'd;  
O then arise and give consent,  
Walk in the way that Jesus went,  
And have the great reward.
- 7 Believing children gather round,  
And let your joyful songs abound,  
With cheerful hearts arise;  
See here is water, here is room,  
A loving Saviour calling, Come,  
O children be baptis'd.
- 8 Behold his servant waiting stands,  
With willing heart and ready hands  
To wait upon the Bride;  
Ye candidates your hearts prepare,  
And let us join in solemn prayer,  
Down by the water side.

---

### 155.

- S**ALVATION! O melodious sound,  
To wretched dying men!  
Salvation, that from God proceeds,  
And leads to God again.
- 2 Rescu'd from hell's eternal gloom,  
From fiends, and fires and chains;  
Rais'd to a Paradise of bliss,  
Where love triumphant reigns!

- 3 But may a poor bewilder'd soul,  
Sinful and weak as mine,  
Presume to raise a trembling eye  
To blessings so divine?
- 4 The lustre of so bright a bliss  
My feeble heart o'erbears,  
And unbelief almost perverts  
The promise into tears.
- 5 My Saviour God, no voice but thine  
These dying hopes can raise  
Speak thy salvation to my soul,  
And turn my prayer to praise.
- 

## 156. C. M.

- S**ALVATION! what a glorious plan.  
How suited to our need!  
The grace that raises fallen man,  
Is wonderful indeed.
- 2 'Twas Wisdom form'd the vast design,  
To ransom us when lost;  
And love's unfathomable mine  
Provided all the cost.
- 3 Strict Justice, with approving look,  
The holy cov'nant seal'd;  
And Truth and Power undertook  
The whole should be fulfill'd.
- 4 Truth, Wisdom, Justice, Power and Love,  
In all their glory shone,  
When Jesus left the courts above,  
And died to save his own.
- 5 Truth, Wisdom, Justice, Power, and Love  
Are equally display'd,  
Now JESUS reigns enthron'd above,  
Our Advocate and Head.

- 6 Now sin appears deserving death,  
 Most hateful and abhorr'd;  
 And yet the sinner lives by faith,  
 And dares approach the Lord.

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NEWTON.] 157. 7s.

*Hear what he has done for my soul.*

- S**AVED by grace, I live to tell  
 What the love of Christ hath done  
 He redeem'd my soul from hell,  
 Of a rebel made a son.  
 Oh! I tremble still to think  
 How secure I liv'd in sin,  
 Sporting on destruction's brink,  
 Yet preserv'd from falling in.
- 2 In a kind, propitious hour,  
 To my heart the Saviour spoke,  
 Touch'd me by his spirit's power,  
 And my dangerous slumber broke  
 Then I saw and own'd my guilt;  
 Soon my gracious Lord replied,  
 'Fear not, I my blood have spilt,  
 'Twas for such as thee I died.'
- 3 Shame and wonder, joy and love,  
 All at once possess'd my heart;  
 Can I hope thy grace to prove,  
 After acting such a part?  
 'Thou hast greatly sinn'd,' he said,  
 'But I freely all forgive;  
 I myself the debt have paid,  
 Now I bid thee rise and live.'
- 4 Come my fellow-sinners, try;  
 Jesus' heart is full of love;  
 O, that you, as well as I,  
 May his wondrous mercy prove.



As he has sent me to declare,  
All is ready, all is free :  
Why should any soul despair,  
When he sav'd a wretch like me ?

---

## 158.

**S**AVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,  
Sprinkled with redeeming blood,  
And my troubled, weary spirit  
Now finds rest in thee, my God.  
I am safe, and I am happy,  
While in thy dear arms I lie ;  
Sin nor Satan cannot hurt me,  
While my Saviour is so nigh.  
Glory, &c.

2 Now I'll sing of Jesus' merit,  
Tell the world of his dear name  
And if any want his spirit,  
He is still the very same.  
He that asketh soon receiveth,  
He that seeks is sure to find.  
Come, for whosoe'er believeth,  
He will never cast behind.  
Glory, &c.

3 Now our Advocate is pleading,  
With his Father, and our God  
Now for us he's interceding,  
As the purchase of his blood.  
Now, methinks, I hear him praying,  
'Father, spare them, I have died ;'  
And the Father answers, saying,  
'They are freely justified.'  
Glory, &c.

## 159. 8, 7.

*Prayer for a Revival*

- S**AVIOUR, visit thy plantation,  
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain  
All will come to desolation,  
Unless thou return again.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,  
Shine upon us from on high;  
Lest for want of thy assistance,  
Every plant should droop and die.
- 3 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,  
Every plant look'd gay and green;  
'Then thy word our spirits nourish'd;  
Happy seasons we have seen.
- 4 But a drought has since succeeded,  
And a sad decline we see;  
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,  
Help can only come from thee.
- 5 Where are those we counted leaders,  
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth  
Did professors, tall as cedars,  
Bright examples to our youth.
- 6 Some, in whom we once delighted,  
We shall meet no more below;  
Some, alas! we fear are blighted;  
Scarce a single leaf they show.
- 7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant,  
Cover'd thick with blossoms, stood;  
But they cause us grief at present,  
Frost has nipp'd them in the bud!
- 8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,  
Thou canst make them bloom again  
Oh! permit them not to wither,  
Let not all our hopes be vain.

- 9 Let our mutual love be fervent,  
Make us prevalent in prayers;  
Let each one esteem'd thy servant,  
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
- 10 Break the tempter's fatal pow'r,  
Turn the stony heart to flesh;  
And begin from this good hour,  
To revive thy work afresh.

---

160.

- S**AW ye my Saviour, saw ye my Saviour  
Saw ye my Saviour and God?  
He died on Calvary, to atone for you and me,  
And purchase our pardon with blood.
- 2 He was extended, he was extended,  
Shamefully nail'd to the cross;  
He bow'd his head and died, thus my Lora  
was crucified,  
To atone for our souls that were lost.
- 3 Three dreadful hours, three dreadful hours,  
Three dreadful hours in pain;  
The sun refus'd to shine, when the Ma-  
jesty divine  
Was derided, insulted, and slain.
- 4 Darkness prevailed, darkness prevailed,  
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land;  
The solid rocks were rent, through creation's  
vast extent,  
When the Jews crucified the GOD-MAN.
- 5 When it was finish'd, when it was finish'd,  
And the atonement was made,  
He was taken by the great, and embalm'd  
in spices sweet,  
With the rich in the grave softly laid.
- 6 Hail, mighty Saviour! hail, mighty Saviour!  
Prince, and the Author of Peace!

## SPIRITUAL SONGS.

- He burst the bands of death, and triumphant  
from the earth,  
He ascended to mansions of bliss.
- 7 There interceding, there interceding,  
Pleading that sinners might live;  
Saying, 'Father, I have died, here behold  
my hands and side,  
To redeem them; I pray thee, forgive.'
- 8 I will forgive them, I will forgive them,  
When they repent and believe;  
Let them now return to me, and be recon-  
cil'd to thee,  
And salvation they all shall receive.'
- 

### 161.

SEE the fountain open'd wide,  
That from pollution frees us,  
Flowing from the precious side  
Of our Immanuel Jesus.

#### CHORUS.

- Ho, every one that thirsteth!  
Come ye to the waters;  
Freely drink and quench your thirst,  
With Zion's sons and daughters.
- 2 Sinners, hear the Saviour's call;  
Consider what you're doing;  
Jesus Christ can cleanse you all;  
Will you not come unto him?
- 3 Dying sinners, come and try;  
These waters will relieve you;  
Without money come and buy,  
For Christ will freely give you
- 4 He who drinks shall never die;  
These waters fail him never;

- Sinners, come and now apply,  
And drink, and live for ever.
- 5 Weeping Mary, full of grief,  
Applied unto these waters ;  
Jesus gave her full relief  
With Zion's sons and daughters.
- 6 See the woman at the well,  
Disputing with the Saviour ;  
Soon she found that he could tell  
Her all her past behaviour.
- 7 When she ask'd, and when she got  
A drink, her heart was flaming ;  
She forgot her water-pot,  
And ran to town proclaiming.
- 8 The thief had only time to drink,  
And tell his doleful story ;  
Jesus gave him leave to drink ;  
He drank, and fled to glory.
- 9 Christians, you can fully tell  
The virtues of these waters ;  
You were once the heirs of hell,  
Now Zion's sons and daughters.
- 

## 162. C. M.

- 'SHEPHERDS, rejoice ! lift up your eyes,  
'And send your fears away ;  
'News from the regions of the skies ;  
'Salvation's born, to-day !
- 2 'Jesus, the God, whom angels fear,  
'Comes down to dwell with you ;  
'To-day he makes his entrance here,  
'But not as monarchs do.
- 3 'No gold, nor purple swaddling-bands,  
'Nor royal shining things ;

- ‘A manger for his cradle stands,  
 ‘And holds the King of kings.
- 4 ‘Go, Shepherds, where the infant lies,  
 ‘And see his humble throne;  
 ‘With tears of joy in all your eyes,  
 ‘Go, Shepherds, kiss the Son.’
- 5 Thus Gabriel sang, and strait around  
 The heavenly armies throng;  
 They tune their harps to lofty sound,  
 And thus conclude the song:
- 6 ‘Glory to God, that reigns above!  
 ‘Let peace surround the earth;  
 ‘Mortals shall know their Maker’s love,  
 ‘At their Redeemer’s birth.’
- 7 Lord, and shall Angels have their songs,  
 And men no tunes to raise?  
 O, may we lose our useless tongues,  
 When we forget to praise!
- 8 Glory to God that reigns above,  
 That pitied us forlorn;  
 We join to sing our Maker’s love,  
 For there’s a Saviour born.

---

NEWTON.] 163. 7s.

*Prepare to meet God.*

- S**INNER, art thou still secure?  
 Wilt thou still refuse to pray?  
 Can thy heart or hands endure,  
 In the Lord’s avenging day?  
 See, his mighty arm is barb’d;  
 Awful terrors clothe his brow;  
 For his judgment stand prepar’d,  
 Thou must either break or bow.
- 2 At his presence nature shakes,  
 Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee:

Solid mountains melt like wax—

What will then become of thee?

Who his advent may abide?

You that glory in your shame,

Will you find a place to hide,

When the world is wrapt in flame?

- 3 Then the rich, the great, the wise,  
Trembling, guilty, self-condemn'd,  
Must behold the wrathful eyes,  
Of the Judge they once blasphem'd;  
Where are now their haughty looks?  
O! their horror and despair,  
When they see the open'd books,  
And their dreadful sentence hear!

- 4 Lord, prepare us by thy grace;  
Soon we must resign our breath,  
And our souls be call'd to pass  
Through the iron gate of death.  
Let us now our day improve,  
Listen to the Gospel voice;  
Seek the things that are above,  
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

- 5 Oh! when flesh and heart shall fail,  
Let thy love our spirits cheer;  
Strengthen'd thus, we shall prevail  
Over Satan, sin, and fear.  
Trusting in thy precious name,  
May we thus our journey end;  
Then our foes shall lose their aim,  
And the Judge will be our friend.

---

NEWTON.] 164.

**S**INNER, hear the Saviour's call,  
He now is passing by;  
He has seen thy grievous thrall,  
And heard thy mournful cry.

He has pardons to impart.

Grace to save thee from thy fears;  
See the love that fills his heart,  
And wipes away thy tears.

- 2 Why art thou afraid to come;  
And tell him all thy case?

He will not pronounce thy doom,  
Nor frown thee from his face?

Wilt thou fear *Immanuel*?

Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,  
Who, to save thy soul from hell,  
Has shed his precious blood?

- 3 Think, how on the cross he hung,  
Pierc'd with a thousand wounds;  
Hark! from each, as with a tongue,  
The voice of pardon sounds!

See, from all his bursting veins,  
Blood of wondrous virtue flow;  
Shed to wash away thy stains,  
And ransom thee from woe.

- 4 Though his majesty be great,  
His mercy is no less;  
Though he thy transgressions hate,  
He feels for thy distress.

By himself the Lord has sworn  
He delights not in thy death;\*  
But invites thee to return,  
That thou may'st live by faith.

- 5 Raise thy downcast eyes, and see  
What throngs his throne surround;  
These, though sinners once like thee,  
Have full salvation found.

Yield not then to unbelief,  
While he says 'there yet is room';  
Though of sinners thou art chief,  
Since Jesus calls thee, come.

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\* Ezekiel xxiii. 11.



## 165.

**S**INNERS, lift up your hearts  
The promise to receive ;  
Jesus himself imparts,  
He comes in man to live ;  
The Holy Ghost to man is given,  
Rejoice in God sent down from heaven.

2 Jesus is glorified,  
And gives the Comforter,  
His Spirit, to reside  
In all his members here.  
The Holy Ghost, &c.

3 To make an end of sin,  
And Satan's work destroy,  
He brings his kingdom in,  
Peace, Righteousness and Joy.  
The Holy Ghost, &c.

4 The cleansing blood t' apply,  
The heavenly life display,  
And wholly sanctify,  
And seal us to that day,  
The Holy Ghost, &c.

5 Sent down to make us meet  
To see his glorious face,  
And grant us each a seat  
In that thrice happy place,  
The Holy Ghost, &c.

6 From heaven he shall once more  
Triumphantly descend,  
And all his saints restore  
To joys that never end ;  
Then, then, when all our joys are given,  
Rejoice in God, rejoice in heaven.

NEWTON.] 166.

*The two Malefactors.*

- S**OVEREIGN Grace has power alone  
To subdue a heart of stone;  
And the moment grace is felt,  
Then the hardest heart will melt.
- 2 When the LORD was crucified,  
Two transgressors with him died;  
One, with vile blaspheming tongue,  
Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.
- 3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,  
In the very jaws of death;  
Perish'd, as too many do,  
With the Saviour in his view.
- 4 But the other, touch'd with grace,  
Saw the danger of his case,  
Faith receiv'd, to own the Lord,  
Whom the scribes and priests abhorr'd
- 5 'Lord, (he pray'd,) remember me,  
When in glory thou shalt be;  
'Soon with me, (the Lord replies,)  
Thou shalt rest in Paradise.'
- 6 This was wondrous grace indeed,  
Grace vouchsaf'd in time of need:  
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name,  
You shall find him still the same.
- 7 But beware of unbelief,  
Think upon the harden'd thief;  
If the Gospel you disdain,  
Christ, to you, will die in vain.

---

167.

**S**TILL, out of the deepest abyss  
Of trouble, I mournfully cry,  
And pine to recover my peace,  
And see my Redeemer, and die.

I cannot, I cannot forbear  
These passionate longings for home;  
O, when will my spirit be there;  
O, when will the messenger come?

2 Thy nature I long to put on,  
Thine image on earth to regain  
And then in the grave to lay down  
This burden of body and pain.  
O Jesus, in pity draw near,  
And lull me to sleep on thy breast;  
Appear to my rescue, appear,  
And gather me into thy rest.

3 To take a poor fugitive in,  
The arms of thy mercy display,  
And give me to rest from all sin,  
And bear me triumphant away;  
Away from a world of distress,  
Away to the mansions above;  
A heaven of seeing thy face,  
A heaven of feeling thy love.

---

NEWTON.] 168.

*An alarm to Sinners.*

**S**TOP, poor sinner, stop and think,  
Before you farther go;  
Will you sport upon the brink  
Of everlasting woe?  
Once again, I charge you, stop;  
For unless you warning take,  
Ere you are aware, you drop  
Into the burning lake.

2 Say, have you an arm like God,  
That you his will oppose?  
Fear you not that iron rod,  
With which he breaks his foes?

Can you stand in that dread day,  
 When he judgment shall proclaim,  
 When the earth shall melt away,  
 Like wax before the flame?

- 3 Pale-faced Death will quickly come,  
 To drag you to his bar;  
 Then to hear your awful doom,  
 Will fill you with despair.  
 All your sins will round you crowd,  
 Sins of a blood-crimson dye;  
 Each for vengeance crying loud,  
 And what can you reply?
- 4 Though your heart be made of steel,  
 Your forehead lin'd with brass,  
 God at length will make you feel,  
 He will not let you pass.  
 Sinners then in vain will call,  
 (Though they now despise his grace,)  
 Rocks and mountains on us fall,\*  
 And hide us from his face.
- 5 But as yet there is a hope,  
 You may his mercy know;  
 Though his arm is lifted up,  
 He still forbears the blow.  
 'Twas for sinners Jesus died,  
 Sinners he invites to come;  
 None who come shall be denied,  
 He says, 'There still is room.'†

---

169. 8s.

**S**TRANGE and mysterious is my life  
 What opposites I feel within!  
 A stable peace, a constant strife,  
 The rule of grace, the power of sin,

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\* Rev. vi. 16.

† Luke xiv. 22

Too often I am captive led,  
And daily triumph in my Head.

- 2 I prize the privilege of prayer,  
But Oh! what backwardness to pray  
Though on the Lord I cast my care,  
I feel its burden every day;  
I seek his will in all I do,  
Yet find my own is working too.
- 3 I call the promises my own,  
And prize them more than mines of gold;  
Yet though their sweetness I have known,  
They leave me unimpress'd and cold;  
One hour upon the truth I feed,  
The next I know not what I read.
- 4 I love the holy day of rest,  
When Jesus meets his gather'd saints;  
Sweet day, of all the week the best!  
For its return my spirit pants;  
Yet often, through my unbelief,  
It proves a day of guilt and grief.
- 5 While on my Saviour I rely,  
I know my foes shall lose their aim,  
And therefore dare their power defy,  
Assur'd of conquest through his name;  
But soon my confidence is slain,  
And all my fears return again.
- 6 Thus different powers within me strive,  
And grace and sin by turns prevail;  
I grieve, rejoice, decline, revive,  
And vict'ry hangs in doubtful scale;  
But Jesus has his promise pass'd,  
That grace shall overcome at last.

---

### 170.

**S**WEET rivers of redeeming love,  
Lie just before my eye;

Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd to those rivers fly ;  
I'd rise superior to my pain,  
With joy outstrip the wind ;  
I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main  
And leave the world behind.

## CHORUS.

There's glory, glory in my soul,  
There's glory all around ;  
There's glory from the rising sun,  
Until its going down.

- 2 While I'm in prison here below,  
In anguish and in pain,  
Oft-times those troubles I forego ;  
When love surrounds my heart  
In darkest shadows of the night,  
Faith mounts the upper sky ;  
I then behold my heart's delight,  
And would rejoice to die.
- 3 I view the monster, Death, and smile,  
Now he has lost his sting ;  
Though Satan rages all the while,  
I still the trumpet sing.  
I hold my Saviour in my arms,  
And will not let him go ;  
I'm so delighted with his charms,  
No other good I know.
- 4 A few more days or years at most,  
My trials will be o'er ;  
I hope to join the heavenly host,  
On Canaan's happy shore.  
My raptur'd soul shall drink and feast,  
In love's unbounded sea ;  
The glorious hope of endless rest,  
Is ravishing to me.

- 5 O come my Saviour, come away,  
And bear me through the sky;  
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay,  
Make haste and bring it nigh.  
I hope to see thy glorious face,  
And in thy image shine;  
To triumph in victorious grace,  
And be for ever thine.
- 6 Then will I tune my harp of gold,  
To my eternal King;  
Through ages that can ne'er be told,  
Will make his praises ring.  
All hail, eternal Son of God,  
Who died on Calvary,  
And sav'd me with his precious blood,  
From endless misery.
- 7 Ten thousand, thousand join in one,  
To praise the eternal Three,  
Prostrate before the blazing throne,  
In deep humility.  
They rise and tune their harps of gold,  
And sweep th' immortal lyre;  
Through ages that can ne'er be told,  
Shall raise thy praises higher.

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171.

- S**WEET the moments, rich in blessing  
Which before the cross I spend!  
Life, and health, and peace possessing  
From the sinner's dying friend.
- 2 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing  
Mercy flow in streams of blood;  
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim thy peace with God.
- 3 Here it is I find my heaven,  
While upon the Lamb I gaze,

- Here I see my sins forgiven,  
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise,  
 4 May I still enjoy this feeling,  
 In all need to Jesus go;  
 Prove his blood each day more healing,  
 And himself more deeply know.
- 

## 172. C. M.

*The universal spread of the Gospel.*

- T**HAT glorious day is drawing nigh,  
 When Zion's light shall come;  
 She shall arise and shine on high,  
 Bright as the rising sun.  
 The north and south their sons resign,  
 And earth's foundations bend,  
 When, like a bride, Jerusalem  
 All glorious, shall descend.
- 2 The King who wears that glorious crown,  
 The azure flaming bow,  
 The holy city shall bring down  
 To bless the church below;  
 When Zion's bleeding, conqu'ring King  
 Shall sin and death destroy;  
 The morning stars together sing,  
 And Zion shout for joy.
- 3 The holy, bright, musician band,  
 Who hold the harps of God,  
 On Zion's holy mountain stand,  
 In garments ting'd with blood;  
 Descending with most melting strains,  
 Jehovah they'll adore:  
 Such shouts, through earth's extensive plains,  
 Were never heard before.
- 4 Let Satan rage, and boast no more,  
 Nor think his reign is long;



- Though saints are feeble, weak and poor  
Their great Redeemer's strong;  
He is their shield and hiding place,  
A covert from the wind:  
A stream of life, from Christ, the Rock,  
Runs through this weary land.
- 5 This crystal stream runs down from heaven;  
It issues from the throne;  
The sons of strife away are driven,  
The Church becomes but one.  
This peaceful union she shall know,  
And live upon his love,  
And sing and shout his name below  
As angels do above.
- 

## 173. P. M.

- T**HE glorious light of Zion is spreading  
far and wide,  
And sinners, they are coming upon the Gos-  
pel tide;  
The conquests of King Jesus in glorious tri-  
umph rise,  
And sinners crowd around him with bitter  
screams and cries.
- 2 The sufferings of the Saviour upon Mount  
Calvary  
Are sounding sweet to sinners, as we may  
plainly see;  
And while the glorious message was circu-  
lating round,  
Some souls, exposed to ruin, redeeming grace  
have found.
- 3 And of that happy number, I hope that I  
am one;  
For Jesus will accomplish the work he has  
begun;

- He'll cut it short in righteousness, and I'll  
for ever be  
A monument of mercy, through all eternity
- 4 I am but a young convert, who lately did  
enlist,  
A soldier under Jesus, my Prophet, King  
and Priest ;  
I have received my bounty, with it my martial dress,  
A ring of love and favour, a robe of righteousness.
- 5 Then down into the water, where we young  
converts go,  
We serve our Lord and Master, in righteous  
acts below ;  
We lay our sinful bodies beneath the yielding wave,  
An emblem of the Saviour, when he lay in the grave.
- 6 Poor sinners, think what Jesus has done for  
you and me ;  
Behold his mangled body, upon the cursed  
tree ;  
His head, his hands, his bleeding side, to you  
we now portray ;  
Come, tell me, brother sinner, how can you  
stay away ?
- 7 Come, all ye elder brethren and soldiers of  
the cross,  
Who for the love of Jesus have counted all  
things dross ;  
Come pray for us young converts, that we  
may travel on,  
To meet you all in glory, where our Redeemer's gone.

## 174.

**T**HE Gospel's joyful sound  
Is music in my ears,  
In Jesus I have found  
Relief from all my fears;  
Darkness to light does now give place,  
And all things wear another face.

**2** To God I'm reconcil'd,  
I fear no dire alarms;  
He owns me for a child,  
And clasps me in his arms;  
Reliev'd from doubts and every sigh,  
I boldly Abba Father cry.

**3** I cannot fear the law,  
Its thunders loud may roar;  
Since I am sav'd from sin,  
It can demand no more.  
On wings of love I mount and fly,  
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

**4** Death, too, has lost his sting,  
And wears a comely face;  
I hope to shout and sing,  
E'en in his cold embrace.  
He'll close my eyes and stop my ears  
But cannot rouse my guilty fears.

**5** When thro' the flaming sky  
I see the Judge descend,  
I'll Abba Father cry,  
And hail him as my friend.  
While standing in the Gospel light,  
There's nothing can my soul affright

**6** Now let my joyful eyes  
Flow down in grateful tears,  
Since free adopting grace  
Has banish'd all my fears;

T

The cross I'll bear, myself deny,  
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

## 175.

**T**HE great tremendous day's approaching,  
That awful scene is drawing nigh,  
Was long foretold by ancient prophets,  
Decreed from all eternity;  
But, O my soul! reflect and wonder,  
That awful scene is drawing near,  
When you shall see that great transaction,  
When Christ in judgment shall appear

- 2 See nature stand, all in amazement,  
To hear the last loud trumpet sound:  
'Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment,  
'Ye nations of this world around.'  
Loud thunder rumbling through the concave,  
Bright forked lightning parts the skies;  
The heavens a shaking, the earth a quaking  
The gloomy sight attracts my eyes.
- 3 The orbit lamps all veil'd in sackcloth,  
No more their shining circuits run;  
The wheel of time stopp'd in a moment,  
Eternal things are now begun;  
Huge massy rocks and tow'ring mountains  
Over their tumbling bases roar;  
The raging ocean, all in commotion,  
Is hov'ring round her frightened shore.
- 4 Green, turfy grave-yards, and tombs of marble,  
Give up their dead, both small and great;  
See the whole world, both saint and sinner  
Are coming to the judgment seat;  
See Jesus, on a throne of justice,  
Come thundering down the parted sky,  
While countless armies of shining angels,  
With hallelujah shout for joy.

- 5 Bright shining streams from his awful presence,  
His face ten thousand suns outshines;  
Behold him coming in power and glory,  
To meet him all his saints combine.  
'Go forth, ye heralds, with speed like lightning,  
Call in my saints, from distant land,  
Those that my blood from hell has ransom'd,  
Whose name in life's fair book doth stand.
- 6 O come, ye blessed of my Father,  
The purchase of my dying love,  
Receive the crowns of life and glory,  
Which are laid up for you above.  
For your dear souls, which have continued  
With me, and my temptations bore;  
I have provided for you a kingdom,  
To reign with me for evermore.'
- 7 There's flowing fountains of living water,  
No sickness, pain, nor death, to fear;  
No sorrow, sighing, nor tears, nor weeping,  
Shall ever have admittance there.  
But how will sinners stand and tremble,  
When Justice calls them to the bar!  
Those that reject his offer'd mercy,  
Their everlasting doom to hear.
- 8 See Justice now, with indignation,  
Calling aloud for sinners' blood;  
Those that have slighted offer'd mercy,  
And crucified the Son of God;  
Depart from me, ye cursed sinners,  
My face you never more shall see;  
Be banish'd from my peaceful presence,  
To endless woe and misery.
- 9 Each guilty soul, then, struck with horror,  
And anguish throbbing in their breast,

For ever doom'd to endless sorrow,  
 And never more to hope for rest.  
 Come, sinners, here's a faithful warning  
 Return to Jesus whilst you may,  
 And he is ready to receive you,  
 Or else you must depart away.

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176.

- T**HE Lord into his garden's come,  
 The spices yield a rich perfume,  
 The lilies grow and thrive;  
 Refreshing showers of grace divine,  
 From Jesus flow on every vine,  
 And make the dead alive.
- 2 Behold, this dry and barren ground  
 With springs of water doth abound  
 A fruitful soil become;  
 The desert blossoms like the rose,  
 Believers do the church compose,  
 When party zeal is gone.
- 3 The glorious day is rolling on,  
 The gracious work is now begun,  
 Your sins he will forgive;  
 O, taste and see that grace is free  
 For all mankind, who willing be  
 To come to Christ and live.
- 4 The worst of sinners here may find  
 A Saviour piteous and kind;  
 Who will them all receive;  
 None are too bad, who do repent;  
 Out of one sinner legions went,  
 The Lord did him relieve.
- 5 If sinners only knew the Lord,  
 And were acquainted with his word,  
 His sweet forgiving love,  
 They'd rush through storms of every kind  
 And leave all earthly things behind,  
 To gain a crown above.

- 6 Come, brethren, you who know the Lord,  
Observe with care his holy word,  
In Jesus' ways go on;  
Our troubles and our trials here,  
Will only make us richer there,  
When we arrive at home.
- 7 We feel that heaven is now begun,  
It issues from the glorious throne,  
From Jesus' throne on high;  
It comes like floods, we can't contain,  
We drink, and drink, and drink again,  
And yet for more we cry.
- 8 But when we come to reign above,  
And all surround the throne of love,  
We'll drink a full supply;  
For there the bliss which God bestows,  
To a redundant river flows,  
Which never will run dry.
- 9 There we shall shine, and shout, and sing,  
And make the upper regions ring,  
When all the saints get home;  
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,  
We soon shall meet together there,  
For Jesus bids us come.
- 10 Amen, amen, my soul replies,  
I hope to meet you in the skies,  
The Saviour to adore.  
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,  
To meet you in the heavenly land,  
Where we shall part no more.

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177. 11s.

**T**HE Lord is the fountain of goodness  
and love!

In Eden, once flowing in streams from above;  
Refresh'd every moment the first happy pair,  
Till sin stopp'd the current and brought in  
despair

- 2 O wretched condition! what anguish and pain!  
They thirst for a fountain, but seek it in vain;  
To sin's bitter waters they fly for relief;  
They drink, and the draught but increases  
their grief.
- 3 Glad tidings, glad tidings! no more we complain,  
Our Jesus has open'd the fountain again;  
Now, mingled with mercy, enrich'd with  
free grace,  
In Zion 'tis flowing, come, sinners, and taste.
- 4 How happy the prospect, how pleasant the  
road!  
When led down the stream by the angel of  
God;  
Though narrow at first, yet we find it at last,  
A river so boundless it cannot be pass'd.
- 5 Come, sinners, poor sinners! 'tis boundless  
and free;  
In Zion 'tis flowing, 'tis open'd for thee;  
This water has virtue to heal all complaints,  
Come drink, ye diseas'd, and rejoice with  
the saints.
- 6 Say not 'I'm a sinner, and must not partake;  
For this very reason the Lord bids you take;  
Say not 'Too unworthy, the vilest of all,'  
For such (not the righteous) the Lord came  
to call.
- 7 Ho! all ye poor sinners, ye halt and ye  
blind,  
Ye penitent mourners, here life you may  
find;  
The Spirit invites you, the Bride bids you  
come,  
O! call all your neighbours, for yet there  
is room.



## 178.

*Friendship and Love.*

## PART I.

**T**HE reason we love friendship, we will  
deny to no man;

How shall, how shall, how shall we,  
Who are thus form'd for happiness,

E'er slight a loving Christian,  
Since Jesus, Jesus hath died on the tree,

To rescue sinful men  
From violence and treason,

That we might love each other,  
And seek our souls' saivation?

'Twas love that mov'd the mighty God  
To send our souls redemption,

That happy, happy we might be.

**2** On the feast-day, in ancient times,  
Jesus stood thus crying:

Whosoever thirsteth, let every one  
Come unto me and freely drink,

And thus be sav'd from dying;

For surely, surely there's nothing else can  
Fill the immortal mind

With strong desires now glowing;

Then come, and taste the streams of grace  
Which are so freely flowing.

Saying, drink and never thirst again;

For you they now are flowing;

Then happy, happy you shall be.

**3** Let us who have begun to taste

The sweets of this salvation,

Follow, follow, let us follow on,

Believing we shall overcome,

Resisting all temptation,

Since Jesus, Jesus, since Jesus, the Son,

With out-stretch'd arms expanded,

And voice that is inviting,

To purling streams of purest joys,  
Is thus our souls exciting;  
Let us impart to him our heart,  
By faith and love uniting,  
Then happy, happy we shall be.

## PART II.

- 1 The sacred ties of friendship  
Unite all loving Christians,  
No time or place shall change them,  
In glory, in glory they shall live;  
And death shall ne'er dissolve them;  
United, united are they that believe.  
When Gabriel's trumpet sounding,  
And conquer'd death resigning,  
The scatter'd dust uniting,  
The soul and body joining,  
All join the grand procession,  
And glory realizing,  
Then happy, happy we shall be:
- 2 The bliss exquisite flowing,  
The friends of Jesus shouting;  
Such raptures, raptures flow from his word,  
The angels join in concert,  
Whilst Jesus stands inviting,  
Come on, come on, ye blessed of the Lord  
Behold the crowns of glory,  
And saints and angels meeting;  
And living streams of purest joys  
For ever are increasing;  
In azure fields for ever range,  
And view a smiling Jesus,  
Then happy, happy we shall be.
- 3 The sinner's now lamenting,  
He sees the grand procession,  
A marching, marching to the dazzling throne  
His frightful soul alarmed,  
With startled eyes amazed,  
Farewell, farewell, I am for ever gone.

Behold a godly father,  
 And there a pious mother,  
 How did they pray together!  
 'They float on streams of pleasure,  
 And I am lost for ever,  
 On waves of endless sorrow,  
 Then torment, torment is for ever mine.

---

 179.

**T**HERE is a heaven above the skies,  
 A heaven where pleasure never dies;  
 A heaven I sometimes hope to see,  
 But fear again 'tis not for me.  
 Sweet Jesus, Jesus is my friend,  
 O, hallelujah, hallelujah,  
 Jesus, Jesus, is my friend.

- 2 The way is difficult and strait,  
 And narrow is the Gospel gate;  
 Ten thousand dangers are therein,  
 Ten thousand snares to take us in.  
 But Jesus, &c.
- 3 I travel through a world of woes,  
 Through conflicts sore my spirit goes;  
 The tempter cries I ne'er shall stand,  
 To reach fair Canaan's happy land.  
 But Jesus, &c.
- 4 The way of danger I am in,  
 Beset with devils, men and sin;  
 But in this way his track I see,  
 And mark'd with blood it seem'd to be.  
 Sweet Jesus, &c.
- 5 There are the footsteps of my Lord,  
 There on the cross he bore my load;  
 'Twas on that dark, that doleful day,  
 With streaming blood he mark'd the way  
 Sweet Jesus, &c.

- 6 Come life, come death, come then what will,  
His footsteps I will follow still;  
Through dangers thick, and hell's alarms,  
I shall be safe in Jesus' arms.  
For Jesus, &c.
- 7 Then, O my soul! arise and sing,  
Yonder's thy Saviour, Friend and King;  
With pleasing smiles he now looks on,  
And cries, press on and win the crown.  
Sweet Jesus, &c.
- 8 Prove faithful yet a few more days,  
Fight the good fight, and end thy race;  
And then thy soul with me shall reign,  
Thy head a crown of glory gain.  
Sweet Jesus, &c.
- 9 My flesh shall slumber under ground,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;  
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.  
Sweet Jesus, &c.

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### 180.

- T**HERE is a holy city, a happy world  
above,  
Beyond the starry regions, built by the God  
of love,  
An everlasting temple, and saints, array'd in  
white,  
There serve the great Redeemer, and dwell  
with him in light.
- 2 No night is there, nor darkness, but one  
perpetual day;  
Their sin and grief are banish'd, their tears  
are wip'd away;  
Their joys are still increasing, their songs  
are ever new;  
They praise th' eternal Father, the Son and  
Spirit too.

- 3 The meanest child of glory outshines the  
radiant sun;  
But who can speak the splendour of that  
eternal throne,  
Where Jesus sits exalted in God-like majesty  
The elders fall before him, and angels bow  
the knee.
- 4 Is this the man of sorrow, who stood at  
Pilate's bar;  
Who was abused by Herod, and by his men  
of war?  
Hail, now, the mighty conqueror! He spoil'd  
the powers below,  
And ransom'd many captives from ever-  
lasting woe.
- 5 The best of saints around him, proclaim his  
works of grace,  
The patriarchs and prophets, and all the  
godly race;  
Some speak of fiery trials, and tortures on  
the way,  
They come from tribulation to everlasting day.
- 6 Now, with a holy transport, they tell their  
suff'rings o'er,  
Their tears and their temptations, and all the  
pains they bore;  
They turn and bow to Jesus, who gain'd their  
liberty,  
'Amidst our greatest dangers our lives were  
hid in thee.'
- 7 Long time I was invited to gain that hea-  
venly rest;  
Grace made no hard condition, 'twas only to  
be blest;  
But earth's bewitching pleasures inclin'd me  
long to stay,  
'Pursuing dreams and shadows, and joys that  
pass away.

- 8 But now it is my purpose the better way to  
find,  
To serve my great Creator, and leave the  
world behind,  
In sin's seducing mazes I would no longer  
roam,  
I'd give my soul to Jesus, who brings the  
ransom'd home.
- 9 And what shall be my journey, how long I'll  
stay below,  
Or what shall be my trials, is not for me  
to know ;  
Help me in time of trouble to raise my  
thoughts on high,  
To think of the bright temple and crowns  
above the sky.

---

181.

- T**HERE is a land of pleasure  
Where streams of joy for ever roll ;  
'Tis there I have my treasure,  
And there I long to rest my soul.  
Long darkness dwelt around me,  
With scarcely once a twinkling ray ;  
But since my Saviour found me,  
A lamp hath shone along my way.
- 2 My way is full of danger ;  
But 'tis the path that leads to God,  
And like a faithful soldier,  
I'll boldly march along the road.  
Now I must gird my sword on,  
My breast-plate, helmet, and my shield,  
And fight the host of Satan,  
Until I reach the heavenly field.
- 3 I'm on my way to Zion,  
Still guided by my Saviour's hand ;  
O, come along, dear sinners,  
And see Immanuel's happy land.

- To all who stay behind me,  
I bid a long, a long farewell;  
Come now, or you'll repent it,  
When you do reach the gates of hell
- 4 The vale of tears around me,  
And Jordan's current rolls before;  
O, how I stand and tremble,  
To hear the dismal waters roar!  
Whose hand shall then support me,  
And keep my soul from sinking there,  
From sinking down to darkness,  
And to the regions of despair?
- 5 This stream shall not affright me,  
Although 'tis deeper than the grave;  
If Jesus stands beside me,  
I'll smoothly ride on Jordan's wave.  
His word has calm'd the ocean,  
His lamp has cheer'd the gloomy vale,  
O, shall this Friend be with me,  
While through the gates of death I sail?
- 6 Come, then, thou king of terrors,  
And with thy dagger lay me low;  
I'll sooner reach those regions  
Where everlasting pleasures grow.  
O sinners, shall I leave you,  
No more to join your social band;  
No more to stand beside you,  
'Till at the judgment bar we stand?
- 7 Soon the archangel's trumpet  
Shall rock the globe from pole to pole,  
And all the wheels of nature  
Shall in a moment cease to roll.  
Then we shall see the Saviour,  
With shining ranks of angels come,  
To execute his vengeance,  
And take his faithful servants home.

## 182.

- T**HERE's no such thing as perfect bliss  
On this terrestrial ball;  
What else I doubt, I'm sure of this,  
That grief's the lot of all.
- 2 Though we should trace the globe around,  
And traverse land and sea,  
The prize we seek can ne'er be found,  
Till, Lord, we come to thee.
- 3 The dearest object we attain,  
Though pleasing to the eye,  
Contains a larger share of pain,  
Than we at first descry.
- 4 Should we on every flowing tide  
Our weight in gold receive,  
Still we should be dissatisfied  
With all this world could give.
- 5 Should honour crown the golden days  
Of such vile worms as we,  
We'd groan beneath the loudest praise,  
Till, Lord, we come to thee.
- 6 Then let me seek and hope to find  
The wretched sinner's Friend;  
A Saviour merciful and kind,  
On him we may depend.
- 7 What noise is this salutes my ear?  
O, that I now could see;  
Is this Immanuel's voice I hear?  
Lord, let me come to thee.
- 8 Speak, Lord, and I will cast away  
The joys of time and sense;  
Give me the light of perfect day,  
The pearl of price immense.
- 9 Do not be deaf to all my cries—  
Are not thy pardons free?  
O, bid a suppliant sinner rise,  
And quickly come to thee.



- 10 Then shall I learn to mingle praise  
 With those around thy throne,  
 And loudest shout thy pardoning grace,  
 To a poor wretch undone.
- 11 A theme so glorious and great,  
 Might fill eternity;  
 Is there in heaven an empty seat?  
 Lord, give it unto me.

---

 183.

- T**HE Son of Man they did betray,  
 He was condemn'd and led away;  
 Think, O my soul! that mournful day,  
 Look on Mount Calvary;  
 Behold him, lamb-like, led along,  
 Surrounded by a wicked throng;  
 Accused by each lying tongue,  
 And thus the Lamb of God was hung  
 Upon the shameful tree.
- 2 'Twas thus the glorious Suff'rer stood,  
 With hands and feet nail'd to the wood,  
 And from each wound a stream of blood  
 Came trickling down amain.  
 His bitter groans all nature shook,  
 And at his voice the rocks were broke;  
 The sleeping saints their graves forsook;  
 The spiteful Jews around him mock,  
 And laughed at his pain.
- 3 Thus hung between the earth and skies,  
 Behold him trembling! lo, he dies!  
 O sinner, hear his mournful cries,  
 Behold his tort'ring pain.  
 The mourning sun withdrew his light,  
 Blush'd, and refus'd to view the sight;  
 The azure clos'd his orbs of light,  
 While Nature mourn'd and stood affright,  
 When Christ, the Lord, was slain.

- 4 Ye men and angels, hear the Son,  
He cries for help, but Oh! there's none;  
He treads the wine-press all alone,  
His garments stain'd with blood.  
A lamentation hear him cry,  
*Eli lama sabacthani!*  
So death did close his languid eye;  
He soon shall rise again on high,  
The conq'ring Son of God.
- 5 Both Jews and Romans, in a band,  
With hearts of steel around him stand;  
'If you have come to save the land,  
Then save yourself,' they cry.  
The soldier pierc'd him when he died,  
The healing stream ran from his side,  
And thus my Lord was crucified;  
Stern Justice now is satisfied,  
Sinners, for you and I.
- 6 'Tis done, the dreadful debt is paid,  
The great atonement now is made;  
Sinners, on me your guilt was laid,  
For you I spilt my blood;  
For you my tender soul was mov'd,  
For you I left my court above.  
That you the length and breadth might prove  
The height and depth of perfect love,  
In Christ, your smiling God.
- 7 Behold him mount the throne of state,  
And fill the mediatorial seat;  
See millions bowing at his feet,  
And loud hosannas tell.  
Thus he endured exquisite pains;  
He led the monster, Death, in chains:  
Bright seraphs raise your highest strains,  
With music fill all Edom's plains,  
He conquer'd death and hell.
- 8 All glory be to God on high,  
Who reigns enthron'd above the sky

Who sent his Son to bleed and die,  
Glory to Him be given;  
While heaven above his praise resound,  
And Zion with his name abound,  
In hope to shout eternal round,  
In flaming love that has no bound,  
Eternally in heaven.

---

## 184. C. M.

- T**HE time is swiftly rolling on,  
When I must faint and die;  
My body to the dust return,  
And there forgotten lie.
- 2 Let persecution rage around,  
And anti-Christ appear;  
My silent dust, beneath the ground,  
Will no disturbance hear.
- 3 Through heat and cold I've often went;  
Through sorrow and distress,  
To call on sinners to repent,  
And seek the Saviour's face.
- 4 My brother preachers, boldly speak,  
Who stand on Zion's walls;  
Confirm the strong; revive the weak,  
And often sinners call.
- 6 May Zion's sons in peace be bound,  
And put their foes to flight;  
While I am sleeping under ground,  
May you in love unite.
- 6 My brethren all, I bid adieu;  
Your fellowship I love;  
In time I'll never more see you,  
But soon we'll meet above.
- 7 My little babes be near my heart,  
For nature seems to bind,  
So strong, it grieves me to depart,  
And leave them all behind.

- 8 Dear Lord, a Father to them be,  
And shield them from all harm,  
That they may know and worship thee,  
And dwell upon thy arm.
- 9 My loving wife, my bosom friend,  
The object of my love;  
The time's been sweet on earth with you  
My sweet and harmless dove.
- 10 My dear, you've often look'd for me,  
And often seen me come;  
But now I must depart from thee,  
And never more return.
- 11 My dearest love, don't weep for me,  
Neither lament nor mourn;  
I trust I shall with Jesus be,  
While you are left alone.
- 12 I never shall return to thee;  
Don't let this grieve thy heart;  
But you can quickly come to me,  
Where we shall no more part.

---

185. L. M.

*Christ, the Apple-Tree.*

- T**HE Tree of Life my soul hath seen,  
Laden with fruit, and always green;  
The trees of Nature fruitless be,  
Compared with Christ, the Apple-Tree.
- 2 This beauty doth all things excel;  
By faith I know, but ne'er can tell  
The glory which I now can see  
In Jesus Christ, the Apple-Tree.
- 3 For happiness I long have sought,  
And pleasures dearly have I bought;  
I miss'd of all, but now I see  
'Tis found in Christ the Apple-Tree.
- 4 I'm wearied with my former toil;  
Here I will sit and rest awhile;

Under the shadow I will be  
Of Jesus Christ the Apple-Tree.

5 With great delight I'll make my stay,  
There's none shall fight my soul away;  
Among the sons of men I see  
There's none like Christ the Apple-Tree.

6 I'll sit and eat this fruit divine;  
It cheers my heart like precious wine;  
Oh! how divinely sweet to me  
Is Christ the lovely Apple-Tree!

7 This fruit doth make my soul to thrive;  
It keeps my dying faith alive;  
Which makes my soul in haste to be  
With Jesus Christ the Apple-Tree.

---

186.

**T**HE voice of free grace, cries escape to  
the mountain,  
For Adam's lost race, Christ has open'd a  
fountain;

For sin and transgression, and every pollution,  
His blood it flows freely, as streams from the  
ocean.

Hallelujah to the Lamb by whom we find pardon,  
We'll perfectly praise him, when we pass  
over Jordan.

2 That fountain so clean, by which we find favour,  
From Jesus' side flows, and proves him the  
Saviour;

Tho' your sins were increas'd as high as a  
mountain,

His blood it flows freely, as streams from a  
fountain.

Hallelujah, &c.

3 Jesus, ride on, thy kingdom is glorious,  
O'er sin, death and hell thou wilt make us  
victorious;

Thy name shall be prais'd in the great congregation,

And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation.  
Hallelujah, &c.

4 When with Zion we stand, having gain'd the blest shore,

With our harps in our hands, we'll praise him evermore ;

We will range the blest fields on the banks of the river,

And sing hallelujah for ever and ever.  
Hallelujah, &c.

---

187.

**T**HE wondrous love of Jesus, from sin and grief he frees us,

With pitying now he sees us, while toiling here below ;

Through tribulation driven, we'll make our way to heaven,

By consolation given, rejoicing on we'll go.

2 Poor mourning souls distressed, by Satan sore oppressed,

Cheer up, you'll be relieved, your Captain is at hand ;

In every trying hour, he'll shield you by his power,

And bring you safe to shore, on Canaan's happy land.

3 See, yonder is the glory, it lies but just before you,

Where we shall tell the story of Christ's redeeming love ;

And there we shall for ever drink of that flowing river,

And ever, and for ever surround the throne above.

- 4 There, in that world of pleasure, we have a  
glorious treasure,  
Where we shall meet together, and parting  
be no more ;  
All tears of sorrow driven, we then shall be  
in heaven,  
Where parents and their children shall join  
for evermore.
- 5 All in that blooming garden of Eden, gain'd  
by pardon,  
Upon the banks of Jordan, unto the great I AM,  
We'll sing the song of Moses, while Jesus  
Christ composes,  
A song that never closes, in praises to the  
Lamb.
- 6 There shall we see our Saviour, array'd in  
smiles of favour ;  
Borne up, drink of the river of Christ's re-  
deeming love ;  
Around the throne we'll circle, and bid adieu  
to trouble,  
We've overcome the devil, through his re-  
deeming love.

---

BIGGS' COLLECTION.] 188.

**T**HIS is a world of trouble and grief, I plainly  
see ;

But when in deepest sorrow, O God ! we look  
to thee,

Thou didst deliver Daniel, when in the lions' den,  
And as thou didst protect him, O why not  
other men ?

Thou didst support thy children, when in the  
furnace cast ;

For Jesus stood beside them, when in the fiery  
blast ;

Thy saints thou wilt deliver, though in boiling  
chaldrons thrown,  
Glory to God the Father, and his anointed Son.

3 I feel determin'd to serve him, while here on  
earth I live,

My life, my strength, my all, I will to my  
Saviour give ;

This world and all its pleasure, through grace  
I'll lay aside,

And try to live for Jesus, since he for me has died.

4 The flame is now increasing, the saints are  
join'd in one,

The time is fast approaching, when we shall  
all get home ;

The day of general judgment is now fast  
drawing nigh,

When Gabriel with his trumpet shall thunder  
through the sky.

5 Arise and come to judgment, ye nations  
under ground,

The children of the kingdom shall from their  
graves rebound :

Behold them rising, shining far brighter than the  
sun,

They'll sing in endless union, their notes will  
all be one.

6 Although we meet with trials and troubles  
here below,

We'll there drink living waters, which from  
the Saviour flow ;

There we shall join the angels, be fill'd with  
love divine,

And say, my God, I love thee, for thou art  
ever mine.



## 189.

**T**HOU God of glorious majesty,  
To thee, against myself, to thee,  
A sinful worm, I cry ;  
A half-awaken'd child of man,  
An heir of endless bliss or pain,  
A sinner born to die.

- 2 Lo ! on a narrower neck of land,  
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,  
Yet how insensible !  
A point of time, a moment's space,  
Removes me to yon heavenly place,  
Or shuts me up in hell.
- 3 O God, my inmost soul convert,  
And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
Eternal things impress ;  
Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
And save me ere it be too late,  
With me to Righteousness.
- 4 Before me place, in bright array,  
The pomp of that tremendous day,  
When thou with clouds shalt come,  
To judge the nations at thy bar ;  
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,  
To meet a *joyful* doom ?
- 5 Be this my one great business here,  
With holy trembling, holy fear,  
To make my calling sure ;  
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
And suffer all thy righteous will,  
And to the end endure.
- 6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,  
Transported from this vale, to live  
And reign with thee above !  
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
And hope, in full, supreme delight,  
And everlasting love.

## 190.

*The mercy of God. Psalm lxxxix. 1.*

**T**HY mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,  
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my  
tongue ;

Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,  
Hath won my affections and bound my soul fast.

2 Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here,  
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair ;  
But, through thy free goodness, my spirits revive,  
And he that first made me still keeps me alive.

3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,  
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart ;  
Dissolv'd by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,  
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.

4 The door of thy mercy stands open all day,  
To the poor and the needy, who knock by the  
way,

No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,  
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.

5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell ;  
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell ;  
'Twas Jesus, my Friend, when he hung on the  
tree,

Who open'd the channel of mercy to me.

6 Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I own,  
And the covenant love of thy crucified Son ;  
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine,  
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness  
mine.

## 191.

**'T**IS finish'd, 'tis done! the spirit is fled,  
Our brother is gone, the Christian is dead  
The Christian is living in Jesus's love,  
And gladly receiving a kingdom above

- 2 All honour and praise are Jesus's due ;  
Supported by grace, he fought his way through ;  
Triumphantly glorious through Jesus's zeal,  
And more than victorious o'er sin, death, and  
hell.
- 3 Then let us record the conquering name,  
Our Captain and Lord with shoutings proclaim ;  
Who trust in his passion, and follow their head,  
To certain salvation shall surely be led.
- 4 O Jesus, lead on thy militant care,  
And give us the crown of righteousness there ,  
Where, dazzled with glory, the seraphim gaze,  
Or prostrate, adore thee in silence of praise.
- 5 Within us display thy love, when we die,  
And bear us away to mansions on high ;  
The kingdom be given, of glory divine,  
And crown us in heaven, eternally thine.

---

192. L. M.

*Christ is eternal life.*

- 'TIS life to know the dying Lamb ;  
Eternal life is in his name ;  
O may I in this knowledge grow,  
And daily more of Jesus know !
- 2 Know him to wash me in his blood ;  
Know him to make my peace with God ;  
Know him for strength and righteousness,  
And know him for renewing grace.
- 3 Know him as my exceeding joy,  
Know him my praises to employ ;  
Know him as all my heart can wish,  
And know him for eternal bliss.

---

COWPER.] 193. 7s.

*Welcome Cross.*

- 'TIS my happiness below,  
Not to live without the cross

But the Saviour's power to know,  
 Sanctifying every loss.

Trials must and will befall;

But with humble faith to see  
 Love inscrib'd upon them all—  
 This is happiness to me.

- 2 God in Israel sows the seeds  
 Of affliction, pain, and toil;  
 These spring up and choke the weeds,  
 Which would else o'erspread the soil.  
 Trials make the promise sweet;  
 Trials give new life to prayer;  
 Trials bring me to his feet,  
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

- 3 Did I meet no trials here,  
 No chastisement by the way,  
 Might I not, with reason, fear  
 I should prove a cast-away!  
 Bastards may escape the rod,\*  
 Sunk in earthly, vain delight;  
 But the true born child of God,  
 Must not, would not, if he might.

### 194.

**T**RANSPORTING news, the Saviour's come,  
 To purchase our salvation!  
 Let every tongue now speak his name,  
 In strains of acclamation.  
 When hell's dark hosts,  
 With wicked boasts,  
 Had compass'd man's subjection,  
 Christ's wondrous grace  
 Reliev'd our race,  
 By mercy's sweet direction.  
 Th' eternal God's eternal Son,  
 The heir and partner of his throne,

---

\* Heb. xii. 8.

In pity stoop'd, was crucified,  
His righteousness and blood applied,  
And thus our souls at freedom set,  
By paying off the dreadful debt;  
We, therefore, we,  
From guilt set free,  
Will joyfully adore him.

- 2 He comes, the pris'ners to release,  
To cure poor souls all bleeding;  
To give the troubled conscience peace,  
By his death and interceding.  
The cursed chain  
He breaks in twain,  
With which our sins had bound us  
From Calvary,  
His pardons free,  
Have richly flow'd around us.  
Our King of kings, our Lord most high,  
Hath ransom'd us to liberty;  
And in a garment dipt in blood,  
Our foes beneath his feet hath trod.  
Rescued by grace, we now no more  
Shall bonds and poverty deplore;  
Fair Salem waits,  
With pearly gates,  
Our ransom'd souls to welcome.

- 3 Then, happy souls, come sing his grace,  
Come sing your pearl, your treasure,  
Till you behold him face to face,  
With most triumphant pleasure.  
His grace and love  
With joy we prove,  
While with delight we ponder  
On what in vain  
Tongue tries to explain,  
To heaven and earth and wonder;

Thus, while we sit beneath the cross,  
 All earthly gain we count but loss;  
 And nothing think or speak beside,  
 But of our Saviour crucified,  
 In whom both grace and vengeance join  
 'To make poor worms in glory shine:

O, for this grace

Let highest praise

Ascend with pleasing rapture.

4 Our glad hosannas, Saviour God,  
 Proclaim aloud thy praise,  
 While all the host redeem'd by blood,  
 In heaven with transport gaze.

We, too, aspire,

With that blest choir,

In humble, sweet prostration,

A glorious band,

With harp in hand,

To sing complete salvation.

With them we'll drink immortal jeys,

With them hear Jesus' glorious voice,

With them behold him face to face,

With them transported, on him gaze,

With them in heavenly concert join,

With them in endless glory shine;

In loftiest verse

His praise rehearse,

Adore his name for ever.

---

### 195.

**V**AIN, delusive world, adieu,

With all of creature-good;

Only Jesus I pursue,

Who bought me with his blood.

All thy pleasures I forego,

I trample on thy wealth and pride;

Only Jesus will I know,

And Jesus crucified.

- 2 Other knowledge I disdain,  
    'Tis all but vanity:  
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,  
    He tasted death for me;  
Me to save from endless woe,  
    The sin-atonement victim died.  
        Only Jesus, &c.
- 3 Here will I set up my rest;  
    My fluctuating heart,  
From the haven of thy breast,  
    Shall never more depart.  
Whither should a sinner go?  
    His wounds for me stand open wide,  
        Only Jesus, &c.
- 4 Him to know, is life and peace,  
    And pleasure without end;  
This is all my happiness,  
    On Jesus to depend;  
Daily in this grace to grow,  
    And ever in his faith abide.  
        Only Jesus, &c.
- 5 O, that I could all invite,  
    This saving truth to prove;  
Show the length, the breadth, and height,  
    And depth of Jesus' love!  
Fain I would to sinners show  
    The blood by faith alone applied.  
        Only Jesus, &c.

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196. *Death of a Child.*

**W**AKE up, muse, condole the loss,  
    Of those that mourn to-day;  
Let tears distil on every face,  
    And every mourner pray.

- 2 The tyrant, Death, came rushing in,  
    Last night his power did show;  
Out of this world this child did take  
    Death laid its visage low

- 3 No more the pleasant child is seen,  
To please its parent's eye;  
The tender plant, so fresh and green,  
Is in eternity.
  - 4 The golden bowl by death is broke,  
The pitcher burst in twain;  
The cistern-wheel has felt the stroke,  
The pleasant child is slain.
  - 5 The winding-sheet doth bind its limbs,  
The coffin holds it fast;  
To-day it's seen by all its friends,  
But this must be the last;
  - 6 Until the Lord shall come to judge  
The nations, great and small,  
And you and I before him stand,  
And at his presence fall.
- 

## 197.

**W**ANDERING pilgrims, mourning Christians,

- Weak and tempted lambs of Christ,  
Who endure great tribulation,  
And with sins are much distress'd,  
Christ hath sent me to invite you  
To a rich and costly feast;  
Let not shame nor pride prevent you,  
Come, the rich provision taste.
- 2 If you have a heart lamenting,  
And bemoan your wretched case,  
Come to Jesus Christ repenting,  
He will give you Gospel grace.  
If you want a heart to fear him,  
Love and serve him all your days  
Only come to Christ and ask him.  
He will guide your feet always.
  - 3 If, like poor Bartemius blinded,  
You bewail the want of sight



- Cry to Jesus, son of David,  
He will give you gospel light;  
If, like Mary, you've been keeping  
Seven devils in your embrace,  
Fly, like her, to Jesus, weeping,  
He will bid you go in peace.
- 4 If your heart is unbelieving,  
Doubting Jesus' pardoning love,  
Lie hard by Bethesda, waiting  
Till the troubled waters move;  
If no one appear to help you,  
All their efforts prove but talk,  
Jesus, Jesus, he will cleanse you;  
Rise, take up your bed, and walk.
- 5 If, like Peter, you are sinking  
In the sea of unbelief,  
Wait with patience, constant praying,  
Christ will grant you sweet relief;  
He will give you grace and glory,  
All your wants shall be supplied;  
Canaan, Canaan lies before you,  
Rise and cross the swelling tide.
- 6 Death shall not destroy your comfort,  
Christ will guide you through the gloom  
Down he'll send a heavenly concert,  
To convey you to his home.  
There you'll spend your days in pleasure,  
Free from every want and care:  
Come, O come, my blessed Saviour,  
Fain my spirit would be there.
- 

## 198. C. M.

*Who are these, and whence are they?*

**W**HAT poor despised company  
Of travellers are these,  
Walking through yonder narrow way,  
Along that rugged maze?

- 2 They all are of a royal line;  
 They are children of a king;  
 Heirs of immortal crowns divine,  
 And loud for joy they sing.
- 3 Why do they then appear so mean,  
 And why so much despis'd?  
 Because of their rich robes unseen  
 The world are not apprized.
- 4 Why, some of them seem poor, distress'd,  
 And lacking daily bread;  
 Heirs of immortal wealth possess'd,  
 With hidden manna fed.
- 5 Why do they shun that pleasant path,  
 Which worldlings love so well?  
 Because it is the road to death,  
 The certain way to hell.
- 6 Why do they walk the narrow road,  
 Along that rugged maze?  
 Because this way their Leader trod;  
 They love and keep his ways.
- 7 What! is there then no other road  
 To Salem's happy ground?  
 Christ is the only way to God;  
 No other can be found.

---

NEWTON.] 199.

**W**HAT think ye of Christ? is the test,  
 To try both your state and your scheme;  
 You cannot be right in the rest,  
 Unless you think rightly of him;  
 As Jesus appears in your view,  
 As he is beloved or not,  
 So God is disposed to you,  
 And mercy or wrath is your lot.

- 2 Some take him a creature to be,  
 A man or an angel at most.

- Sure these have not feelings like me,  
 Nor know themselves wretched and lost.  
 So guilty, so helpless am I,  
 I durst not confide in his blood,  
 Nor on his protection rely,  
 Unless I were sure he was God.
- 3 Some call him a Saviour in word,  
 But mix their own works with his plan,  
 And hope he his help will afford,  
 When they have done all that they can.  
 If doings prove rather too light,  
 (A little, they own, they may fail,)  
 They purpose to make up full weight,  
 By casting his name in the scale.
- 4 Some style him the Pearl of great price,  
 And say he's the fountain of joys;  
 Yet feed upon folly and vice,  
 And cleave to the world and its toys.  
 Like Judas the Saviour they kiss,  
 And while they salute him, betray;  
 Ah! what will profession like this,  
 Avail in the terrible day!
- 5 If asked what of Jesus I think,  
 Though still my best thoughts are but poor  
 I say he is my meat and my drink,  
 My love, and my strength, and my store;  
 My shepherd, my husband, my friend,  
 My Saviour from sin and from thrall;  
 My hope from beginning to end,  
 My portion, my Lord, and my all.

---

 200.

**W**HAT wondrous love is this, O my soul,  
 O my soul,  
 What wondrous love is this, O my soul!  
 What wondrous love is this, that caused the Lord  
 of bliss

- To bear the dreadful curse, for my soul, for my  
soul,  
To bear the dreadful ~~curse~~ for my soul!
- 2 When I was sinking down, sinking down, sink-  
ing down,  
When I was, &c.  
When I ~~was~~ sinking down beneath God's right-  
eous frown,  
Christ laid aside his crown, for my soul, for my  
soul,  
Christ, &c.
- 3 Ye winged seraphs, fly, bear the news, bear the  
news,  
Ye winged, &c.  
Ye winged seraphs, fly, like comets, through the  
sky,  
Till vast eternity, with the news, with the news,  
Fill, &c.
- 4 To God and to the Lamb, I will sing, I will sing,  
To God, &c.  
To God and to the Lamb, and to the great I AM,  
While millions join the theme, I will sing, I will  
sing,  
While, &c.
- 5 Ye sons of Zion's King, join the praise, join the  
praise,  
Ye sons, &c.  
Ye sons of Zion's King, with hearts and voices  
sing,  
And strike each tuneful string, in his praise, in  
his praise,  
And strike, &c.
- 6 And when from death we're free, we'll sing on,  
we'll sing on,  
And when, &c.  
And when from death we're free, we'll sing and  
joyful be,  
And in eternity we'll sing on, we'll sing on,  
And in, &c.

And when to that bright world we arrive, we  
arrive,  
And when, &c.  
When to that world we go, free from all pain  
and woe,  
We'll join the happy throng, and sing on, and  
sing on,  
We'll join the happy throng, and sing on.

---

## 201.

- W**HEN I was young, of tender years,  
My Saviour did invite me;  
I then was fill'd with many fears;  
But Satan still did blind me.  
He told me that I was too young,  
To leave my worldly pleasure;  
That I might live till I was old,  
And serve God at my leisure.
- 2 At length the Spirit came one day,  
And strove with mighty power,  
Which caus'd me to forsake my way,  
And tremble every hour;  
Which caused me to weep and mourn,  
Saying, Lord Jesus, save me,  
If mercy thou canst me afford,  
And to thy glory raise me.
- 3 When Jesus heard the rebel cry,  
He sent his kind compassion;  
Down at his feet my soul did lie,  
There pleading for a blessing.  
My heart was fill'd with tenderness,  
My mouth was fill'd with praises,  
While Abba Father I did cry,  
And glory to my Saviour.
- 4 Glory to God, for I have found  
The pearl of my salvation;

We are marching through Immanuel's  
ground,

Up to the heavenly Canaan.  
Now I'm resolv'd to serve the Lord,  
And never to forsake him;  
And march along the heavenly road,  
Till I do overtake him.

- 5 For Christ says, fear not, little flock,  
Heirs of immortal glory;  
For you are built upon the Rock,  
The kingdom lies before you.  
Press on, press on, ye heirs of grace,  
And tell the pleasing story;  
I'm with my little flock always,  
I'll bring them home to glory.

---

NEWTON.] 202.

*Joseph made known to his brethren.* Gen. xiv. 3-4

**W**HEN Joseph his brethren beheld,  
Afflicted and trembling with fear,  
His heart with compassion was fill'd,  
From weeping he could not forbear.  
Awhile his behaviour was rough,  
To bring their past sins to their mind  
But when they were humbled enough,  
He hasten'd to show himself kind.

- 2 How little they thought it was he,  
Whom they had ill-treated and sold!  
How great their confusion must be,  
As soon as his name he had told!  
'I am Joseph, your brother,' he said,  
'And still to my heart you are dear;  
'You sold me, and thought I was dead,  
'But God, for your sakes, sent me here.'
- 3 Though greatly distressed before,  
When charg'd with purloining the cup,  
They now were confounded much more,  
Not one of them durst to look up.

'Can Joseph, whom we would have slain,  
'Forgive us the evil we did?  
'And will he our households maintain?  
'O, this is a brother indeed.'

4 Thus dragg'd by my conscience, I came,  
All laden with guilt, to the Lord;  
Surrounded with terror and shame,  
Unable to utter a word.  
At first he look'd stern and severe,  
What anguish then pierced my heart,  
Expecting each moment to hear  
The sentence, 'thou cursed, depart!'

5 But Oh! what surprise when he spoke!  
What tenderness beam'd in his face!  
My heart then to pieces was broke,  
O'erwhelm'd and confounded by grace.  
'Poor sinner, I know thee full well,  
'By thee I was sold and was slain;  
'But I died to redeem thee from hell,  
'And raise thee in glory to reign.

6 'I am Jesus, whom thou hast blasphem'd  
'And crucified often afresh;  
'But let me henceforth be esteem'd  
'Thy brother, thy bone and thy flesh.  
'My pardon I freely bestow,  
'Thy wants I will fully supply;  
'I'll guide thee and guard thee below,  
'And soon will remove thee on high.

7 'Go, publish to sinners around,  
(That they may be willing to come,)  
'The mercy which now you have found,  
'And tell them as yet there is room.'  
O sinners, the message obey,  
No more vain excuses pretend;  
But fly, without further delay,  
To Jesus, our brother and friend.

## 203. C. M.

**W**HEN languor and disease invade  
 This trembling house of clay,  
 'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,  
 And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend  
 The whispers of his love;  
 Sweet to look upward to the place  
 Where Jesus pleads above.

3 Sweet to look back and see my name  
 In life's fair book set down;  
 Sweet to look forward and behold  
 Eternal joys my own.

4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine  
 My sins on Jesus laid;  
 Sweet to remember that his blood  
 My debt of suff'ring paid.

5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,  
 Which saves from second death;  
 Sweet to experience day by day  
 His spirit's quick'ning breath.

6 Sweet in his faithfulness to rest  
 Whose love can never end;  
 Sweet on his covenant of grace  
 For all things to depend.

7 If such the sweetness of the streams,  
 What must the fountain be,  
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
 Immediately from thee!

---

 NEWTON.] 204.

**W**HEN my Saviour, my Shepherd is near  
 How quickly my sorrows depart!  
 New beauties around me appear,  
 New spirits enliven my heart.



His presence gives peace to my soul,  
And Satan assaults me in vain ;  
While my Shepherd his power controls,  
I think I no more shall complain.

- 2 But alas ! what a change do I find  
When my shepherd withdraws from my  
sight !

My fears all return to my mind,  
My day is soon turn'd into night.  
Then Satan his efforts renews  
To vex and ensnare me again ;  
All my pleasing enjoyments I lose,  
And can only lament and complain.

- 3 By these changes I often pass thro',  
I am taught my own weakness to know  
I am taught what my Shepherd can do,  
And how much to his mercy I owe :  
It is he that supports me thro' all ;  
When I faint he revives me again ;  
He attends to my prayer when I call,  
And bids me no longer complain.

- 4 Wherefore then should I murmur and grieve,  
Since my Shepherd is always the same,  
And has promis'd he never will leave  
The soul that confides in his name ?  
To relieve me from all that I fear,  
He was buffeted, tempted, and slain ;  
And at length he will surely appear,  
Though he leaves me awhile to complain.

- 5 While I dwell in an enemy's land,  
Can I hope to be always in peace ?  
'Tis enough that my Shepherd's at hand,  
And that shortly this warfare will cease .  
For ere long he will bid me remove  
From this region of sorrow and pain,  
To abide in his presence above,  
And then I no more shall complain.

205. *Judgment.*

Tune—BUNKER'S HILL.

**W**HEN the fierce north-wind with his airy  
forces  
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury,  
And the red lightning with the storm of hail  
comes

Rushing amain down.

- 2 How the poor sailors stand amaz'd and tremble !  
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,  
Roars a loud onset to the gasping waters,  
Quick to devour them.
- 3 Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,  
(If things eternal may be like these earthly,)  
Such the din terror when the great archangel  
Shakes the Creation,
- 4 Tears the strong pillars of the vaulted heaven,  
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes;  
See the graves open and the bones arising,  
Flames all around 'em.
- 5 Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches '  
Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish,  
Stare thro' their eyelids, while the living worms  
lie  
Growing within them.
- 6 Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their  
heart-strings,  
And the heart twinges, when the eye beholds the  
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance  
Rolling afore him.
- 7 Hopeless immortals ! how they scream and shiver  
While devils push them to the pit wide yawning  
Hideous and gloomy to receive them headlong,  
Down to the centre.
- 8 Stop here my fancy, (all away, ye horrid  
Doleful ideas,) come arise to Jesus,

How he sits God-like and the saints around him,  
Thron'd, yet adoring.

- 9 O may I sit there when he comes triumphant,  
Dooming the nations! then ascend to glory,  
While our hosannas all along the passage  
Shout the Redeemer.

---

206.

**W**HILE angels strike their tuneful strings,  
And veil their faces with their wings,  
Each saint on earth his Jesus sings,  
And joins to praise the King of kings,  
Who sav'd his soul from ruin.

- 2 But sinners, fond of earthly joys,  
Mock and deride while saints rejoice;  
They shut their ears at Jesus' voice,  
And make this world and sin their choice,  
And force their way to ruin.

- 3 The preachers warn them night and day;  
For them the Christians weep and pray;  
But sinners laugh and turn away,  
And join the wicked, lewd and gay,  
And force their way to ruin.

- 4 Oft times, in visions of the night,  
God doth their guilty soul affright;  
They tremble at the awful sight,  
But often with the morning light  
Pursue the road to ruin.

- 5 Sometimes, by preaching, sinners see  
They're doom'd to hell and misery;  
To turn to God, they then agree;  
But Oh! 'tis wicked company  
Entice them on to ruin.

- 6 Oft-times, when nothing else will do,  
Affliction will their danger show,  
And bring the haughty sinner low;  
Then he'll repent, and pray and vow,  
But turns again to ruin.

- 7 O sinners! turn, long time you've stood  
Oppos'd to God and all that's good;  
You may be sav'd through Jesus' blood,  
Lay down your arms, submit to God,  
And thus be sav'd from ruin.
- 8 Turn, sinners, else you'll glory lose;  
See, hell gapes wide, while Jesus wooes;  
How can you such a friend refuse!  
How can you such a friend abuse!  
And choose eternal ruin?
- 9 Turn, sinners, neighbours, friend and foe,  
The terror of the Lord we know;  
O, tell us friends, what will you do?  
We cannot, cannot let you go  
Away to endless ruin.
- 

207. *Praise for Free Grace.*

- W**HILE here on earth I'm call'd to stay  
I'll praise my God from day to day  
Jesus hath wash'd away my sin,  
And made my soul complete in him.
- 2 When I am brought before his throne,  
I'll sing the wonders he hath done,  
And join with all the ransom'd race,  
To praise the riches of his grace.
- 3 Through all eternity I'll view  
My Jesus, and admire him too;  
Praise shall attune my warbling tongue,  
And 'grace, free grace,' be all my song.
- 

208.

- W**HILE sorrows encompass me round,  
And endless distresses I see,  
Astonish'd, I cried, can a mortal be found,  
That's surrounded with troubles like me.
- 2 Few hours of peace I enjoy,  
And they are succeeded by pain;

- If a moment in praising of God I enjoy,  
I have hours and days to complain.
- 3 O, when will my sorrow subside?  
O, when will my suffering cease?  
O, when to the bosom of Christ be convey'd,  
To the mansions of glory and bliss?
- 4 May I be prepared for that day,  
When Jesus shall bid me remove,  
And fill'd with his power, go shouting away,  
To the arms of my heavenly love.
- 5 The spirit to glory convey'd,  
My body laid low in the ground;  
I wish not a tear at my grave to be shed,  
But let all join in praising around.
- 6 No sorrow be vented that day,  
When Jesus hath called me home;  
But, with singing and shouting, let each brother  
say,  
He's gone from the evil to come.
- 7 If souls immaterial can know,  
And visit their brethren beneath,  
I hope I shall join you, as shouting you go,  
After laying my corpse in the earth.
- 8 Immers'd in the ocean of love,  
I then like an angel shall sing,  
Till Christ shall descend, with a shout, from above,  
And make all creation to ring.
- 9 Our slumbering bodies obey,  
And swifter than thought shall arise;  
Renew'd in a moment, go shouting away,  
To the mansions of love in the skies.

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209.

Tune—BENKER'S HILL.

**W**HY should vain mortals tremble at the  
sight of  
Death and destruction in the field of battle.

Where blood and carnage clothe the ground in  
crimson,

Sounding with death groans.

- 2 Death will invade us by the means appointed  
And we must all bow to the king of terrors—  
Nor am I anxious, if I am prepared,

What shape he comes in.

- 3 Infinite goodness teaches us submission,  
Bids us be quiet under all his dealings;  
Never suspecting, but for ever praising,  
God our Creator.

- 4 Well may we praise him, all his ways are perfect  
Thro' a resplendence infinitely glowing,  
Dazzles in glory, on the sight of mortals,  
Struck blind with lustre!

- 5 Good is Jehovah in bestowing sunshine,  
Nor less his goodness in the storm of thunder;  
Mercies and judgments both proceed from kind  
ness,

Infinite kindness.

- 6 O then exult that God for ever reigneth;  
Clouds, which around him, hinder our percep  
tion,

Bind us the stronger to exalt his name, and  
Shout louder praises.

- 7 Then to the wisdom of our Lord and Master  
I will commit all that I have or wish for;  
Sweetly as babes sleep will I give my life up  
When call'd to yield it.

---

## 210.

**Y**E children of Jesus, who are bound for the  
kingdom,

Come, tune all your voices, and help me to  
sing

Loud anthems of praises to my blessed Jesus,  
For he is my Prophet, my Priest, and my King

When Jesus first found me, to hell I was going,  
His love did surround me, and sav'd me from  
ruin ;

He kindly embraced me, and from sin he saved  
me,

And taught me aloud his sweet praises to sing.

2 Why should you go mourning from such a Phy-  
sician,

Who's able and willing your sickness to cure?  
Come to him believing, though bad's your con-  
dition,

His Father has promis'd your case to insure.  
My soul he has heal'd, my heart it rejoices ;  
He has brought me to Zion, to join the glad  
voices ;

I'll serve him, and praise him, and always adore  
him,

Till we meet in glory, where parting's no  
more.

3 My heart's now in heaven, to Jesus ascended ;  
I'm bound to press forward to the mark, for  
the prize,

And when my temptations and trials are ended,  
On the wings of bright seraphs my soul it  
shall rise.

O Christians, I'm happy in this contemplation,  
My soul it drinks in the sweet streams of sal-  
vation ;

I long to be flying, that I may be vying  
With all the bright angels that shout in the  
skies.

4 Cheer up, ye dear pilgrims, fair Canaan's be-  
fore you ;

We'll scale the bright mountains, till shout-  
ing free grace ;

On Jerusalem's bright border we'll sing halle-  
lujah,

And sit in the smiles of sweet Jesus's

No sorrow, no sighing, no weeping, no mourning,  
To those who have entered, there is no return-  
ing ;

But feasting, and drinking, and shouting, and  
singing,

All glory to Jesus, who brought this free grace.

5 My soul's full of glory, I'll not stay much  
longer ;

Bright angels in heaven now call me away ;

My spirit in Jesus grows stronger and stronger,

My soul now exults for to see the glad day.

O Christians ! O Christians ! O, would you not  
rather

Be shouting in glory with your elder brother,

Where clouds and temptations, sins, pains and  
vexations

Are all lost for ever, in perfect bright day ?

6 This moment the angels are hovering around us,  
And joining with mortals to praise our sweet  
King ;

And waiting for Jesus to bless and to crown us,

And make all the arches in heaven to ring.

There, with our dear father, we'll meet one an-  
other,

The wife and the husband, the sister and brother,

In the fathomless ocean of love's sweet emotion,

Salvation through Jesus for ever we'll sing.

---

## 211.

**Y**E children of Zion, who're aiming for glory,  
Enlisted with Jesus to fight against hell,  
New Canaan's bright borders are now just be-  
fore you,

Though Jordan's proud billows its banks  
overwell.

Ten thousand have cross'd it and are now in  
glory

Are shouting and telling the triumphant story



- I ~~will~~ dear Saviour will take us all over,  
 And lead of sweet Canaan for ever to dwell.
- 2 ~~The~~ makes my heart joyful, and fills me with  
 glory,  
 The ~~trough~~ toiling and toiling will one day be o'er;  
 To thee, O my Jesus, I'll then tell my story,  
 Where sin, pain and sorrow can reach me no  
 more.
- Be bold and courageous, and fear not the devil,  
 Though he should speak of you all manner of  
 evil ;  
 Although Satan rages, yet Jesus engages  
 To bring us all shouting to Canaan's bright  
 shore.
- 3 Like ships on the ocean, we're tost by com-  
 motion ;  
 Yet Christ is our pilot, he is a sure guide ;  
 If sick and afflicted, kind love, O sweet ocean !  
 Which flows in abundance from Jesus' side,  
 Tho' Satan's wild whirlwinds, like deluges  
 roaring,  
 And floods of temptation, like hail, are down  
 pouring ;  
 Tho' devils should haunt you, yet let them  
 not daunt you,  
 For Jesus rules over the wind and the tide.
- 4 I feel his love blazing, my spirits are raising ;  
 Had I an angel's pinions, away I would go,  
 And see that bright City, and hear angels  
 praising,  
 And there the sweet beauties of Jesus would  
 know.
- To the great Triune God, that shines thro'  
 all heaven,  
 All glory from saints and from angels be given ;  
 My heart's all on fire ; my Jesus draws nigher,  
 His love, like an ocean, all thro' me doth flow.

5 His love so constrains me, this world can't  
contain me ;

My soul's like a bottle that's full of new wine ;  
'Tis grace that supports me, and grace that  
upholds me,

While beams from sweet heaven all around  
me do shine ;

Bright angels attend me wherever I'm going ;

Sweet Jesus beholds me whatever I'm doing ;

A subject of wonder, on which angels ponder,

That beggars are raised to a life so divine.

---

### 212.

**Y**E happy children, who follow Jesus  
Unto the house of prayer and praise ;  
Who're join'd in uniform, while love increases  
Resolv'd this way to spend your days ;  
Although oppos'd by the world and Satan,  
The flesh, and such as know not God,  
Yet happy moments and joyful seasons  
We often find on Canaan's road.

2 While we've been waiting on lovely Jesus,  
We've felt some streams come from above  
Our hearts have burn'd with holy rapture,  
And long'd to be with Christ above.  
Then let us hold fast what he has given,  
And trust to him for what's to come ;  
Sure we shall find our way to heaven ,  
So, farewell brethren, we're going home.

3 But as we go, let's praise our Jesus,  
And pray for them that spurn his grace  
Lest they should lose the richest treasure,  
And ne'er enjoy God's smiling face.  
Now here's my heart and my best wishes,  
In token of my Christian love,  
In hope with you to praise our Jesus ;  
So, farewell brethren, let's meet above.

## 213.

**Y**E sons of the main, ye who sail o'er the flood,  
Whose sins, big as mountains, have  
reach'd up to God ;

Remember your voyage of life soon will end ;  
Now come, brother sailors, make Jesus your  
friend.

2 Look astern on your life, see your wake mark'd  
with sin ;

Look ahead, see what torments you'll soon  
founder in ;

The hard rocks of death soon will beat out  
your keel,

Then your vessel and cargo will all sink to hell.

3 Lay by your old compass, 'twill do you no good,  
It ne'er will direct you the right way to God ;  
Mind your helm, brother sailor, and don't fall  
asleep,

Watch and pray, night and day, lest you sink  
in the deep.

4 Spring your luff, brother sailor, the breeze is  
now fair,

Turn your sails to the wind, and these tor-  
ments you'll clear ;

Your leading star, Jesus, keep full in your view,  
You'll weather all dangers, he'll bring you  
safe through.

5 Renounce your old captain, the devil, straight-  
way,

The creed you now sail with will lead you astray ;  
Desert their black colours, come under the red,  
Where Jesus is captain ; to conquest he'll lead.

6 His standard unfurl'd, see it wave thro' the air,  
And volunteers coming from far off and near ;  
Now's the time, brother sailor, no longer delay ;  
Embark now with Jesus, good wages he'll pay.

- 7 The bounty he'll pay when the voyage doth  
begin;  
He'll forgive your transgressions, save and  
cleanse you from sin;  
Good usage he'll give while you sail on the way,  
And shortly you'll anchor in heaven's broad bay.
- 8 In the harbour of glory for ever you'll ride,  
Free from quicksands, and dangers, and sin's  
rapid tide;  
Waves of death cease to roll, and the tempest  
be o'er,  
The hoarse breath of Boreas dismast you no  
more.
- 9 The tarpaulin jacket no longer you'll wear,  
But ropes dipp'd in heaven, all white, clean  
and fair;  
A crown on your head that would dazzle the sun,  
And from glory to glory for ever you'll run.

---

### 214.

- Y**E saints of God, come hear me tell  
The wonders of Immanuel;  
How he doth send his truth abroad,  
To bring lost sinners home to God.  
He sends his truth with power divine,  
And searches out the inmost mind;  
Exposes sin most plain to view,  
And tells the sinner what to do;  
Namely, repent and turn to God,  
And thereby shun his vengeful rod
- 2 I was much plagued with outward sin,  
But more with that which dwelt within,  
Which oft-times barr'd my Saviour out,  
And kept me in distress and doubt;  
But now my sins are driven away,  
By brilliancy of Gospel day,

Which shines so clear, I must believe  
That I do in my Saviour live  
A life of love, a heaven below;  
I've not a doubt, I feel it so.

3 How grateful, then, ought I to prove,  
For the sweet tokens of his love,  
Which cheer my heart and make me whole,  
And stamp his image on my soul!  
A debtor great, I sure shall be,  
To him whose power hath saved me.  
A heaven of love he hath bestow'd,  
Which stays my mind on him, my God;  
And what doth much increase my store,  
When I ask him, he gives me more.

4 Come, brethren dear, whose joys abound  
By hearing precious Gospel sound,  
Cheer up your hearts, and strong believe  
In Christ, who ever, ever lives.  
Although your race is not quite run,  
You feel your heaven is now begun.  
Then let us raise a holy song,  
And praise him as we go along  
To joys above, where we shall be  
Happy to all eternity.

---

### 215.

**Y**E travellers to Paradise, that happy, bliss-  
ful state,  
Whose name, and ways, and spirit, a wicked  
world doth hate;  
Your highway lies before you, and upward  
doth ascend,  
And leads you on to glory, to see your dearest  
friend;

2 A friend that's nearer to you than any  
brother here,  
Your Lord and only Saviour your great Re-  
deem & dear

- Who once a human body upon himself did take,  
Poor sinners heirs of glory eternally to make ;
- 3 Who suffer'd, bled, and groan'd and died  
upon the Roman cross,  
To make atonement for our sins, and to re-  
trieve the lost.  
He gain'd our pardon, when he died, and so  
remov'd the curse,  
And then ascended up on high, to intercede  
for us.
- 4 Exalted then at God's right hand, the loving  
Lamb doth sit,  
And shows his wounded body, his head, his  
hands and feet ;  
He pleads his matchless merit, before his Fa-  
ther's throne,  
And sends us down a Spirit, and holds us  
out a crown.
- 5 Come, brethren, look upon that crown, and  
see how bright it shines,  
Exceeding far in lustre Diana's silver shrines ;  
Its value is immensely great, surpassing hu-  
man thought,  
So rich a crown was never yet for gold or  
silver bought.
- 6 A crown of joy and endless life, the special  
gift of God,  
To which we have a title, thro' faith in Jesus'  
blood ;  
And your title still shall hold ; you still by  
faith may view ;  
The Lamb was slain, but lives again, to in-  
tercede for you.
- 7 Do not grow faint and weary, as many a one  
hath done ;  
But finish well your journey, as you have  
now begun,

You're on a state of trial, and that will shortly  
 end,  
 And you'll ascend to glory, to see your dearest  
 friend.

- 8 Not transiently to visit, and then from him  
 remove;  
 But dwell for ever near him, and ever taste  
 his love.  
 There sin shall cease to trouble, temptations  
 all are o'er;  
 O brethren, keep a closer walk, and love your  
 Jesus more.

---

216

**Y**OUNG people all, attention give,  
 And hear what I do say;  
 I want your souls with Christ to live,  
 In everlasting day.  
 Remember you are hastening on,  
 To death's dark, gloomy shade;  
 Your joys on earth will soon be gone,  
 Your flesh in dust be laid.

- Death's iron gate you must pass through,  
 Ere long, my dear young friends;  
 Where then do you expect to go;  
 Where will your souls then land?  
 Pray meditate, before too late,  
 While in a Gospel land;  
 Behold, King Jesus at the gate  
 Most lovingly doth stand!

- 3 Young men, how can you turn your face  
 From such a glorious Friend?  
 Will you pursue the dang'rous race?  
 O, don't you fear the end?  
 Will you pursue the dang'rous road  
 That leads to death and hell?

- Will you refuse all peace with God,  
With devils for to dwell ?
- 4 Young ladies, too, what will you do,  
If out of Christ you die ?  
From all God's people you must go,  
To weep, lament and cry ;  
Where none the least relief can bring,  
To mitigate your pain,  
And you no more with Christians sing,  
Nor ever with them reign.
- 5 Come *young*, come *old*, I pray, then view  
The fountain open'd wide,  
The spring of life, open for you,  
That flows from Jesus' side.  
There you may drink in endless joy,  
And reign with Christ, our king ;  
For his glad notes our souls employ,  
Loud Hallelujahs sing.

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### 217.

- Y**OUNG people all, attention give,  
While I address you in God's name ,  
You who in sin and folly live,  
Come hear the counsel of a friend.  
I sought for bliss and glittering toys,  
And rang'd th' alluring fields of vice ;  
But never found substantial joys,  
Until I found my Saviour's voice.
- 2 He spake at once my sins forgiven,  
And took my load of guilt away ;  
He gave me happiness and heaven,  
And turn'd my darkness into day.  
And now, with trembling saints I view  
Huge billows roll beneath your feet,  
And death eternal waits for you,  
Who slight the force of Gospel truth.



- 3 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone,  
By fleeting time and conquering death;  
Your morning sun may set at noon,  
And leave you ever in the dark.  
Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks  
Must wither, like the blasted rose;  
The coffin, earth and winding-sheets  
Will soon your active limbs inclose.
- 4 Ye heedless ones, that widely rove,  
The grave will soon become your bed,  
Where darkness reigns, and vapours move,  
In solemn silence, round your head.  
Your friends will pass the lonesome place,  
And with a sigh march slowly on,  
Still gazing at the sprigs of grass,  
Which shall your bodies be o'ergrown.
- 5 But Oh! the soul, where vengeance reigns,  
It sinks, with groans and bitter cries;  
It rolls amidst the burning flames,  
In deep distress and agonies;  
Now swallow'd up in darkest night,  
Where devils howl and thunders roar,  
Tortur'd with keen despair and guilt,  
Where thousand thousand years roll o'er.
- 6 O, fellow youth, this is the state  
Of all who Christ the Lord refuse;  
And soon with you 'twill be too late  
The way of life in Christ to choose.  
Come, lay your carnal weapons down,  
No longer fight against your God;  
But with my mission now comply,  
And heaven shall be your great reward.
- 

## 218.

*To young People.*

**Y**OUNG people all, in blooming days,  
Hear what your Lord and Saviour says?

- ‘Now is the time to seek my face,  
‘And to receive my Gospel grace.’
- 2 In Gospel banner now he stands,  
With peace and pardon in his hands  
Offering to sinners in their prime,  
Come, now is the accepted time.
- 3 ‘Come, you that mourn, lament and weep,  
‘Who long to be among my sheep;  
‘’Tis my delight to set you free  
‘From sin, and death, and misery.
- 4 ‘Poor broken hearts, why do you mourn  
‘Like to some lonesome dove forlorn!  
‘I am your Saviour, come, rejoice,  
‘I bare your sins upon the cross.’
- 5 Forsake this world and all its fame,  
Take up the cross, despise the shame,  
And now pursue the living way,  
That leads to everlasting day.

## A FORM OF MATRIMONY.

DEARLY BELOVED :

WE are gathered together in the presence of Almighty God, and before these witnesses, to solemnize the rites of matrimony between A. B. and C. D. If any person or persons can show any just cause or lawful reason why they may not be lawfully united in matrimony, let them now make it known, or for ever after hold their peace.

Please to join right hands.

*[The bridegroom shall then, with his right hand, take the bride by her right hand.]*

Do you, Sir, take this woman, whom you hold by the hand, to be your lawful and married wife, and do you solemnly promise and covenant, in the presence of Almighty God and these witnesses, that you will be unto her a loving and faithful husband, until you shall be separated by death?

*[The man shall answer, I do.]*

Do you, Madam, take this man, whom you hold by the hand, to be your lawful and married husband, and do you solemnly promise and covenant, in the presence of Almighty God and these witnesses, that you will be unto him a loving, faithful and obedient wife, until you shall be separated by death?

*[The woman shall answer, I do.]*

I pronounce this couple lawfully united as husband and wife. 'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' May the blessing of the Lord God rest upon their lot for ever.

*[Close with prayer.]*

THE  
BELIEVER'S  
TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.  
A POEM.

---

- T**O-DAY the Saint with time has things to do;  
To-morrow, joyful, bids them all adieu;  
To-day he darkly sees as through a glass;  
To-morrow views his Jesus face to face;  
To-day corrected by a chast'ning rod;  
To-morrow solaced by the smiles of God.
- 2 To-day he's burden'd with the weight of sin;  
To-morrow purified from every stain.  
To-day he's watching, fighting, full of fears;  
To-morrow palms of victory he bears;  
To-day he's persecuted, jeer'd and scorn'd;  
To-morrow with a glorious crown adorn'd.
- 3 To-day he feels his wants exceeding great;  
To-morrow he enjoys a large estate;  
To-day a suppliant at the mercy-seat;  
To-morrow casts his cross at Jesus' feet;  
To-day he sighs, he mourns, he looks, he longs;  
To-morrow all his sighs are turn'd to songs.
- 4 To-day he's rack'd with pain and sore distress;  
To-morrow triumphs in eternal bliss;  
To-day to sow in tears is his employ;  
To-morrow bears his sheaves of heavenly joy;  
To-day he lives by faith, and leans on hope;  
To-morrow in fruition swallow'd up.
- 5 To-day with saints on earth he dwells in love;  
To-morrow joins the glorious host above;  
To-day in feeble strains he tunes a song;  
To-morrow sings with an immortal tongue;  
To-day he gets a taste of peace and love;  
To-morrow drinks full draughts of bliss above.
- 6 To-day his sweetest frames may from him fly;  
To-morrow fill'd with joys that never die;  
To-day in God's commands he loves to run;  
To-morrow hears the plaudit of 'Well done'  
To-day he's on the road to happiness;  
To-morrow he'll eternally possess.

THE  
SINNER'S  
TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.  
A POEM.

---

- T**O-DAY the sinner's state is much admir'd;  
To-morrow finds his wretched soul required;  
To-day seeks what to eat and drink and wear;  
To-morrow plung'd in ruin and despair.  
To-day puts off repenting for his sin;  
To-morrow finds no time to do it in;  
To-day thinks how to pass the time away;  
To-morrow needs that time to mourn and pray
- 3 To-day he would be counted rich and great;  
To-morrow feels his miserable state;  
To-day he hopes he never will be lost;  
To-morrow all his hopes give up the ghost.
- 4 To-day his conscience sleeps and is secure;  
To-morrow shocks him with its dreadful roar;  
To-day his sins are lovely in his sight;  
To-morrow they his wretched soul affright.
- 5 To-day he never thinks of what's to come;  
To-morrow finds his sad, eternal home;  
To-day his worldly treasure has his heart;  
To-morrow must with that and heaven part.
- 6 To-day he fain would be accounted wise;  
To-morrow is a fool to his surprise;  
To-day the jovial crew is his delight,  
To-morrow ghostly finds his soul affright.
- 7 To-day o'er flowing cups his healths are sung;  
To-morrow wants a drop to cool his tongue;  
To-day he slights God's law and gospel-call;  
To-morrow has to answer for it all.
- 8 To-day the great salvation he rejects;  
To-morrow perishes through his neglects;  
To-day he slights the children of the King;  
To-morrow sees them shine, and hears them sing
- 9 To-day he proudly glories in his shame;  
To-morrow is tormented by the same;  
To-day takes pleasure in the way to hell;  
To-morrow there eternally must dwell.



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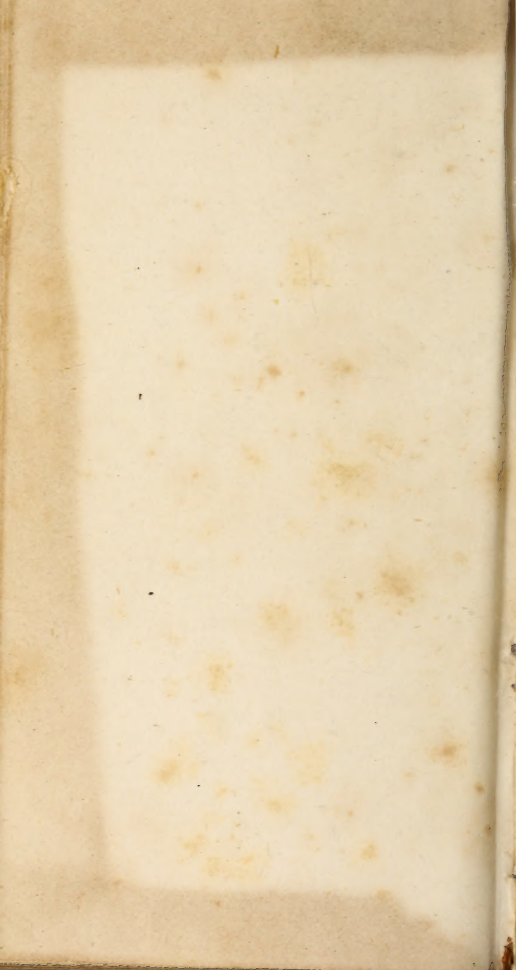
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Ye travellers to Paradise, that happy .....	483
Yonder, amazing sight! I see .....	29
Young people all, attention give .....	485
Young people all, attention give .....	486
Young people all, in blooming days .....	487

THE END.









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